ALL-TRUE CRIME CASES
NO. 27
10¢
K
Formerly OFFICIAL TRUE CRIME CASES
COMICS
I WONDER WHAT THOUGHTS ARE GOING THRU MAIS' HEAD NOW? DO YOU FIGURE A CONDEMNED MAN THINKS BACK ABOUT HIS PAST?--- OR WHAT?
WE'LL NEVER KNOW, TOM! WE'LL NEVER KNOW!
BUT YOU, THE READER WILL KNOW!!! NOW, FOR THE FIRST TIME EVER, ALL-TRUE CRIME WILL LET YOU LEARN THE LAST THOUGHTS OF A CONDEMNED KILLER, IN THE TRUE CASE OF ROBERT MAIS--- SENTENCED TO DIE!

New Easy Way TEACHES GUITAR

In 3 Weeks to Your Satisfaction or No Cost

30 PERSONALIZED LESSONS PLUS BOOK OF 53 SONGS Now Only $1.69

GIVE ME FIVE MINUTE MORE
WISH I COULD PLAY THE GUITAR AND BE POPULAR LIKE JIM, THE LUCKY GUY
WHY SHOULD YOU BE LEFT OUT OF THE FUN. JIM ONLY LEARNED A SHORT TIME AGO. LEARNED BY MAIL-SAID IT WAS EASY
CAN YOU REALLY LEARN TO PLAY THAT GOOD BY MAIL- WHERE DO YOU GET THE COURSE?
IT'S THE JIM MAJOR EASY WAY-WHY DON'T YOU SEND FOR IT AND SEE
3 WEEKS LATER
GEE! LOOK AT ALL THE FUN I'VE BEEN MISSING, WISH I HAD TAKEN THAT EASY JIM MAJOR COURSE LONG AGO.
PLAY SOME MORE!
MORE, BENNIE

STARTS YOU PLAYING SONGS AT ONCE

If you want to quickly learn guitar playing, if you want to play popular song hits, hymns, waltzes, western songs and old guitar favorites like "La Paloma," here's sensational news. At last one of the nation's foremost instructors has perfected a wonderfully complete yet simple guitar course that teaches guitar at home so quick it's amazing. It gives you the rudiments of music, tells all you need to know about guitar playing, shows you where to put your fingers, starts you playing simple songs like "Long, Long Ago" the 2nd lesson. There's 30 lessons in all, each so perfectly arranged you surprise yourself at your rapid advancement. Never before was GUITAR PLAYING made more easy and never have you heard a more fair trial and approval offer than this!

SEND NO MONEY . . .

Let 3 Week Home Trial Convince You

Just mail your name. I'll send the complete course of guitar instructions, fully illustrated and simplified. On arrival you are asked to deposit only $1.69 plus C.O.D. postage, on the guarantee you must be playing the guitar to your satisfaction and delight in only 3 short weeks or you may return the course for your money back.

SONG BOOK INCLUDED AS A GIFT

And here's more good news. If you act now you will also receive without extra charge the regularly priced $1.00 KARL & HARTY'S BIG 53 SONG BOOK . . . words and music of 53 radio audience favorites like "I'm Here To Get My Baby Out Of Jail," "Friendless And Sad," etc. Songs especially suited for the guitar. You'll quickly learn to play and enjoy this new easier-than-ever guitar method. Don't wait but mail the special coupon now while 2 for 1 offer is yours for the taking.

MAIL COUPON FOR INSPECTION, TRIAL AND APPROVAL

JIM MAJOR, Rm. 54B
230 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

2 for 1 Coupon

For my inspection, trial and approval send the complete new 30 lesson Jim Major Guitar Course, and the 53 song KARL & HARTY SONG BOOK. I will pay only $1.69 plus C.O.D postage on the guarantee I can return my purchase in 3 weeks if I am not satisfied, and get my money back.

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ Zone ______ State ____________

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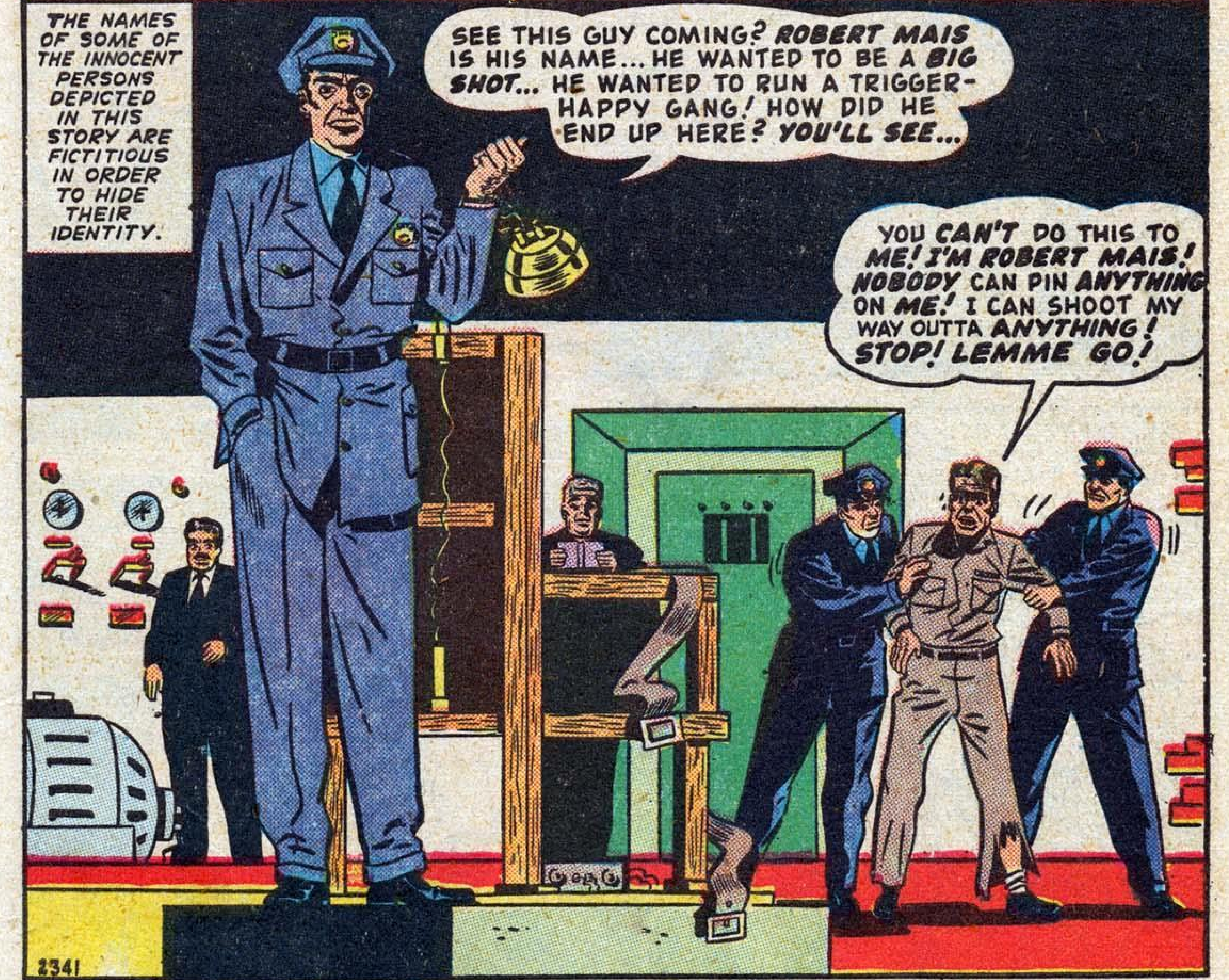
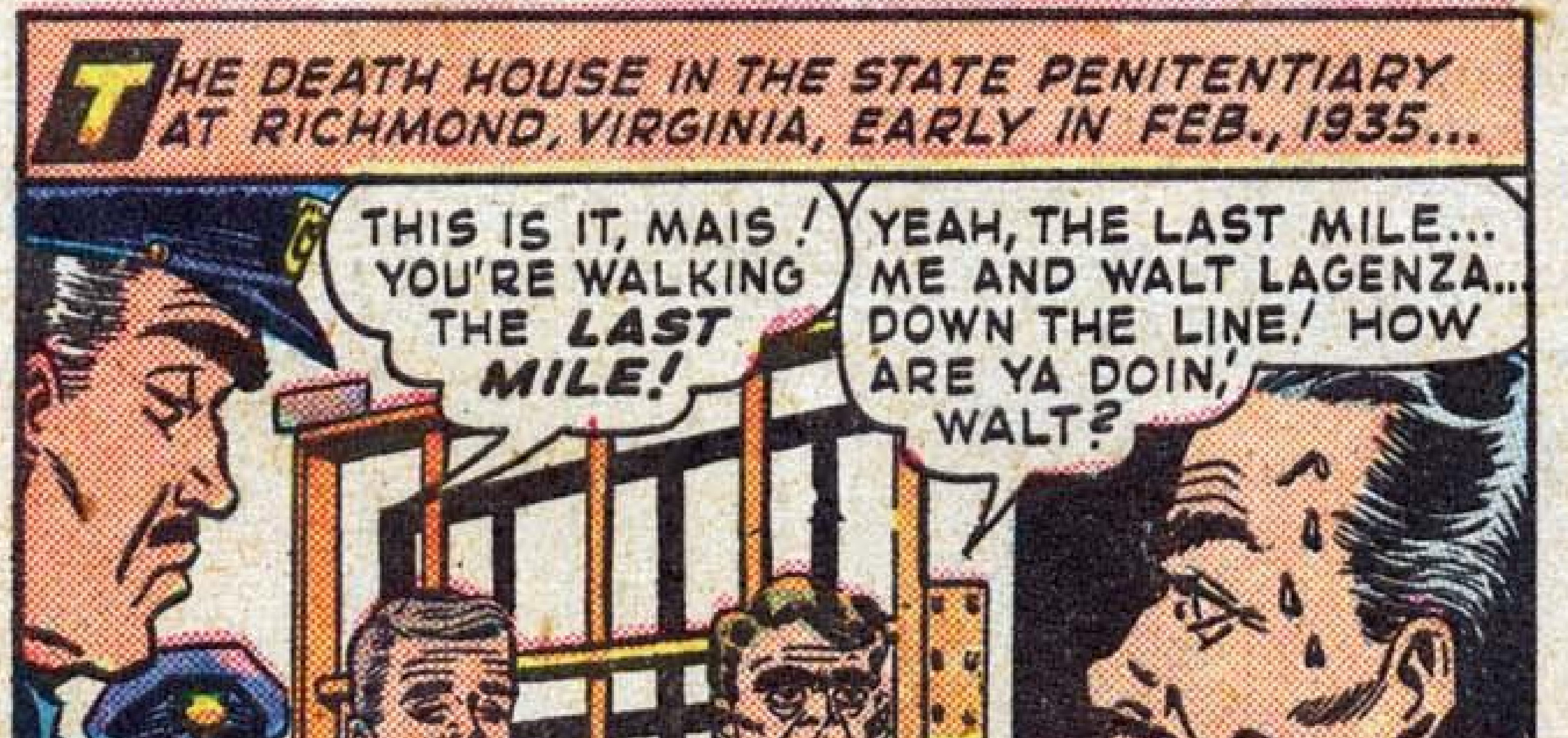
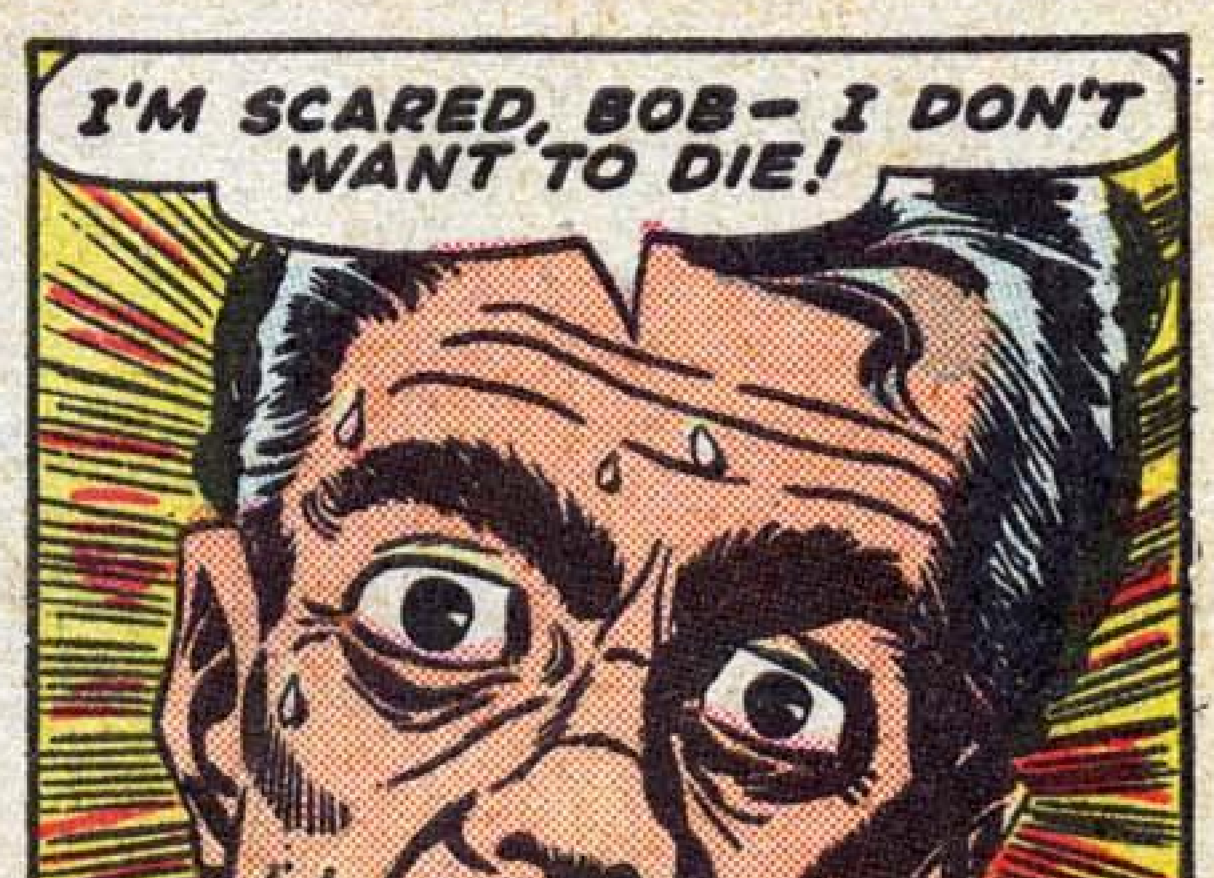
CRIME CAN'T WIN

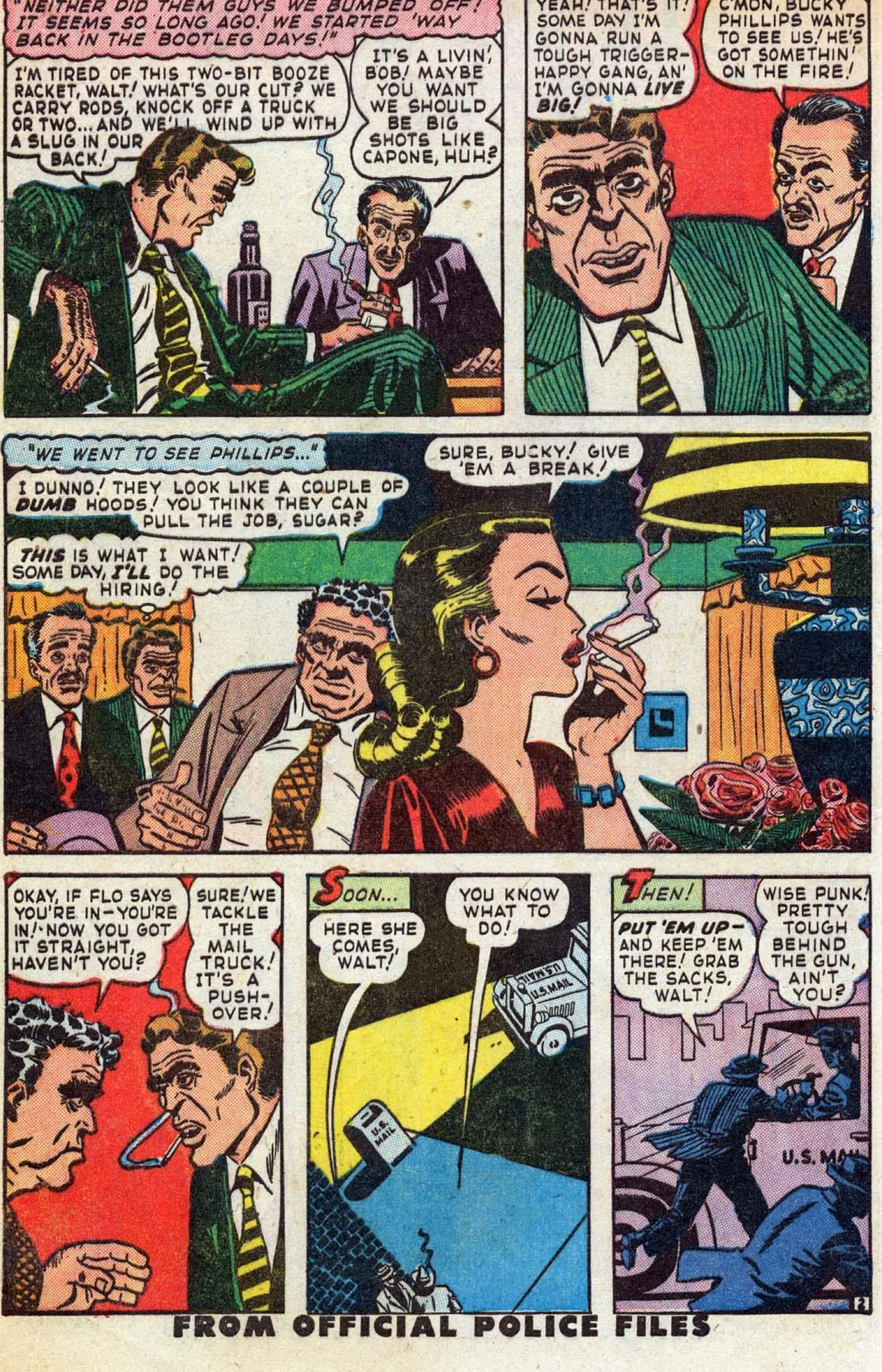
"ALL HIS ROADS LED TO THE *Chair!*"

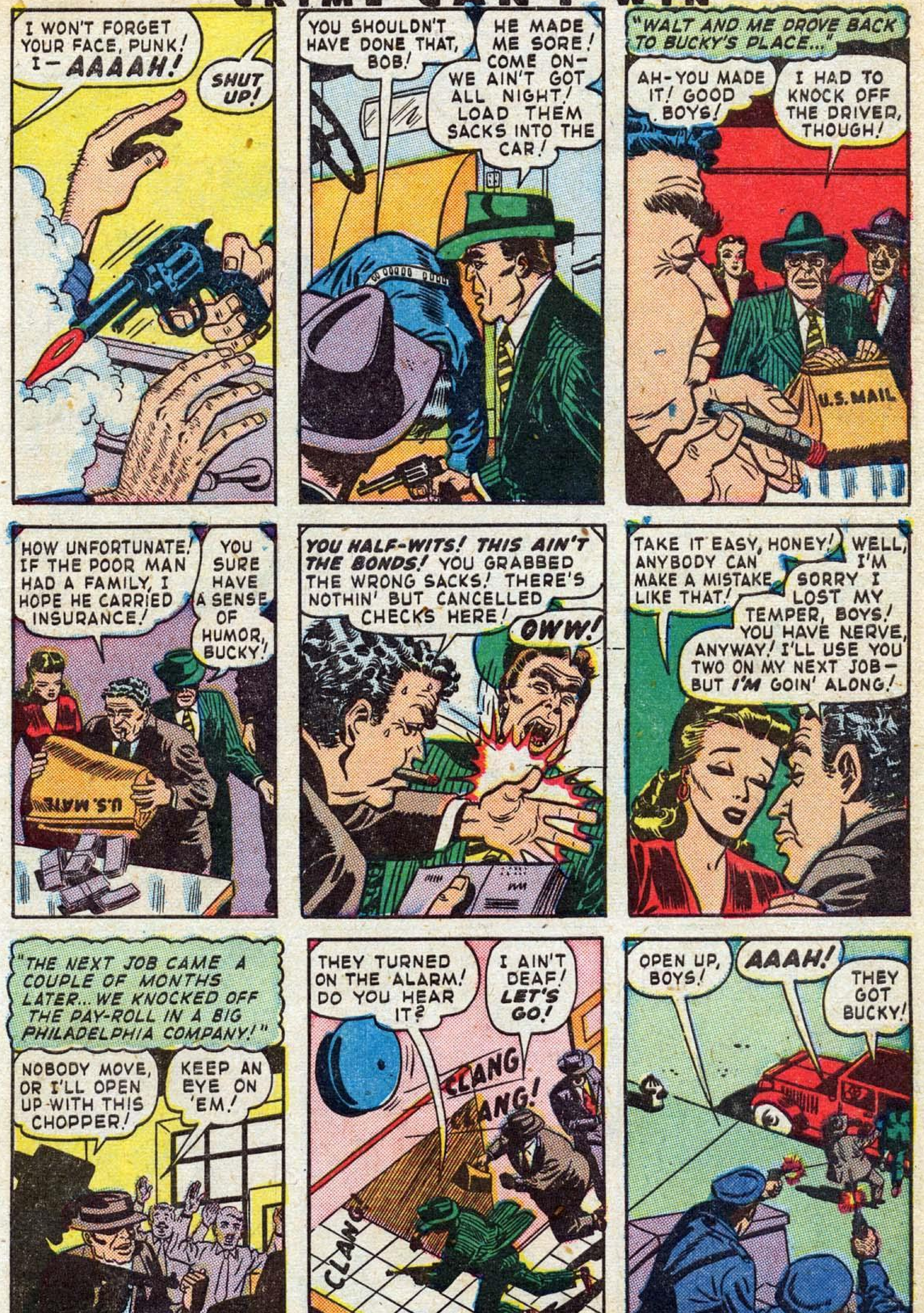

THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
SEE THIS GUY COMING? *ROBERT MAIS* IS HIS NAME... HE WANTED TO BE A *BIG SHOT*... HE WANTED TO RUN A TRIGGER-HAPPY GANG! HOW DID HE END UP HERE? *YOU'LL SEE...*
YOU *CAN'T* DO THIS TO *ME! I'M ROBERT MAIS! NOBODY* CAN PIN *ANYTHING* ON *ME!* I CAN SHOOT MY WAY OUTTA *ANYTHING! STOP! LEMME GO!*
2341

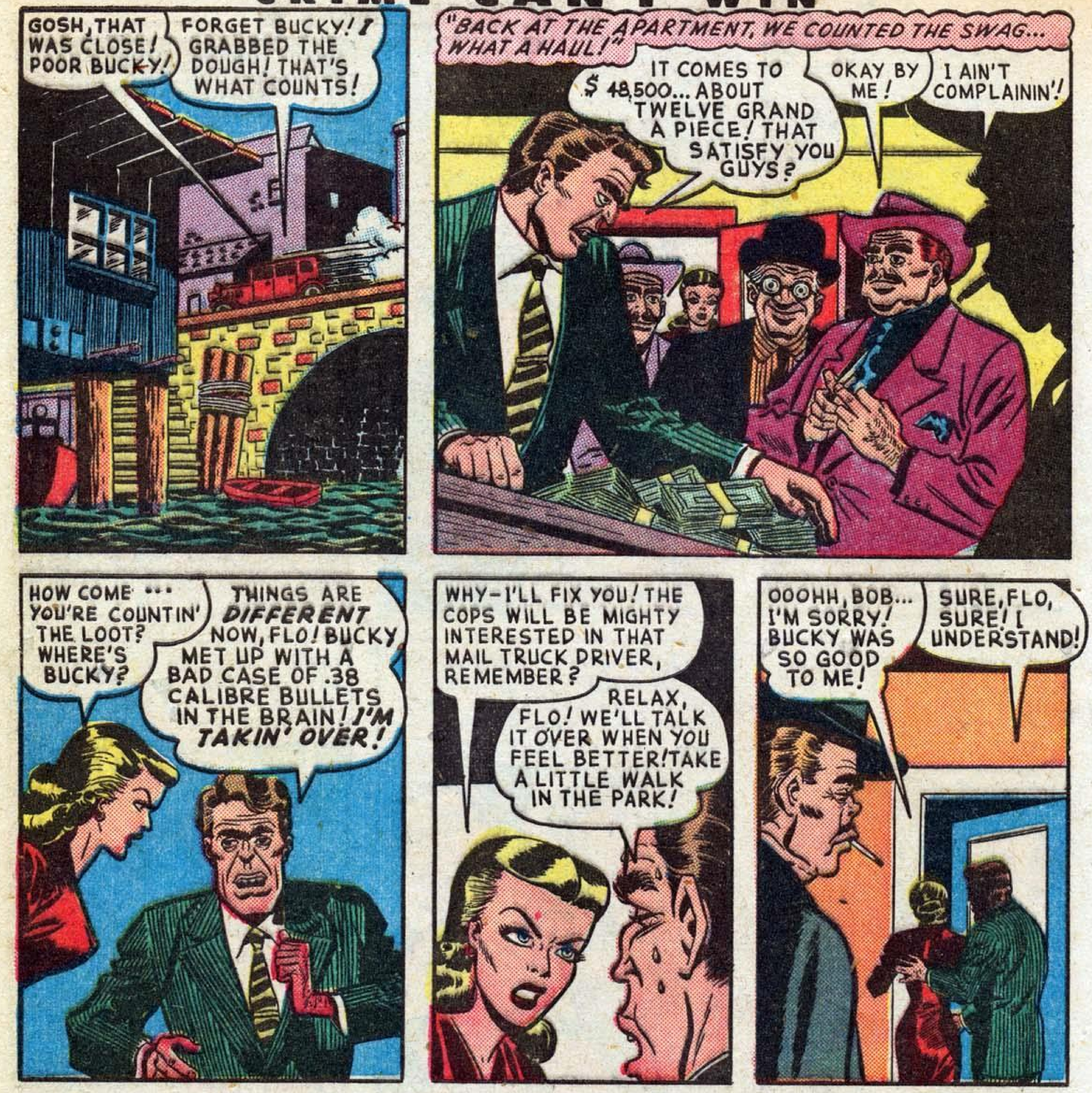

THE DEATH HOUSE IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA, EARLY IN FEB., 1935...
THIS IS IT, MAIS! YOU'RE WALKING THE *LAST MILE!*
YEAH, THE LAST MILE... ME AND WALT LAGENZA... DOWN THE LINE! HOW ARE YA DOIN', WALT?

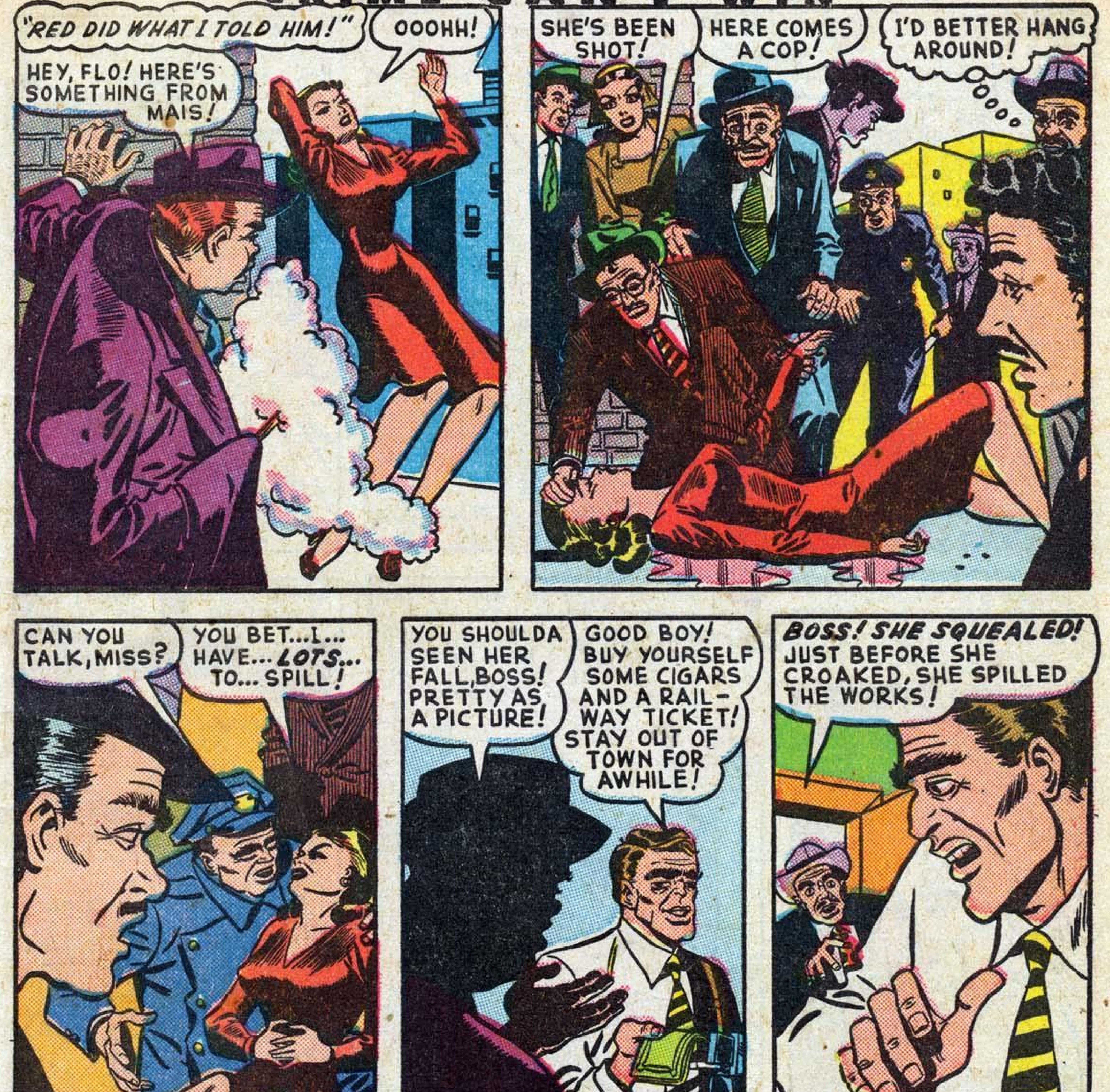

I'M SCARED, BOB— I DON'T WANT TO DIE!
1

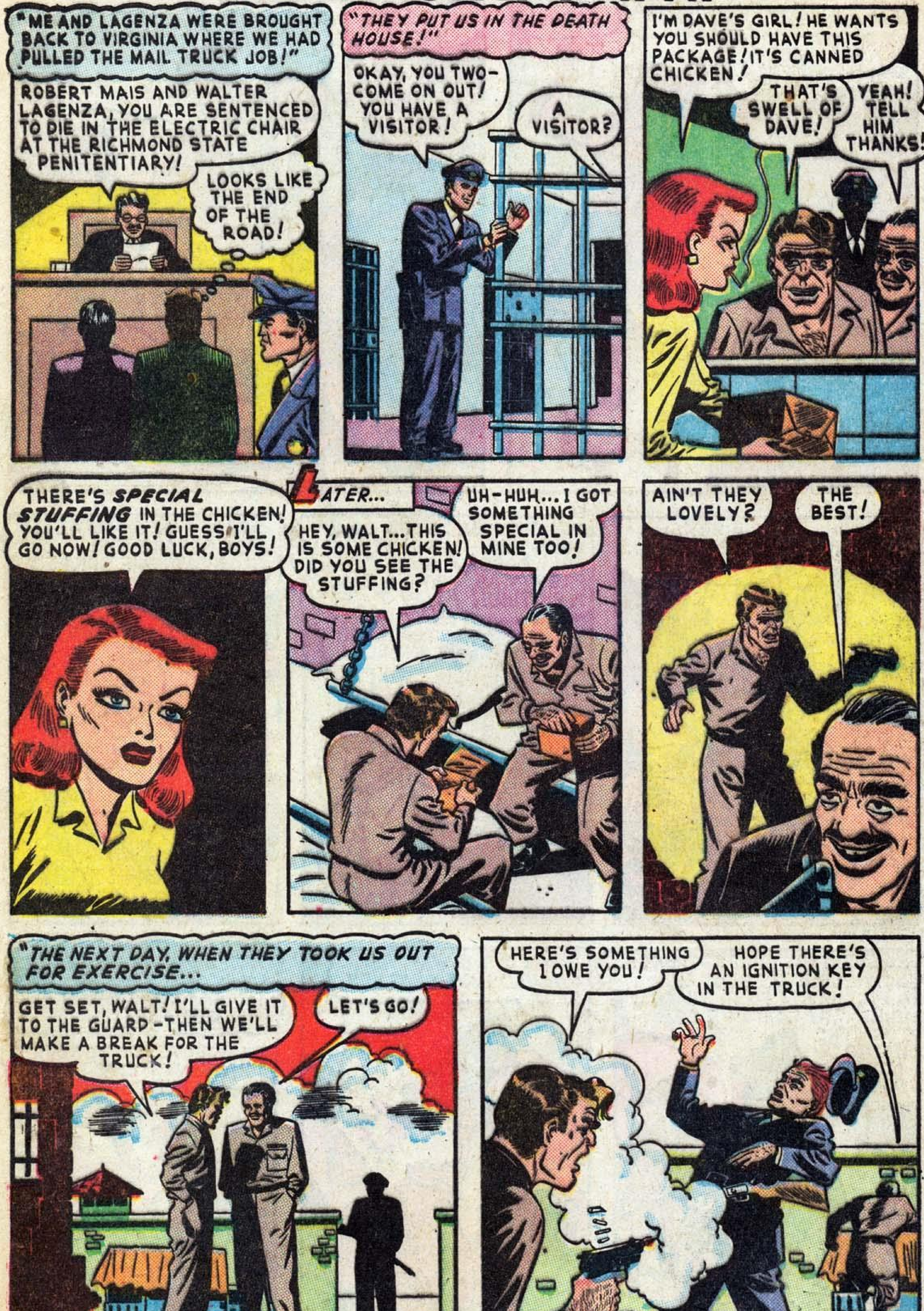
FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

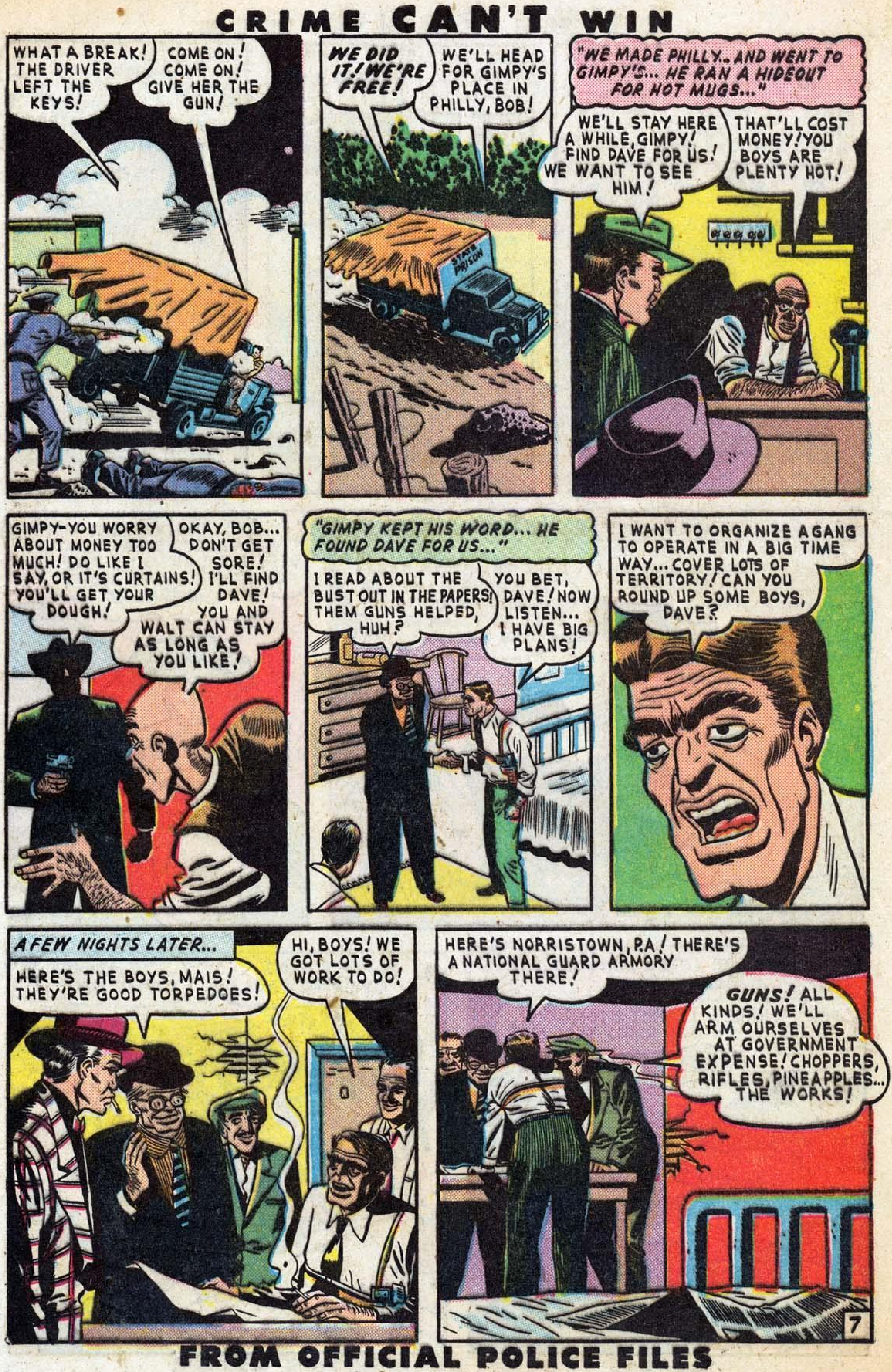

"NEITHER DID THEM GUYS WE BUMPED OFF! IT SEEMS SO LONG AGO! WE STARTED 'WAY BACK IN THE BOOTLEG DAYS!"
I'M TIRED OF THIS TWO-BIT BOOZE RACKET, WALT! WHAT'S OUR CUT? WE CARRY RODS, KNOCK OFF A TRUCK OR TWO... AND WE'LL WIND UP WITH A SLUG IN OUR BACK!
IT'S A LIVIN', BOB! MAYBE YOU WANT WE SHOULD BE BIG SHOTS LIKE CAPONE, HUH?
YEAH! THAT'S IT! SOME DAY I'M GONNA RUN A TOUGH TRIGGER-HAPPY GANG, AN' I'M GONNA LIVE BIG!
C'MON, BUCKY PHILLIPS WANTS TO SEE US! HE'S GOT SOMETHIN' ON THE FIRE!
"WE WENT TO SEE PHILLIPS..."
I DUNNO! THEY LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF DUMB HOODS! YOU THINK THEY CAN PULL THE JOB, SUGAR?
SURE, BUCKY! GIVE 'EM A BREAK!
THIS IS WHAT I WANT! SOME DAY, I'LL DO THE HIRING!
OKAY, IF FLO SAYS YOU'RE IN—YOU'RE IN! NOW YOU GOT IT STRAIGHT, HAVEN'T YOU?
SURE! WE TACKLE THE MAIL TRUCK! IT'S A PUSH-OVER!
SOON...
HERE SHE COMES, WALT!
YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!
U.S. MAIL
U.S. MAIL
THEN!
PUT 'EM UP—AND KEEP 'EM THERE! GRAB THE SACKS, WALT!
WISE PUNK! PRETTY TOUGH BEHIND THE GUN, AIN'T YOU?
U.S. MAIL

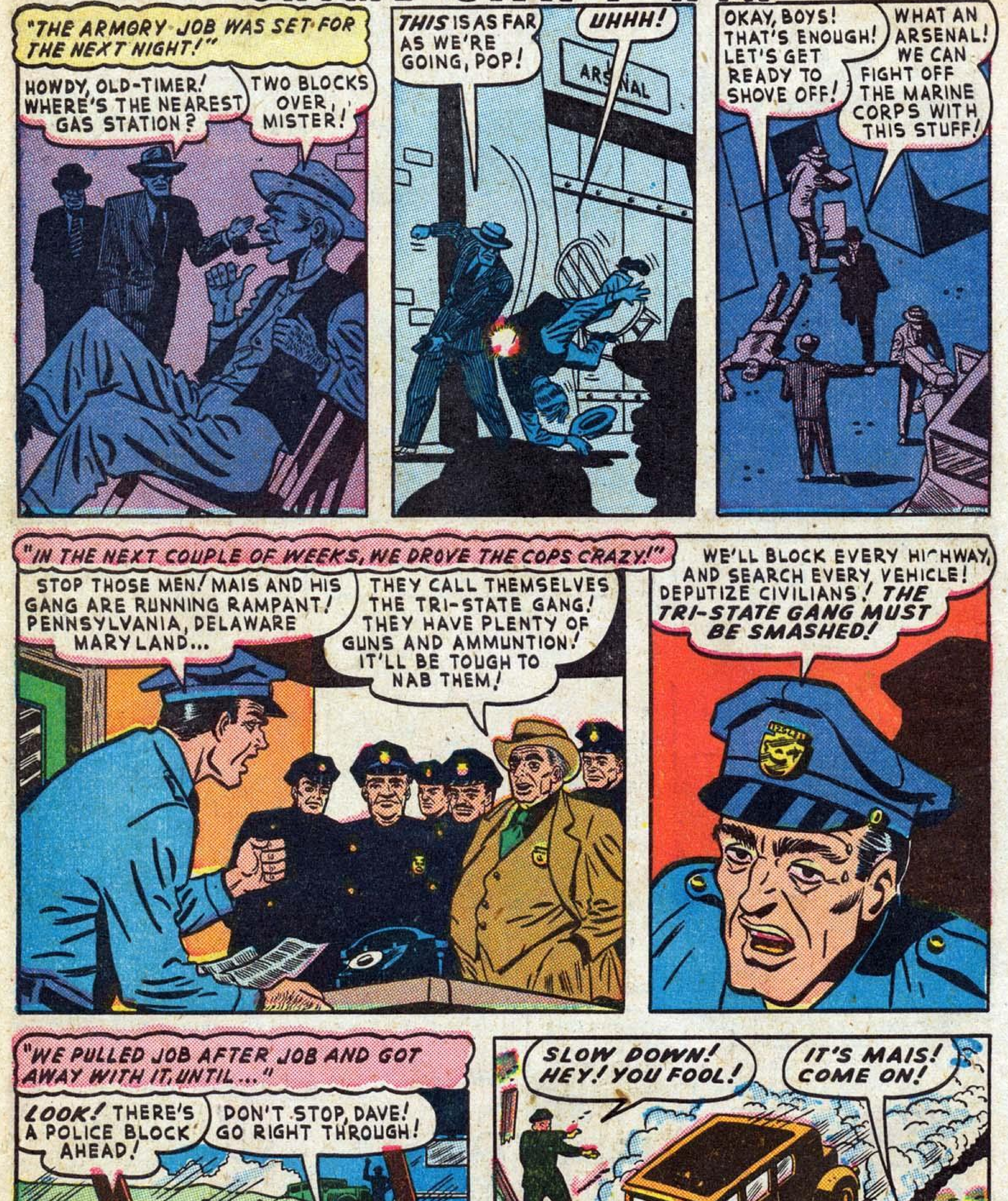

I WON'T FORGET YOUR FACE, PUNK! I—*AAAAH!*
SHUT UP!
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, BOB!
HE MADE ME SORE! COME ON— WE AIN'T GOT ALL NIGHT! LOAD THEM SACKS INTO THE CAR!
"WALT AND ME DROVE BACK TO BUCKY'S PLACE.."
AH-YOU MADE IT! GOOD BOYS!
I HAD TO KNOCK OFF THE DRIVER, THOUGH!
U.S. MAIL
HOW UNFORTUNATE! IF THE POOR MAN HAD A FAMILY, I HOPE HE CARRIED INSURANCE!
YOU SURE HAVE A SENSE OF HUMOR, BUCKY!
U.S. MAIL
YOU HALF-WITS! THIS AIN'T THE BONDS! YOU GRABBED THE WRONG SACKS! THERE'S NOTHIN' BUT CANCELLED CHECKS HERE!
OWW!
TAKE IT EASY, HONEY! ANYBODY CAN MAKE A MISTAKE LIKE THAT!
WELL, I'M SORRY I LOST MY TEMPER, BOYS! YOU HAVE NERVE, ANYWAY! I'LL USE YOU TWO ON MY NEXT JOB— BUT *I'M* GOIN' ALONG!
"THE NEXT JOB CAME A COUPLE OF MONTHS LATER.. WE KNOCKED OFF THE PAY-ROLL IN A BIG PHILADELPHIA COMPANY!"
NOBODY MOVE, OR I'LL OPEN UP WITH THIS CHOPPER!
KEEP AN EYE ON 'EM!
THEY TURNED ON THE ALARM! DO YOU HEAR IT?
I AIN'T DEAF! *LET'S GO!*
CLANG
CLANG!
CLANG
OPEN UP, BOYS!
AAAH!
THEY GOT BUCKY!

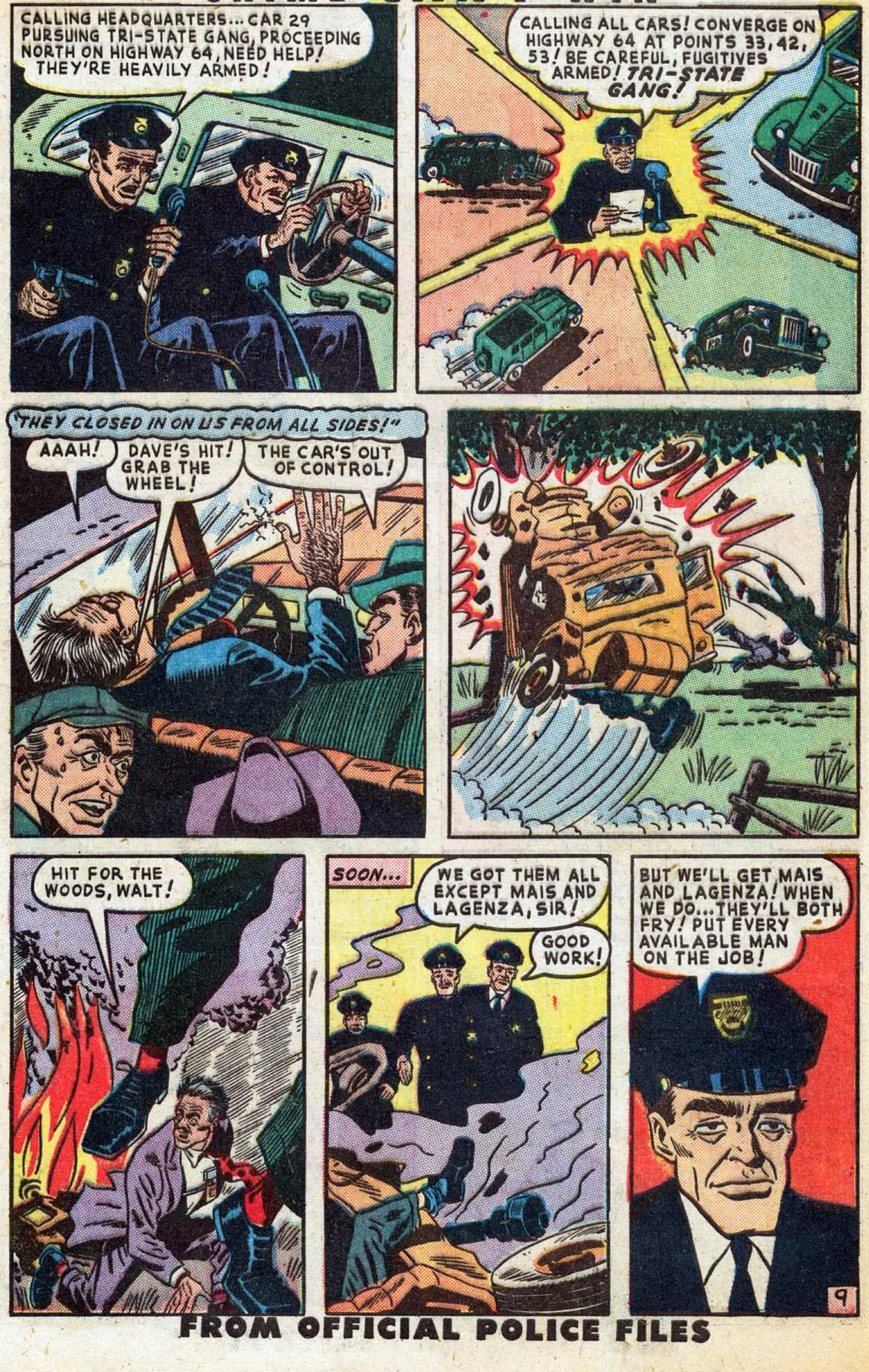

GOSH, THAT WAS CLOSE! POOR BUCKY!
FORGET BUCKY! I GRABBED THE DOUGH! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!
"BACK AT THE APARTMENT, WE COUNTED THE SWAG... WHAT A HAUL!"
IT COMES TO $48,500... ABOUT TWELVE GRAND A PIECE! THAT SATISFY YOU GUYS?
OKAY BY ME!
I AIN'T COMPLAININ'!
HOW COME... YOU'RE COUNTIN' THE LOOT? WHERE'S BUCKY?
THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW, FLO! BUCKY MET UP WITH A BAD CASE OF .38 CALIBRE BULLETS IN THE BRAIN! I'M TAKIN' OVER!
WHY-I'LL FIX YOU! THE COPS WILL BE MIGHTY INTERESTED IN THAT MAIL TRUCK DRIVER, REMEMBER?
RELAX, FLO! WE'LL TALK IT OVER WHEN YOU FEEL BETTER! TAKE A LITTLE WALK IN THE PARK!
OOOHH, BOB... I'M SORRY! BUCKY WAS SO GOOD TO ME!
SURE, FLO, SURE! I UNDERSTAND!
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A "TORPEDO," RED! TAKE AFTER HER! SEE THAT SHE RELAXES, PERMANENTLY!
START ORDERIN' THE THE FLOWERS, BOSS! I NEVER DID LIKE HER ANYWAY!
WALT, FOLLOW HIM UP! MAKE SURE THERE'S NO SLIPS! THERE'S A GRAND IN IT FOR YOU!
FOR A GRAND, BOSS, I'LL DO ANYTHING!
BOSS! THEY CALLED ME BOSS! NOW I'M HEAD MAN! I'M GETTIN' WAY UP THERE AN' THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!

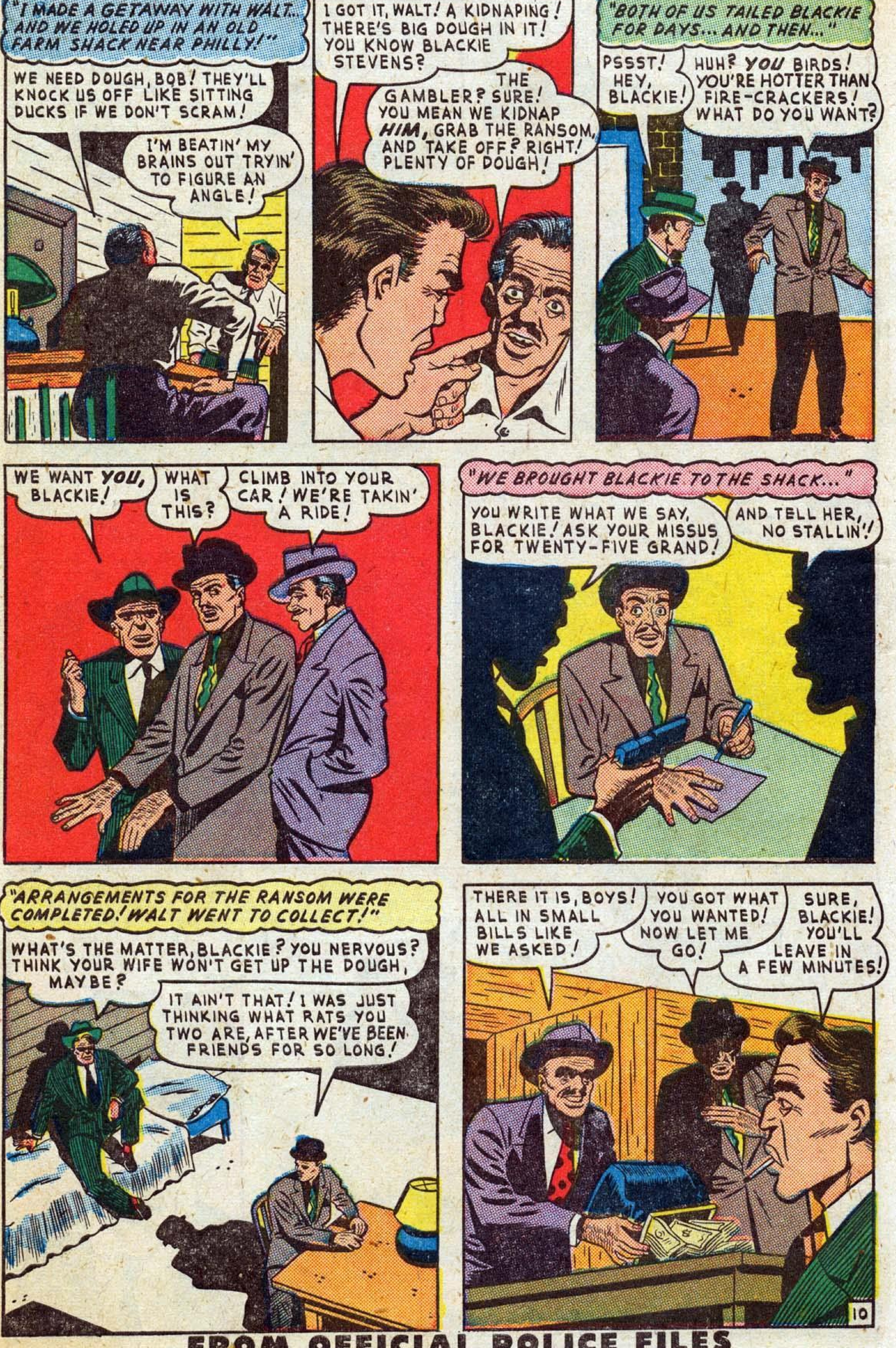

"RED DID WHAT I TOLD HIM!"
HEY, FLO! HERE'S SOMETHING FROM MAIS!
OOOHH!
SHE'S BEEN SHOT!
HERE COMES A COP!
I'D BETTER HANG AROUND!
CAN YOU TALK, MISS?
YOU BET...I... HAVE... LOTS... TO... SPILL!
YOU SHOULDA SEEN HER FALL, BOSS! PRETTY AS A PICTURE!
GOOD BOY! BUY YOURSELF SOME CIGARS AND A RAILWAY TICKET! STAY OUT OF TOWN FOR AWHILE!
BOSS! SHE SQUEALED! JUST BEFORE SHE CROAKED, SHE SPILLED THE WORKS!
SO SHE WENT DOWN LIKE A PICTURE, HUH, RED! TURN THE RADIO UP LOUD, DAVE!
HONEST, BOSS... I SHOT HER FOUR TIMES... I DON'T SEE HOW...
HERE'S THE WAY YOU SHOULD HAVE SHOT HER, RED!
"THAT NIGHT, AFTER GETTING RID OF RED'S BODY, WE MADE A BREAK... BUT DIDN'T GET FAR!"
OKAY, BOYS! DON'T ARGUE! I HAVE AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER!
5

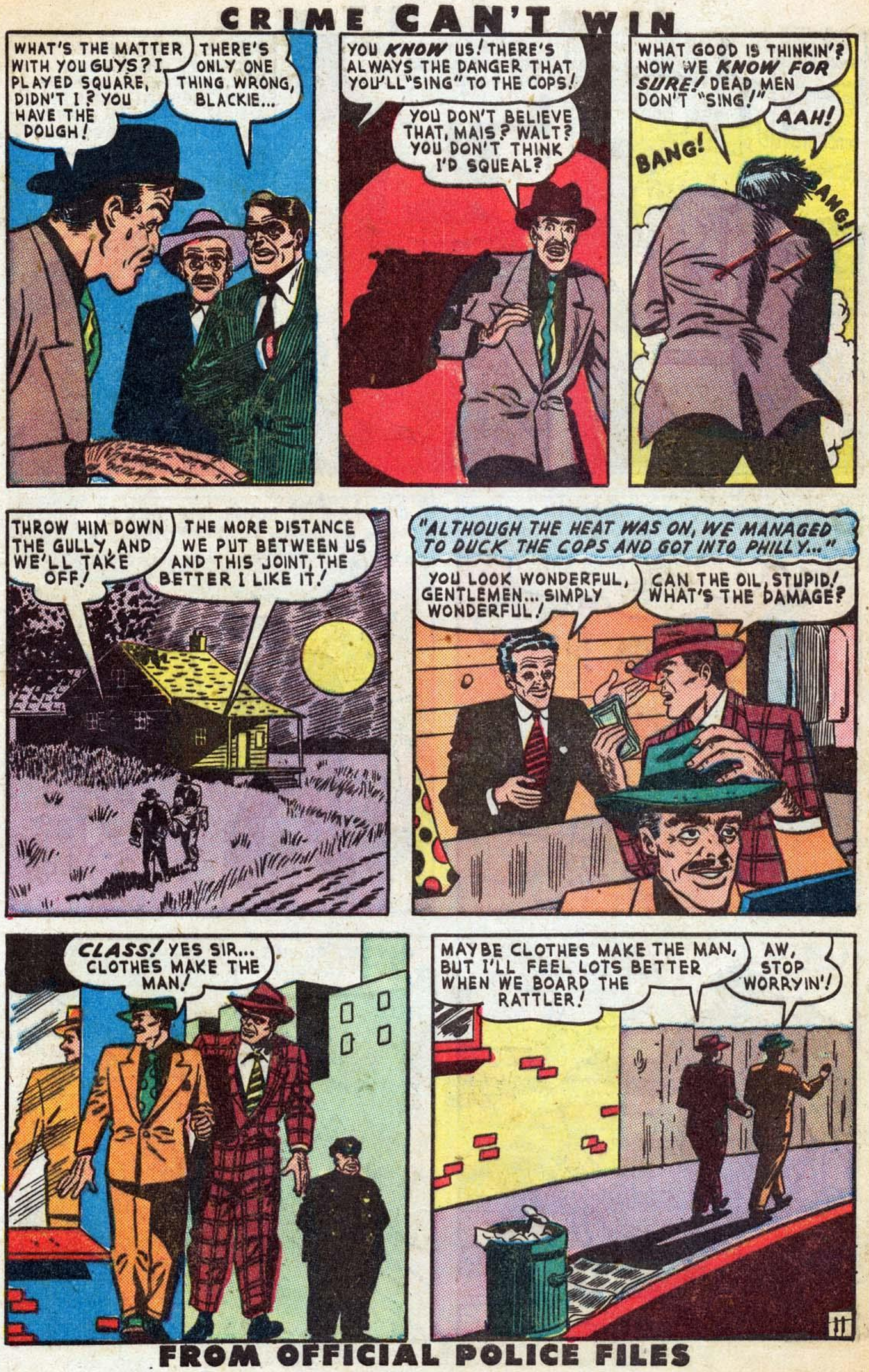

"ME AND LAGENZA WERE BROUGHT BACK TO VIRGINIA WHERE WE HAD PULLED THE MAIL TRUCK JOB!"
ROBERT MAIS AND WALTER LAGENZA, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR AT THE RICHMOND STATE PENITENTIARY!
LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE ROAD!
"THEY PUT US IN THE DEATH HOUSE!"
OKAY, YOU TWO-COME ON OUT! YOU HAVE A VISITOR!
A VISITOR?
I'M DAVE'S GIRL! HE WANTS YOU SHOULD HAVE THIS PACKAGE! IT'S CANNED CHICKEN!
THAT'S SWELL OF DAVE!
YEAH! TELL HIM THANKS!
THERE'S SPECIAL STUFFING IN THE CHICKEN! YOU'LL LIKE IT! GUESS I'LL GO NOW! GOOD LUCK, BOYS!
LATER...
HEY, WALT... THIS IS SOME CHICKEN! DID YOU SEE THE STUFFING?
UH-HUH... I GOT SOMETHING SPECIAL IN MINE TOO!
AIN'T THEY LOVELY?
THE BEST!
"THE NEXT DAY, WHEN THEY TOOK US OUT FOR EXERCISE...
GET SET, WALT! I'LL GIVE IT TO THE GUARD-THEN WE'LL MAKE A BREAK FOR THE TRUCK!
LET'S GO!
HERE'S SOMETHING I OWE YOU!
HOPE THERE'S AN IGNITION KEY IN THE TRUCK!

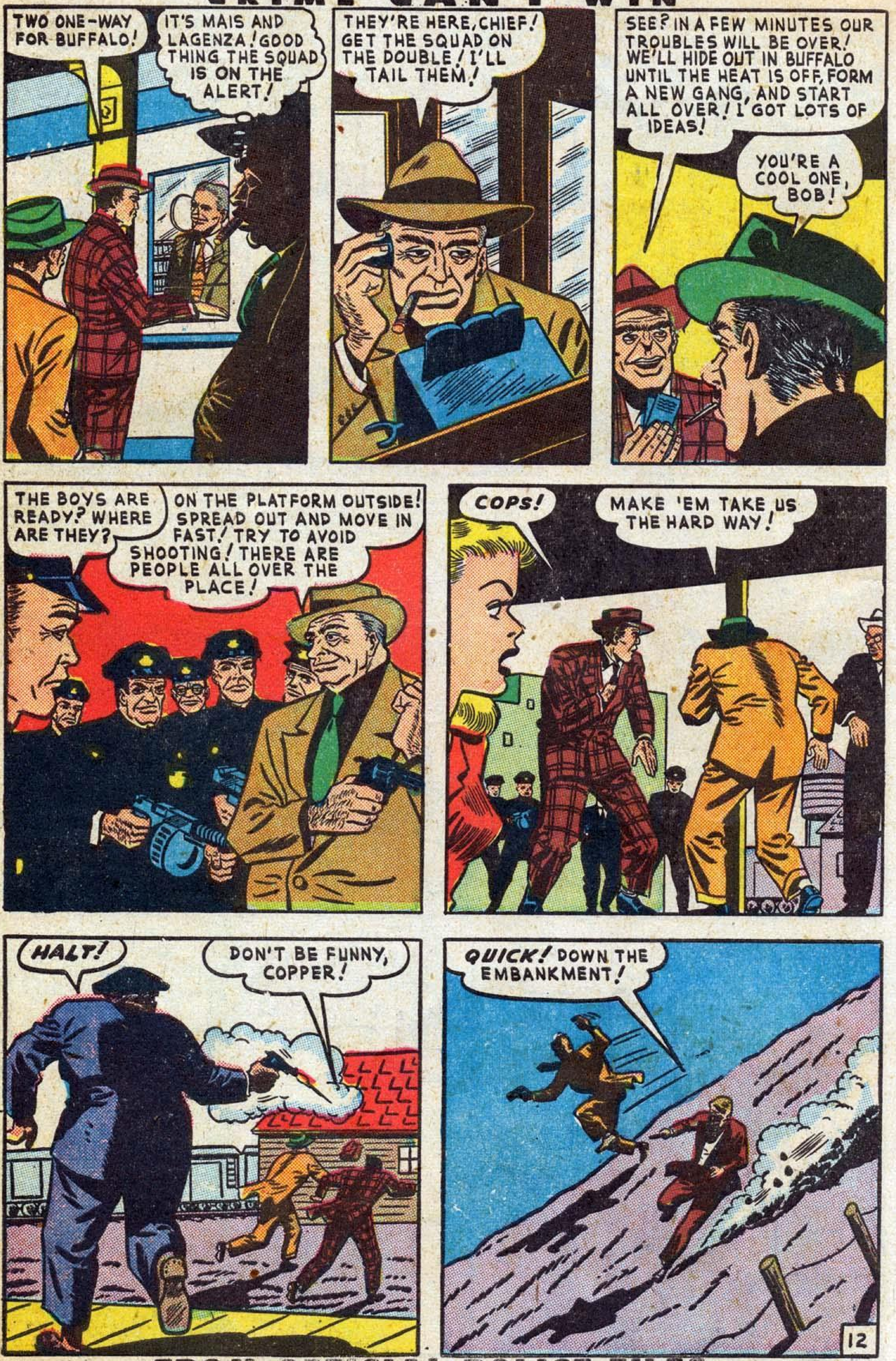

WHAT A BREAK! THE DRIVER LEFT THE KEYS!
COME ON! COME ON! GIVE HER THE GUN!
WE DID IT! WE'RE FREE!
WE'LL HEAD FOR GIMPY'S PLACE IN PHILLY, BOB!
STATE PRISON
"WE MADE PHILLY.. AND WENT TO GIMPY'S... HE RAN A HIDEOUT FOR HOT MUGS..."
WE'LL STAY HERE A WHILE, GIMPY! FIND DAVE FOR US! WE WANT TO SEE HIM!
THAT'LL COST MONEY! YOU BOYS ARE PLENTY HOT!
GIMPY-YOU WORRY ABOUT MONEY TOO MUCH! DO LIKE I SAY, OR IT'S CURTAINS! YOU'LL GET YOUR DOUGH!
OKAY, BOB... DON'T GET SORE! I'LL FIND DAVE! YOU AND WALT CAN STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!
"GIMPY KEPT HIS WORD... HE FOUND DAVE FOR US..."
I READ ABOUT THE BUST OUT IN THE PAPERS! THEM GUNS HELPED, HUH?
YOU BET, DAVE! NOW LISTEN... I HAVE BIG PLANS!
I WANT TO ORGANIZE A GANG TO OPERATE IN A BIG TIME WAY... COVER LOTS OF TERRITORY! CAN YOU ROUND UP SOME BOYS, DAVE?
A FEW NIGHTS LATER...
HERE'S THE BOYS, MAIS! THEY'RE GOOD TORPEDOES!
HI, BOYS! WE GOT LOTS OF WORK TO DO!
HERE'S NORRISTOWN, PA! THERE'S A NATIONAL GUARD ARMORY THERE!
GUNS! ALL KINDS! WE'LL ARM OURSELVES AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE! CHOPPERS, RIFLES, PINEAPPLES... THE WORKS!

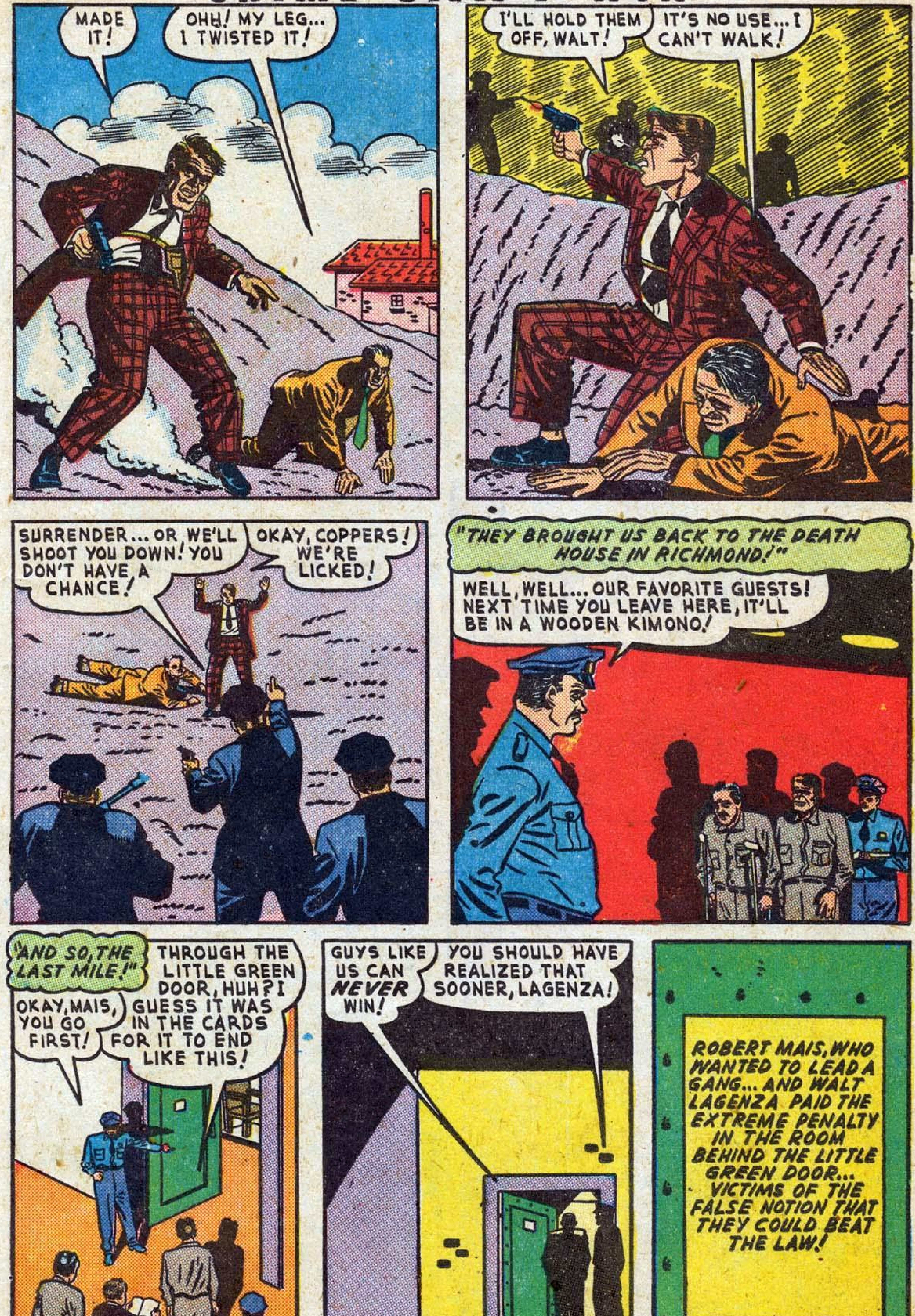

"THE ARMORY JOB WAS SET FOR THE NEXT NIGHT!"
HOWDY, OLD-TIMER! WHERE'S THE NEAREST GAS STATION?
TWO BLOCKS OVER, MISTER!
THIS IS AS FAR AS WE'RE GOING, POP!
UHHH!
ARSENAL
OKAY, BOYS! THAT'S ENOUGH! LET'S GET READY TO SHOVE OFF!
WHAT AN ARSENAL! WE CAN FIGHT OFF THE MARINE CORPS WITH THIS STUFF!
"IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS, WE DROVE THE COPS CRAZY!"
STOP THOSE MEN! MAIS AND HIS GANG ARE RUNNING RAMPANT! PENNSYLVANIA, DELAWARE MARYLAND...
THEY CALL THEMSELVES THE TRI-STATE GANG! THEY HAVE PLENTY OF GUNS AND AMMUNTION! IT'LL BE TOUGH TO NAB THEM!
WE'LL BLOCK EVERY HIGHWAY, AND SEARCH EVERY VEHICLE! DEPUTIZE CIVILIANS! THE TRI-STATE GANG MUST BE SMASHED!
"WE PULLED JOB AFTER JOB AND GOT AWAY WITH IT, UNTIL..."
LOOK! THERE'S A POLICE BLOCK AHEAD!
DON'T STOP, DAVE! GO RIGHT THROUGH!
SLOW DOWN! HEY! YOU FOOL!
IT'S MAIS! COME ON!


CALLING HEADQUARTERS... CAR 29 PURSUING TRI-STATE GANG, PROCEEDING NORTH ON HIGHWAY 64, NEED HELP! THEY'RE HEAVILY ARMED!
CALLING ALL CARS! CONVERGE ON HIGHWAY 64 AT POINTS 33, 42, 53! BE CAREFUL, FUGITIVES ARMED! TRI-STATE GANG!
"THEY CLOSED IN ON US FROM ALL SIDES!"
AAAH!
DAVE'S HIT! GRAB THE WHEEL!
THE CAR'S OUT OF CONTROL!
HIT FOR THE WOODS, WALT!
SOON...
WE GOT THEM ALL EXCEPT MAIS AND LAGENZA, SIR!
GOOD WORK!
BUT WE'LL GET MAIS AND LAGENZA! WHEN WE DO... THEY'LL BOTH FRY! PUT EVERY AVAILABLE MAN ON THE JOB!


"I MADE A GETAWAY WITH WALT.. AND WE HOLED UP IN AN OLD FARM SHACK NEAR PHILLY!"
WE NEED DOUGH, BOB! THEY'LL KNOCK US OFF LIKE SITTING DUCKS IF WE DON'T SCRAM!
I'M BEATIN' MY BRAINS OUT TRYIN' TO FIGURE AN ANGLE!
I GOT IT, WALT! A KIDNAPING! THERE'S BIG DOUGH IN IT! YOU KNOW BLACKIE STEVENS?
THE GAMBLER? SURE! YOU MEAN WE KIDNAP HIM, GRAB THE RANSOM, AND TAKE OFF? RIGHT! PLENTY OF DOUGH!
"BOTH OF US TAILED BLACKIE FOR DAYS... AND THEN..."
PSSST! HEY, BLACKIE!
HUH? YOU BIRDS! YOU'RE HOTTER THAN FIRE-CRACKERS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE WANT YOU, BLACKIE!
WHAT IS THIS?
CLIMB INTO YOUR CAR! WE'RE TAKIN' A RIDE!
"WE BROUGHT BLACKIE TO THE SHACK..."
YOU WRITE WHAT WE SAY, BLACKIE! ASK YOUR MISSUS FOR TWENTY-FIVE GRAND!
AND TELL HER, NO STALLIN'!
"ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE RANSOM WERE COMPLETED! WALT WENT TO COLLECT!"
WHAT'S THE MATTER, BLACKIE? YOU NERVOUS? THINK YOUR WIFE WON'T GET UP THE DOUGH, MAYBE?
IT AIN'T THAT! I WAS JUST THINKING WHAT RATS YOU TWO ARE, AFTER WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR SO LONG!
THERE IT IS, BOYS! ALL IN SMALL BILLS LIKE WE ASKED!
YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED! NOW LET ME GO!
SURE, BLACKIE! YOU'LL LEAVE IN A FEW MINUTES!


WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? I PLAYED SQUARE, DIDN'T I? YOU HAVE THE DOUGH!
THERE'S ONLY ONE THING WRONG, BLACKIE...
YOU KNOW US! THERE'S ALWAYS THE DANGER THAT YOU'LL "SING" TO THE COPS!
YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT, MAIS? WALT? YOU DON'T THINK I'D SQUEAL?
WHAT GOOD IS THINKIN'? NOW WE KNOW FOR SURE! DEAD MEN DON'T "SING!"
AAH!
BANG!
BANG!
THROW HIM DOWN THE GULLY, AND WE'LL TAKE OFF!
THE MORE DISTANCE WE PUT BETWEEN US AND THIS JOINT, THE BETTER I LIKE IT!
"ALTHOUGH THE HEAT WAS ON, WE MANAGED TO DUCK THE COPS AND GOT INTO PHILLY..."
YOU LOOK WONDERFUL, GENTLEMEN... SIMPLY WONDERFUL!
CAN THE OIL, STUPID! WHAT'S THE DAMAGE?
CLASS! YES SIR... CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN!
MAYBE CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN, BUT I'LL FEEL LOTS BETTER WHEN WE BOARD THE RATTLER!
AW, STOP WORRYIN'!


TWO ONE-WAY FOR BUFFALO!
IT'S MAIS AND LAGENZA! GOOD THING THE SQUAD IS ON THE ALERT!
THEY'RE HERE, CHIEF! GET THE SQUAD ON THE DOUBLE! I'LL TAIL THEM!
SEE? IN A FEW MINUTES OUR TROUBLES WILL BE OVER! WE'LL HIDE OUT IN BUFFALO UNTIL THE HEAT IS OFF, FORM A NEW GANG, AND START ALL OVER! I GOT LOTS OF IDEAS!
YOU'RE A COOL ONE, BOB!
THE BOYS ARE READY? WHERE ARE THEY?
ON THE PLATFORM OUTSIDE! SPREAD OUT AND MOVE IN FAST! TRY TO AVOID SHOOTING! THERE ARE PEOPLE ALL OVER THE PLACE!
COPS!
MAKE 'EM TAKE US THE HARD WAY!
HALT!
DON'T BE FUNNY, COPPER!
QUICK! DOWN THE EMBANKMENT!


MADE IT!
OHH! MY LEG... I TWISTED IT!
I'LL HOLD THEM OFF, WALT!
IT'S NO USE... I CAN'T WALK!
SURRENDER... OR WE'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN! YOU DON'T HAVE A CHANCE!
OKAY, COPPERS! WE'RE LICKED!
"THEY BROUGHT US BACK TO THE DEATH HOUSE IN RICHMOND!"
WELL, WELL... OUR FAVORITE GUESTS! NEXT TIME YOU LEAVE HERE, IT'LL BE IN A WOODEN KIMONO!
"AND SO, THE LAST MILE!"
OKAY, MAIS, YOU GO FIRST!
THROUGH THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR, HUH? I GUESS IT WAS IN THE CARDS FOR IT TO END LIKE THIS!
GUYS LIKE US CAN NEVER WIN!
YOU SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT SOONER, LAGENZA!
ROBERT MAIS, WHO WANTED TO LEAD A GANG... AND WALT LAGENZA PAID THE EXTREME PENALTY IN THE ROOM BEHIND THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR... VICTIMS OF THE FALSE NOTION THAT THEY COULD BEAT THE LAW!
THE END

JOSE VILLA

With aliases: Jose Bello, Villa Jose, Francisco Martinez, Juan Martinez, Francisco Murtello

DESCRIPTION

Age, 46 years, born July 2, 1899, in Mexico; Height, 5'4½"; Weight, 142 pounds; Color of eyes, brown; Color of hair, black; Complexion, olive; Build, medium; Race, Mexican; Nationality, Mexican; Occupations, carpenter, wood worker and painter; Scars and marks, tip of left ring finger scarred and clipped; scar in left eyebrow; dent scar on jaw near left side of chin; Marital status, single.

ESCAPED FEDERAL PRISONER

Since 1922, Jose Villa has been arrested in Texas, New York, Kansas, Montana and other locales on charges which include assault, violation of Immigration Laws and larceny. Jose Villa was sentenced by the Federal District Court, Corpus Christi, Texas, on April 25, 1938, to serve two years in a penal institution for violation of the United States Immigration Laws (illegal entry). He was committed to the United States Detention Farm at La Tuna, Texas, on August 4, 1938, and was transferred to Federal Prison Camp #10, Tucson, Arizona, from which institution he escaped on August 23, 1938.

Fingerprint Classification: 21 L 17 W 001 8 / M I T 01

Ref: 17/2 W/R

J. S. BERMAN

With aliases: Joe S. Berman, Saul Herman, Joe Saladore, Al Stevens

DESCRIPTION

Age, 46, born September 8, 1900, Tulchin, Russia; Height, 5'9"; Weight, 140 pounds; Build, medium slender; Hair, black, wavy, very heavy, combed pompadour; Eyes, dark and piercing; Eyebrows, black and bushy; Complexion, swarthy; Teeth, noticeably white; Nationality, American; Occupation, salesman; Scars, cut scar corner right eye; Peculiarities, neat dresser; uses hands when talking; prominent thick black hair on back of hands and fingers.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER, NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

An indictment was returned at San Antonio, Texas, December 16, 1935, charging J. S. Berman with violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. On June 19, 1936, a complaint was filed at Columbus, charging him with unlawful flight to San Antonio to avoid prosecution for the murder of Alvin A. Brunner, at Columbus, Ohio, on or about November 25, 1934.

Fingerprint Class.: 17 L I R 110 23 / M I R 110 Ref: T/R

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION LEADING TO THE ARREST OF ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES!

NILE ELLSWORTH BERISFORD

With aliases: Jack O'Brien, "Red", "Shuffle"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 32, born June 26, 1914, Moundsville, West Virginia; Height, 5'10½"; Weight, 150 pounds; Build, medium-slender; Hair, brown; Eyes, grey; Complexion, light; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, 1 year high school; Occupations, truck driver, glass factory laborer, farmhand, electrician; Scars and marks, tattoo of woman's head on outer right forearm, small scar inner right wrist, cut scar right cheek.

THEFT FROM INTERSTATE SHIPMENT

BERISFORD IS REPORTED TO BE ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

CRIMINAL RECORD

Berisford has served a sentence in the State of California for robbery first degree.

A complaint was filed before a U. S. Commissioner at Rocky Mount, North Carolina, on May 17, 1945, charging Nile Ellsworth Berisford with violating Section 409, Title 18, U. S. Code, for committing a theft from interstate shipment.

Fingerprint Classification: 2 0 I R 101 13 / M 17 R 101

JOHN HARVEY BUGG

With aliases: Johnny Bugg, "Cowboy," "Sock Foot"

DESCRIPTION

Age, 30, born March 2, 1917, in Cedar County, Missouri; Height, 6'1"; Weight, 175 pounds; Eyes, gray to blue; Hair, brown; Complexion, medium; Build, slender; Sex, male; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, 1 year high school; Occupations, taxicab and truck driver, laborer, rodeo rider; Scars and marks, scar from corner of left eye to end of nose, tattoo of kewpie doll on chest, word "LOVE" tattooed on left hand fingers with one letter on each finger, several tattoos on both arms, pit scars on both sides of face.

KIDNAPING

NATIONAL MOTOR VEHICLE THEFT ACT

CAUTION!

BUGG IS ARMED AND IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS

An indictment was returned at Tulsa, Okla., on February 7, 1946, charging John Harvey Bugg with kidnaping an individual at Greenfield, Mo., and forcing the individual to accompany him under threats of death to Kellyville, Okla.; and with stealing an automobile on November 26, 1945, and transporting the automobile in interestate commerce.

Fingerprint Classification: 6 0 29 W M00 / I 32 W OII 18

Ref: 29/29, 29/30, 29/31

ADVICE TO COMIC READERS FOR BAD SKIN

Stop Worrying Now About Pimples, Blackheads And Other Externally Caused Skin Troubles

JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

By *Betty Memphis*

Have you ever stopped to realize that the leading screen stars whom you admire, as well as the beautiful models who have lovely, soft white skin, were all born *just like you* with a lovely smooth skin?

The truth is that many girls and women do not give their skin a chance to show off the natural beauty that lies hidden underneath those externally caused pimples, blackheads and irritations. For almost anyone can have the natural, normal complexion which is in itself beauty. All you have to do is follow a few amazingly simple rules.

Many women shut themselves out of the thrills of life — dates, romance, popularity, social and business success — only because sheer neglect has robbed them of the good looks, poise and feminine self-assurance which could so easily be theirs. Yes, everybody looks at your face. The beautiful complexion, which is yours for the asking, is like a permanent card of admission to all the good things of life that every woman craves. And it really can be yours—take my word for it! — no matter how discouraged you may be this very minute about those externally caused skin miseries.

Medical science gives us the truth about a lovely skin. There are small specks of dust and dirt in the air all the time. When these get into the open pores in your skin, they can in time cause the pores to become larger and more susceptible to dirt particles, dust and infection. These open pores begin to form blackheads which become infected and bring you the humiliation of pimples, blackheads or other blemishes. When you neglect your skin by not giving it the necessary care, you leave yourself wide open to externally caused skin miseries. Yet proper attention with the double Viderm treatment may mean the difference between enjoying the confidence a fine skin gives you or the embarrassment of an ugly, *un*beautiful skin that makes you want to hide your face.

The double Viderm treatment is a formula prescribed by a skin doctor with amazing success, and costs you only a few cents daily. This treatment consists of two jars. One contains Viderm Skin Cleanser, a jelly-like formula which penetrates and acts as an antiseptic upon your pores. After you use this special Viderm Skin Cleanser, you simply apply the Viderm Fortified Medicated Skin Cream. You rub this in, leaving an almost invisible protective covering for the surface of your skin.

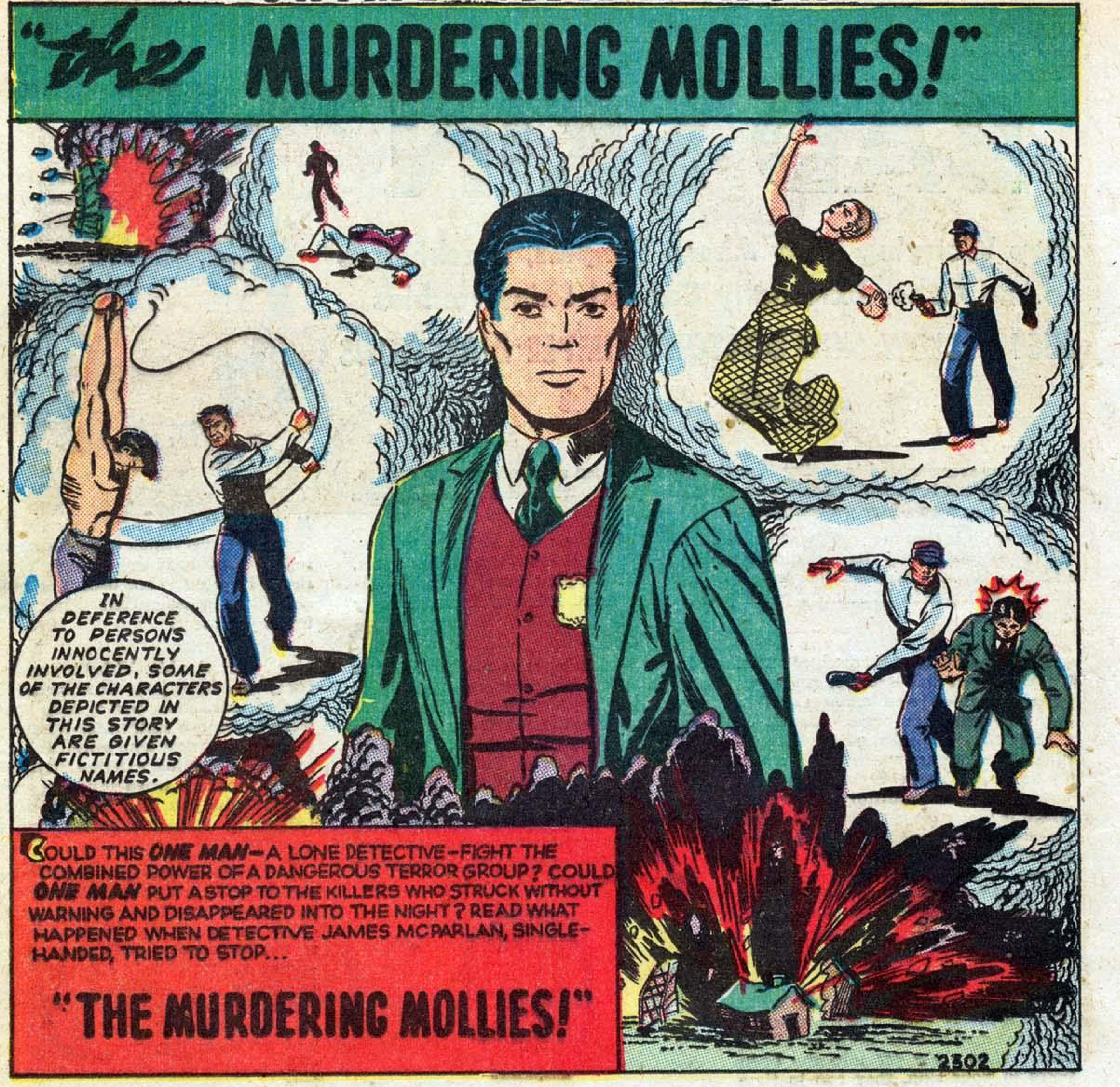
This double treatment has worked wonders for so many cases of external skin troubles that it may help you, too — *in fact, your money will be refunded if it doesn't*. Use it for only ten days. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It is a guaranteed treatment. Enjoy it. Your dream of a clear, smooth complexion may come true in ten days or less.

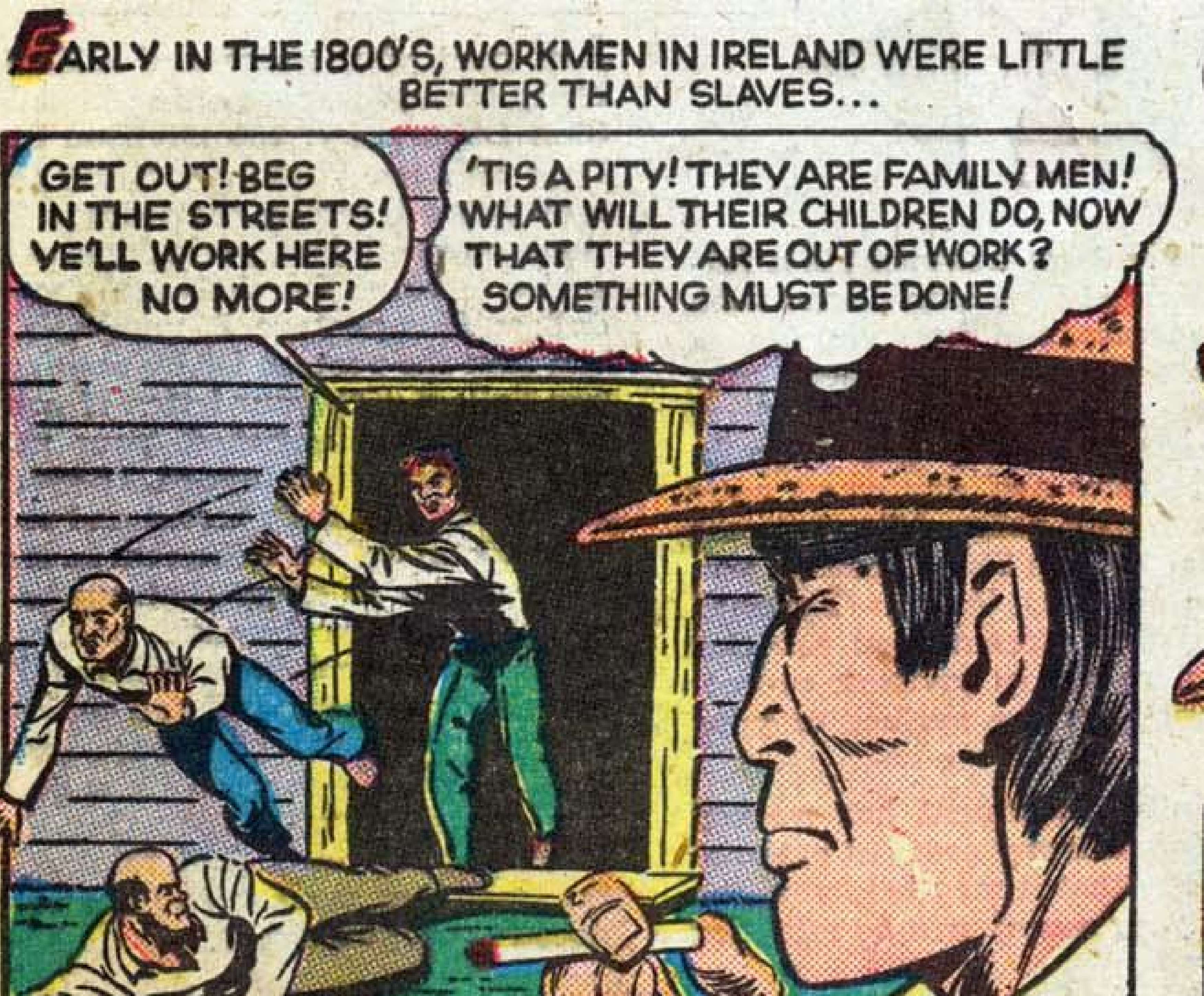
Use your double Viderm treatment every day until your skin is smoother and clearer. Then use it only once a week to remove stale make-up and dirt specks that infect your pores, as well as to aid in healing external irritations. Remember that when you help prevent blackheads, you also help to prevent externally caused skin miseries and pimples.

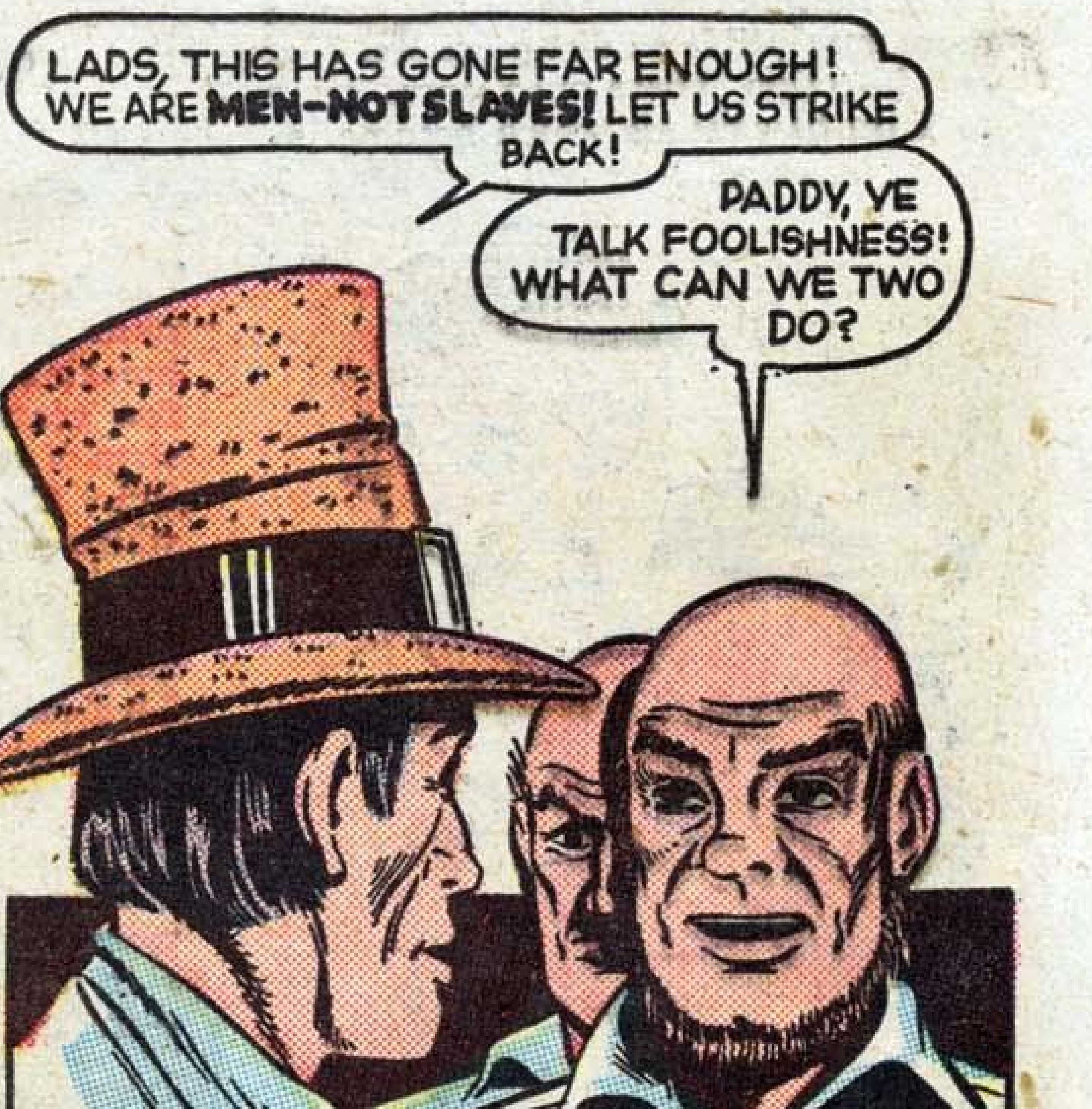
Incidentally, while your two jars and the doctor's directions are on their way to you, be sure to wash your face as often as necessary. First use warm water, then cleanse with water as cold as you can stand it, in order to freshen, stimulate and help close your pores. After you receive everything, read your directions carefully. Then go right to it and let these two fine formulas help your dreams of a beautiful skin come true.

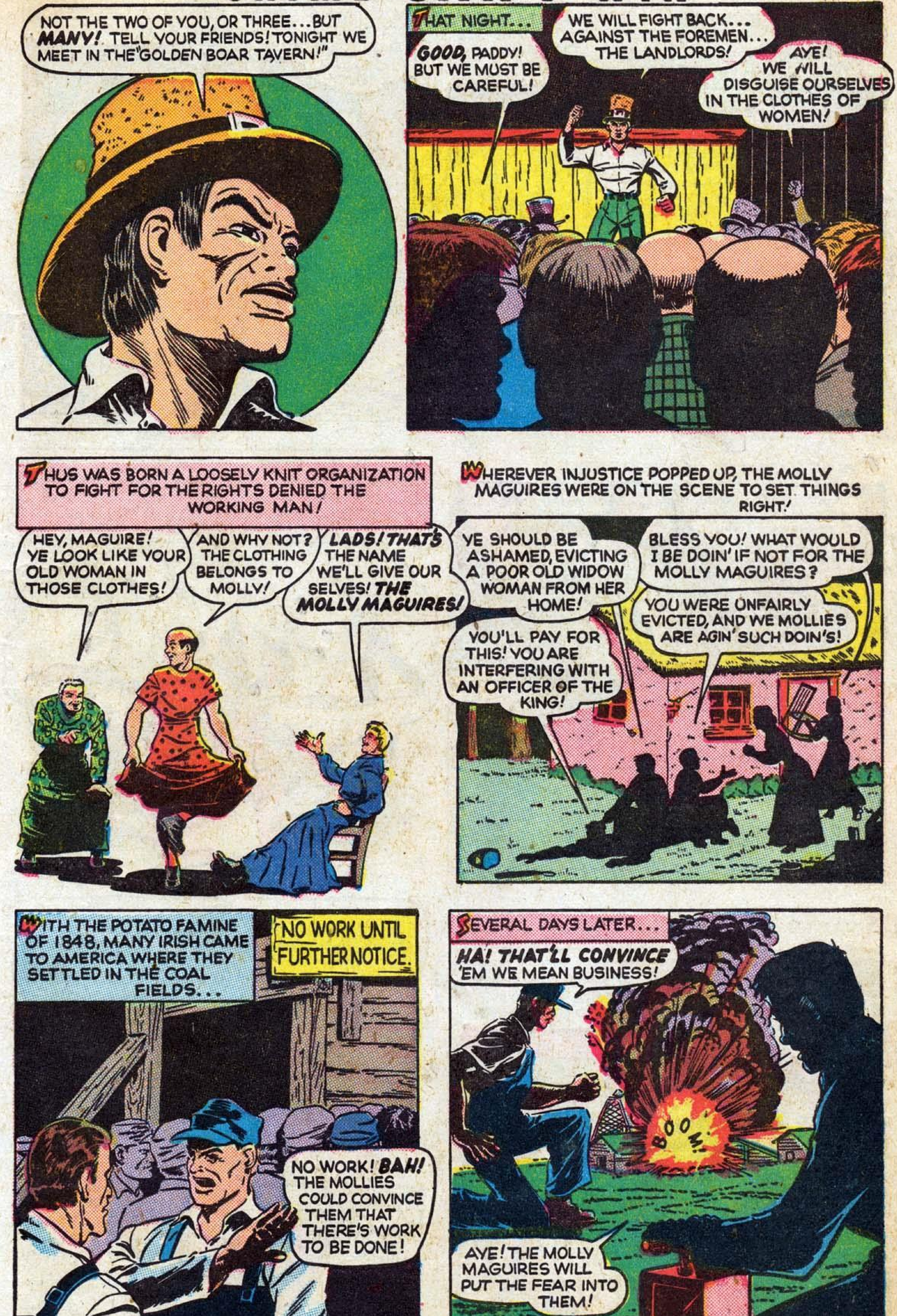
Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept 336 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both jars, packed in a safety-sealed carton. On delivery, pay two dollars plus postage. If you wish, you can save the postage fee by mailing the two dollars with your letter. If you are in any way dissatisfied, your money will be cheerfully refunded. To give you an idea of how fully tested and proven the Viderm double treatment is, it may interest you to know that, up to this month, over two hundred and twelve thousand women have ordered it on my recommendation. If you could only see the thousands of happy, grateful letters that have come to me as a result, you would know the joy this simple treatment can bring. And, think of it! — the treatment must work for *you*, or it doesn't cost you a cent.

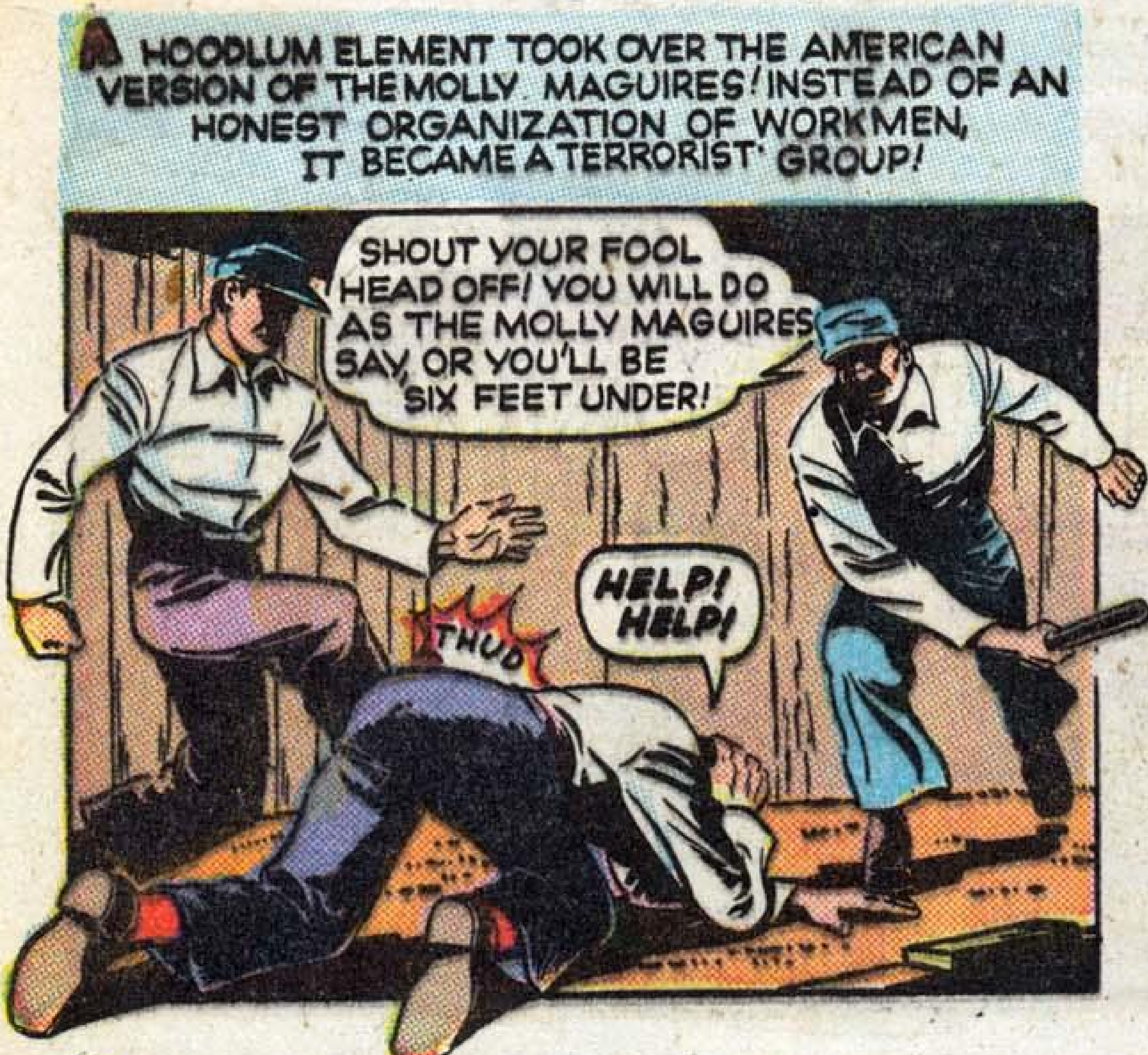
"the MURDERING MOLLIES!"

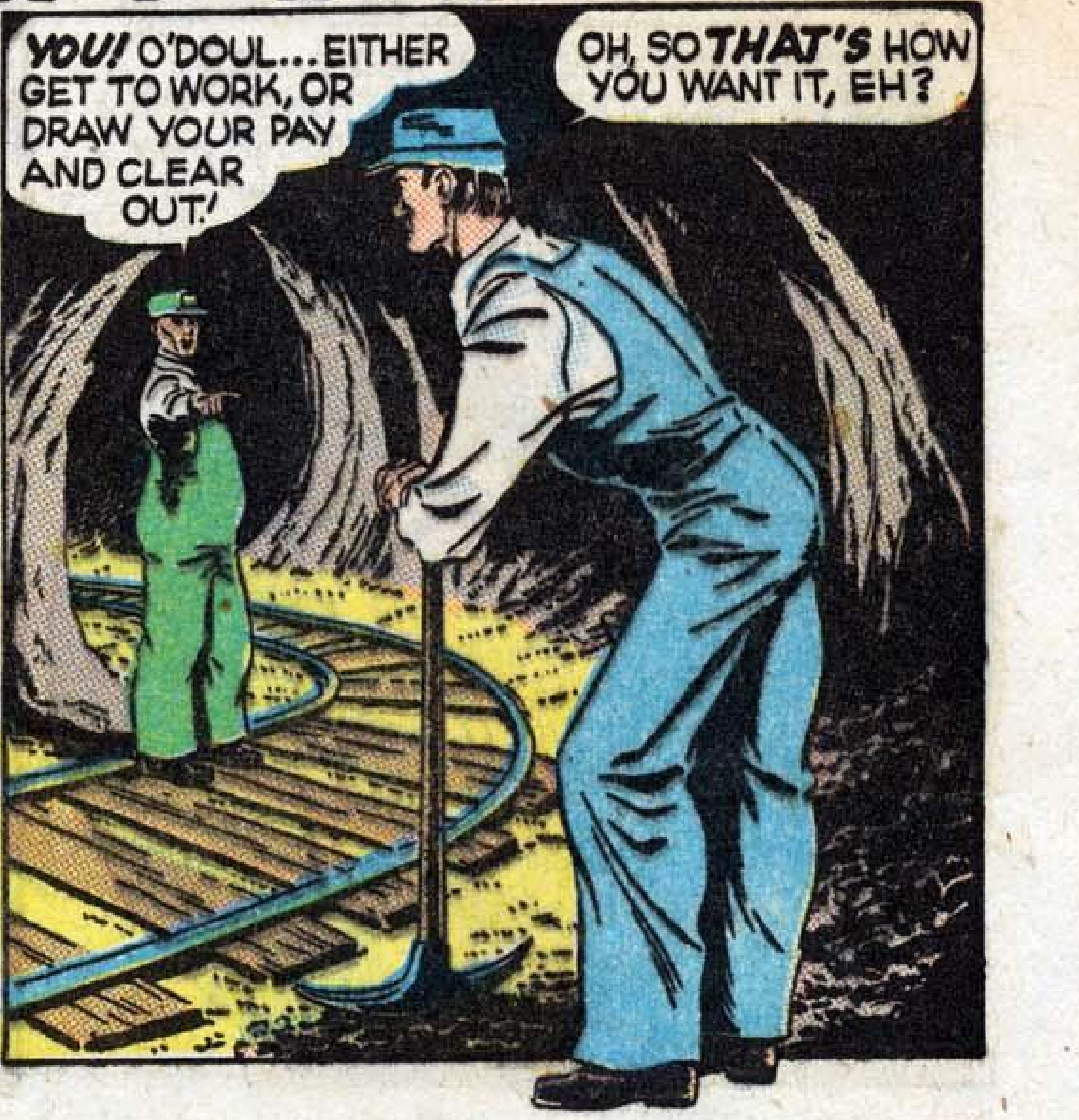

"the MURDERING MOLLIES!"
IN DEFERENCE TO PERSONS INNOCENTLY INVOLVED, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE GIVEN FICTITIOUS NAMES.
COULD THIS ONE MAN—A LONE DETECTIVE—FIGHT THE COMBINED POWER OF A DANGEROUS TERROR GROUP? COULD ONE MAN PUT A STOP TO THE KILLERS WHO STRUCK WITHOUT WARNING AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE NIGHT? READ WHAT HAPPENED WHEN DETECTIVE JAMES MCPARLAN, SINGLE-HANDED, TRIED TO STOP...
"THE MURDERING MOLLIES!"
2302

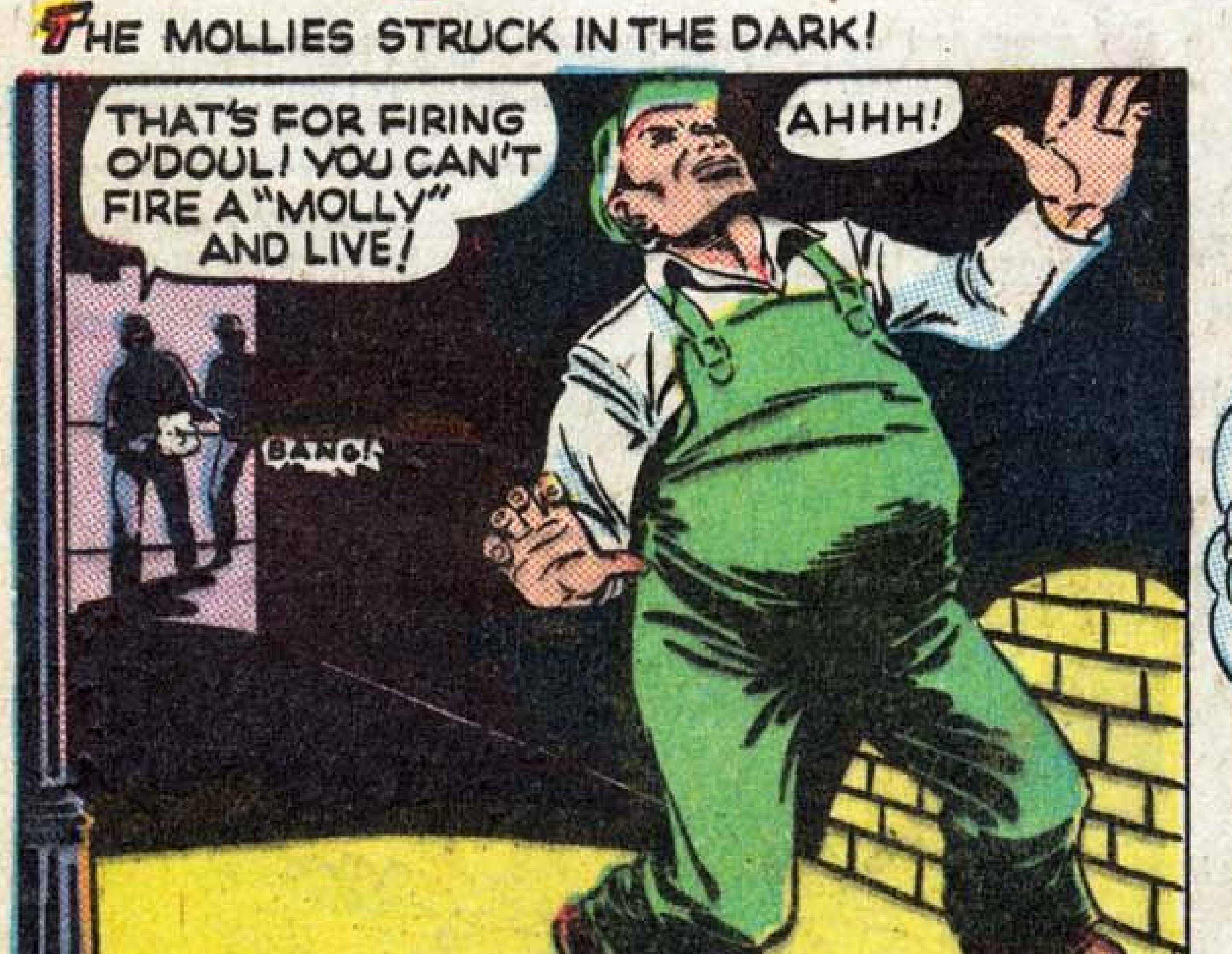

EARLY IN THE 1800'S, WORKMEN IN IRELAND WERE LITTLE BETTER THAN SLAVES...
GET OUT! BEG IN THE STREETS! YE'LL WORK HERE NO MORE!
'TIS A PITY! THEY ARE FAMILY MEN! WHAT WILL THEIR CHILDREN DO, NOW THAT THEY ARE OUT OF WORK? SOMETHING MUST BE DONE!

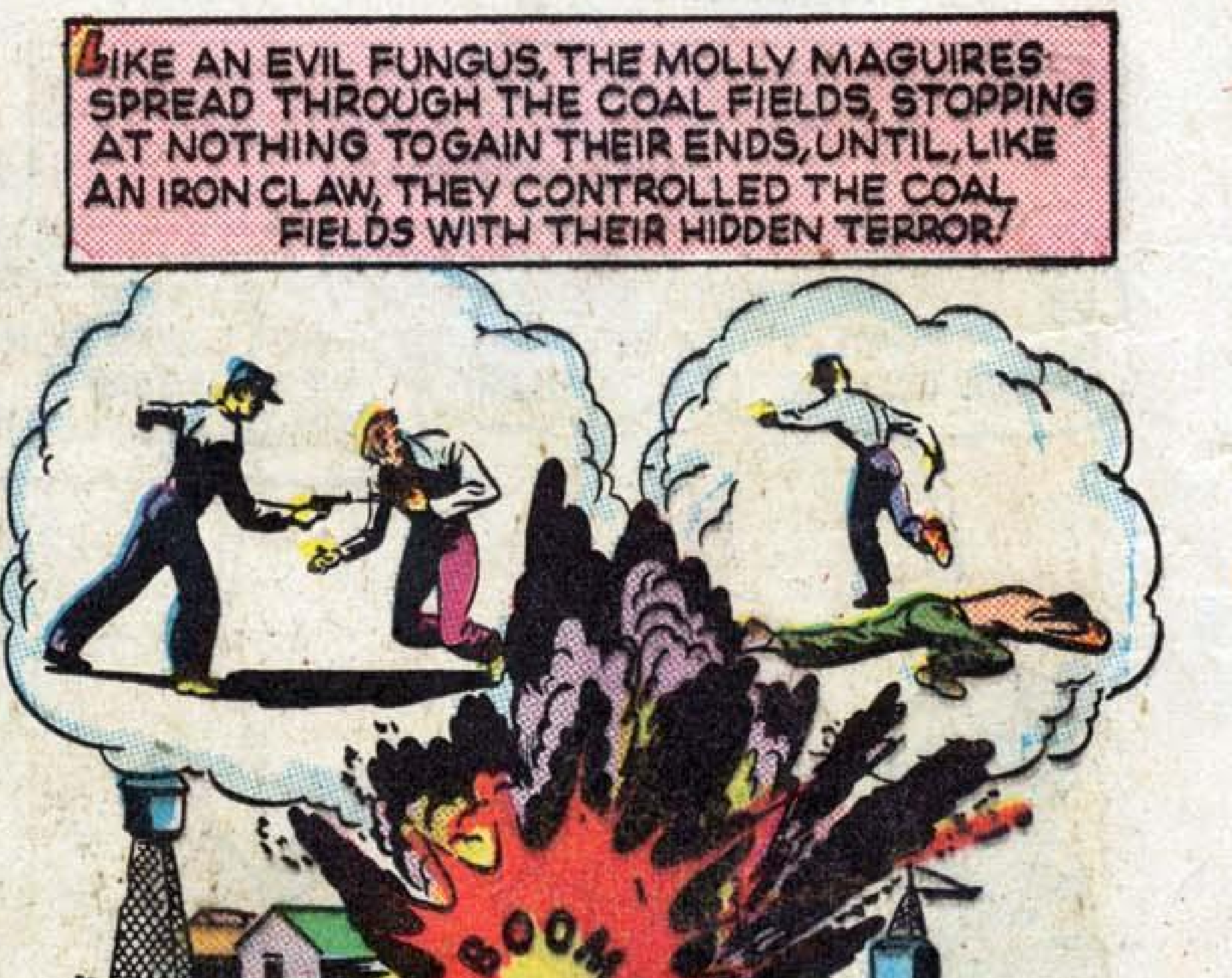

LADS, THIS HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH! WE ARE MEN—NOT SLAVES! LET US STRIKE BACK!
PADDY, YE TALK FOOLISHNESS! WHAT CAN WE TWO DO?
1

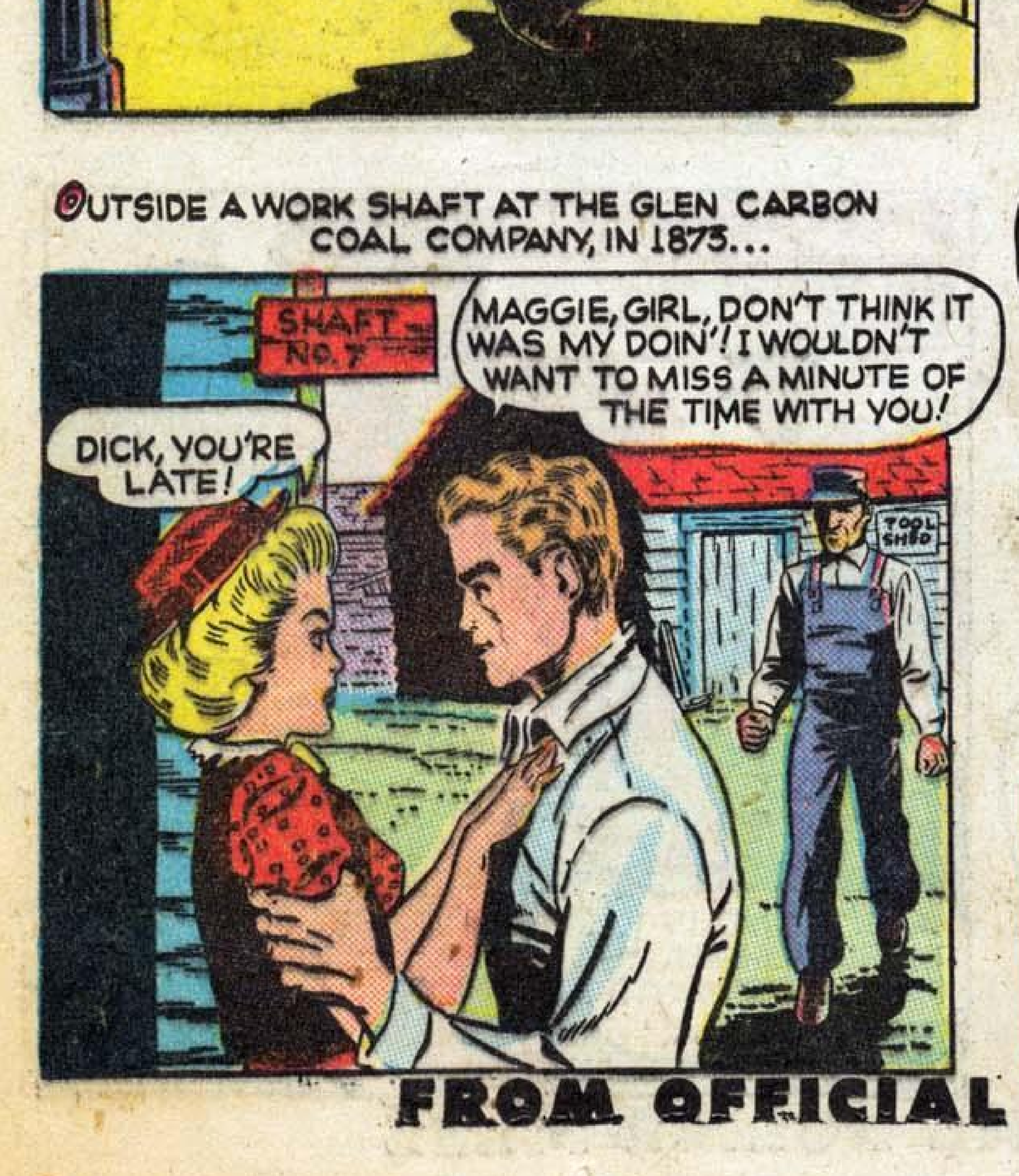

NOT THE TWO OF YOU, OR THREE... BUT **MANY!** TELL YOUR FRIENDS! TONIGHT WE MEET IN THE "GOLDEN BOAR TAVERN!"
THAT NIGHT...
GOOD, PADDY! BUT WE MUST BE CAREFUL!
WE WILL FIGHT BACK... AGAINST THE FOREMEN... THE LANDLORDS!
AYE! WE WILL DISGUISE OURSELVES IN THE CLOTHES OF WOMEN!
THUS WAS BORN A LOOSELY KNIT ORGANIZATION TO FIGHT FOR THE RIGHTS DENIED THE WORKING MAN!
HEY, MAGUIRE! YE LOOK LIKE YOUR OLD WOMAN IN THOSE CLOTHES!
AND WHY NOT? THE CLOTHING BELONGS TO MOLLY!
LADS! THAT'S THE NAME WE'LL GIVE OUR SELVES! THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!
WHEREVER INJUSTICE POPPED UP, THE MOLLY MAGUIRES WERE ON THE SCENE TO SET THINGS RIGHT!
YE SHOULD BE ASHAMED, EVICTING A POOR OLD WIDOW WOMAN FROM HER HOME!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS! YOU ARE INTERFERING WITH AN OFFICER OF THE KING!
BLESS YOU! WHAT WOULD I BE DOIN' IF NOT FOR THE MOLLY MAGUIRES?
YOU WERE UNFAIRLY EVICTED, AND WE MOLLIES ARE AGIN' SUCH DOIN'S!
WITH THE POTATO FAMINE OF 1848, MANY IRISH CAME TO AMERICA WHERE THEY SETTLED IN THE COAL FIELDS...
NO WORK UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE.
NO WORK! BAH! THE MOLLIES COULD CONVINCE THEM THAT THERE'S WORK TO BE DONE!
SEVERAL DAYS LATER...
HA! THAT'LL CONVINCE 'EM WE MEAN BUSINESS!
BOOM!
AYE! THE MOLLY MAGUIRES WILL PUT THE FEAR INTO THEM!

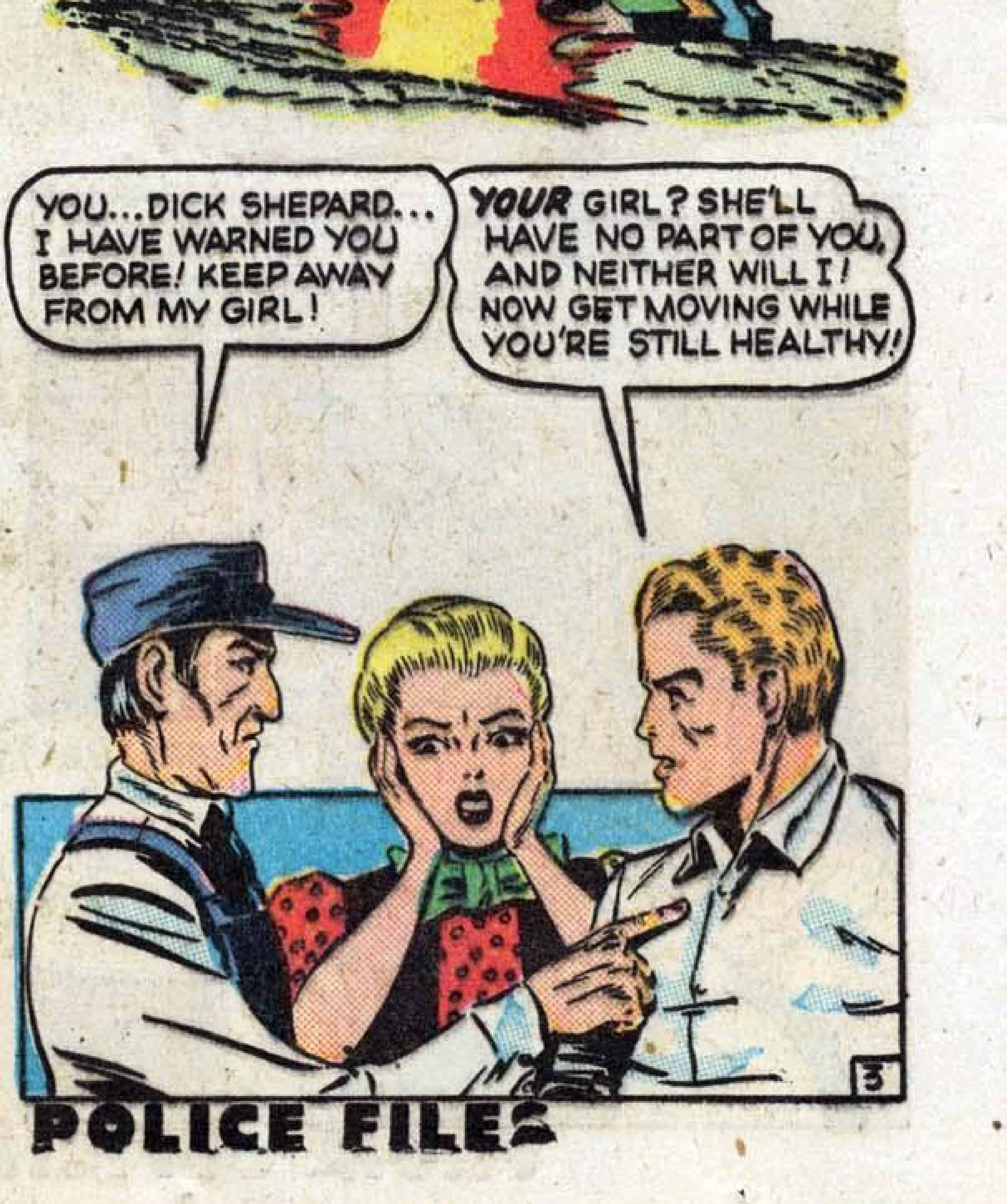

A HOODLUM ELEMENT TOOK OVER THE AMERICAN VERSION OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES! INSTEAD OF AN HONEST ORGANIZATION OF WORKMEN, IT BECAME A TERRORIST GROUP!
SHOUT YOUR FOOL HEAD OFF! YOU WILL DO AS THE MOLLY MAGUIRES SAY, OR YOU'LL BE SIX FEET UNDER!
HELP! HELP!
THUD

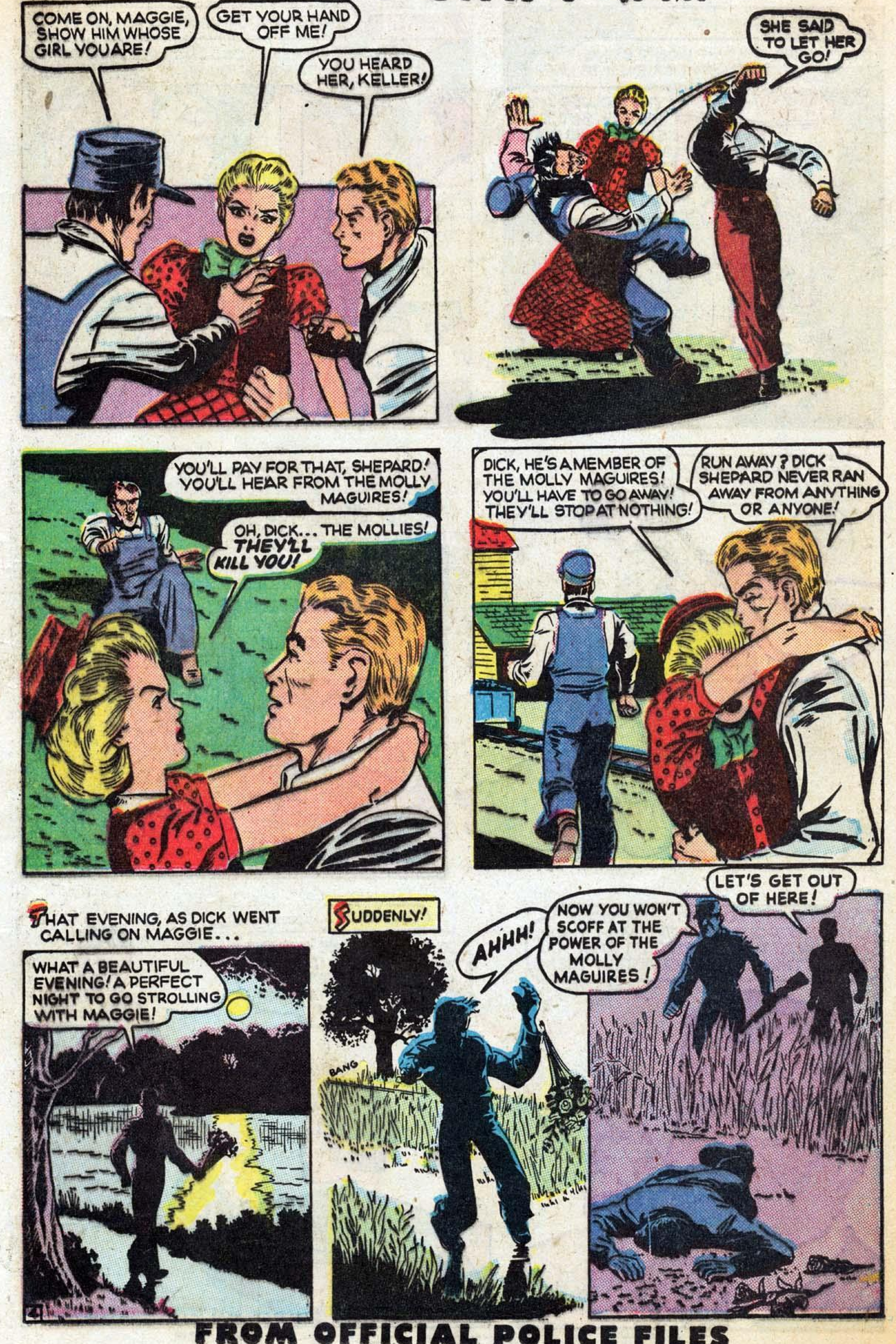

YOU! O'DOUL... EITHER GET TO WORK, OR DRAW YOUR PAY AND CLEAR OUT!
OH, SO THAT'S HOW YOU WANT IT, EH?

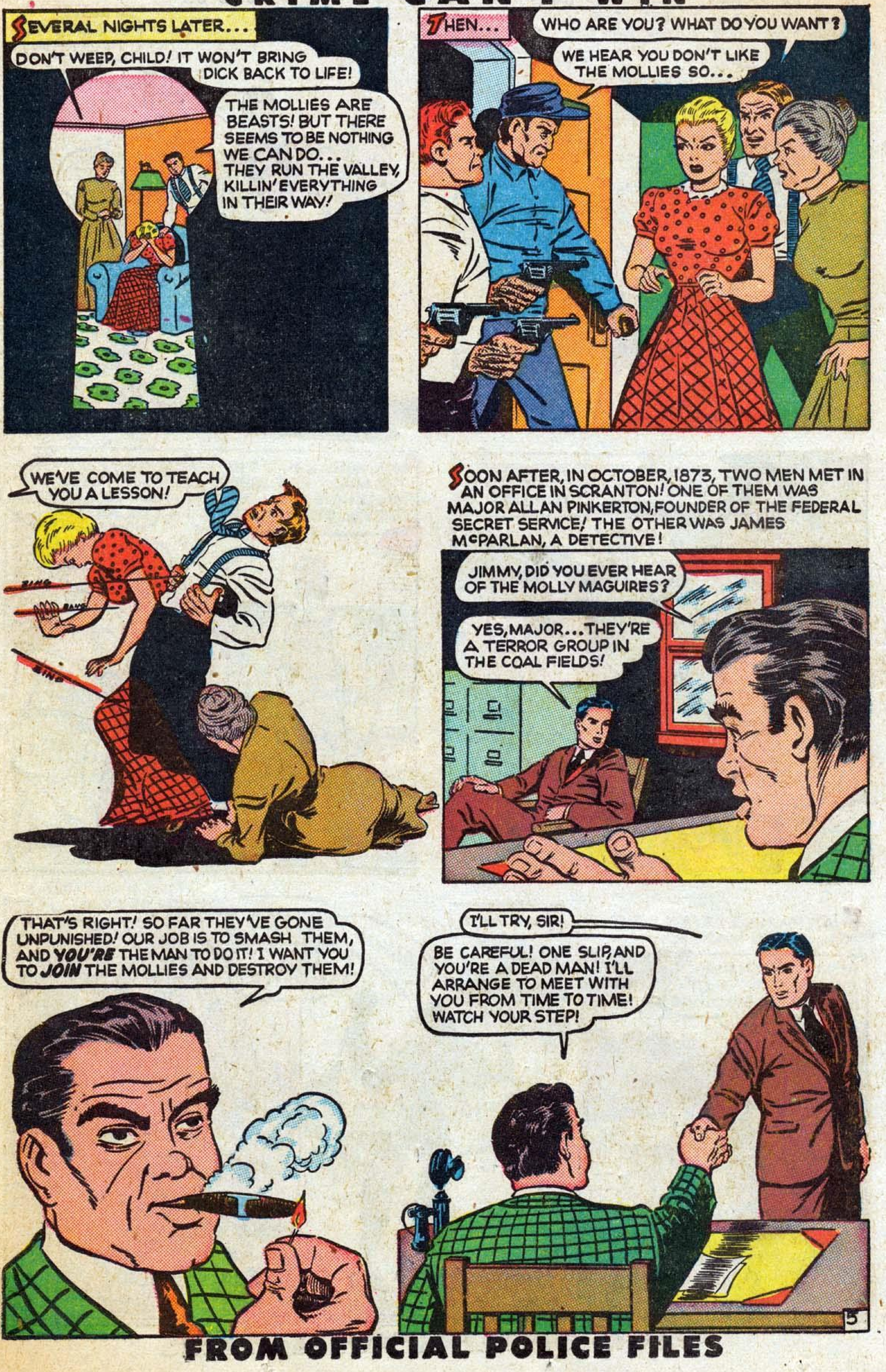

THE MOLLIES STRUCK IN THE DARK!
THAT'S FOR FIRING O'DOUL! YOU CAN'T FIRE A "MOLLY" AND LIVE!
AHHH!
BANG!

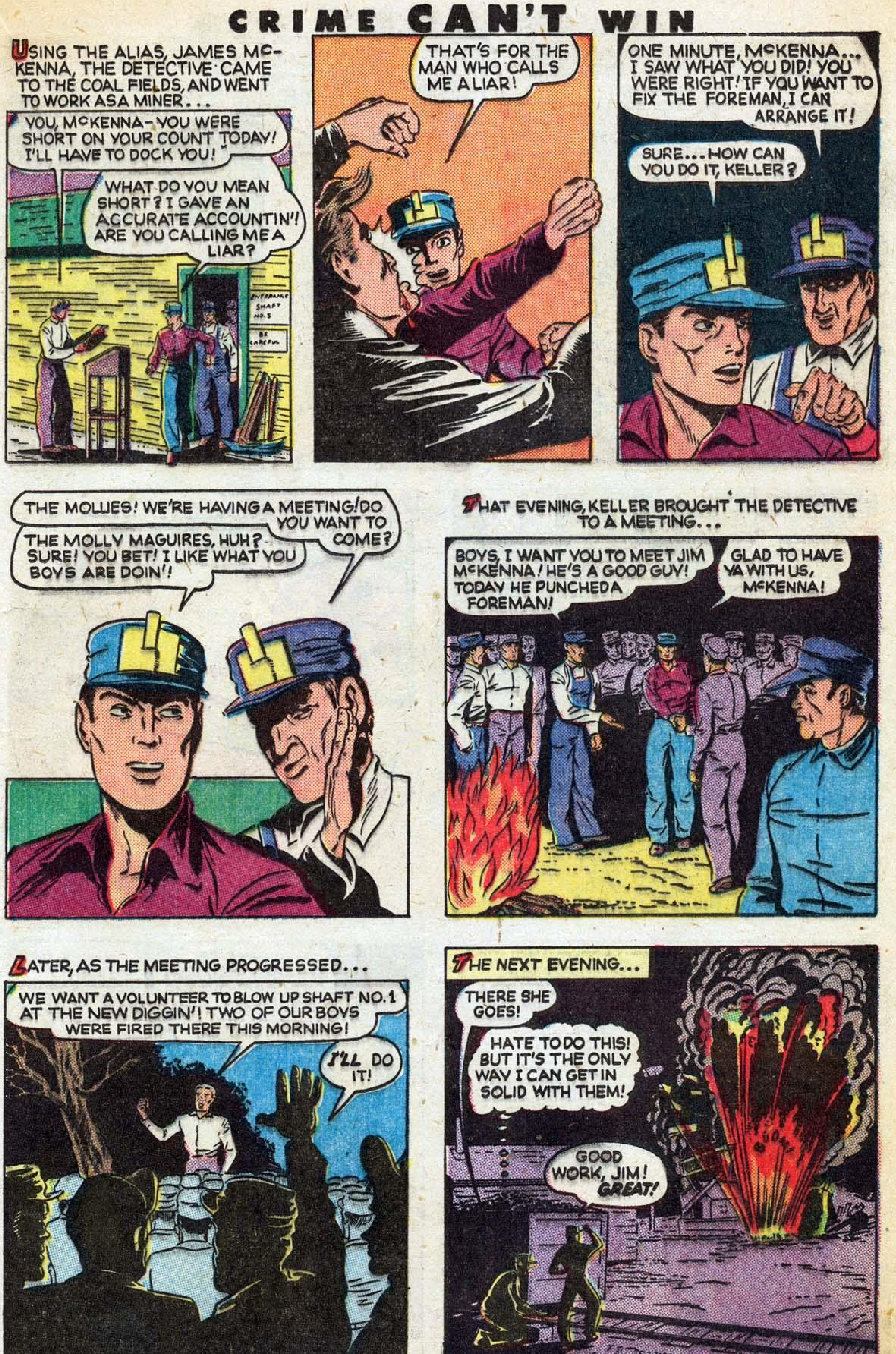

LIKE AN EVIL FUNGUS, THE MOLLY MAGUIRES SPREAD THROUGH THE COAL FIELDS, STOPPING AT NOTHING TO GAIN THEIR ENDS, UNTIL, LIKE AN IRON CLAW, THEY CONTROLLED THE COAL FIELDS WITH THEIR HIDDEN TERROR!
BOOM!

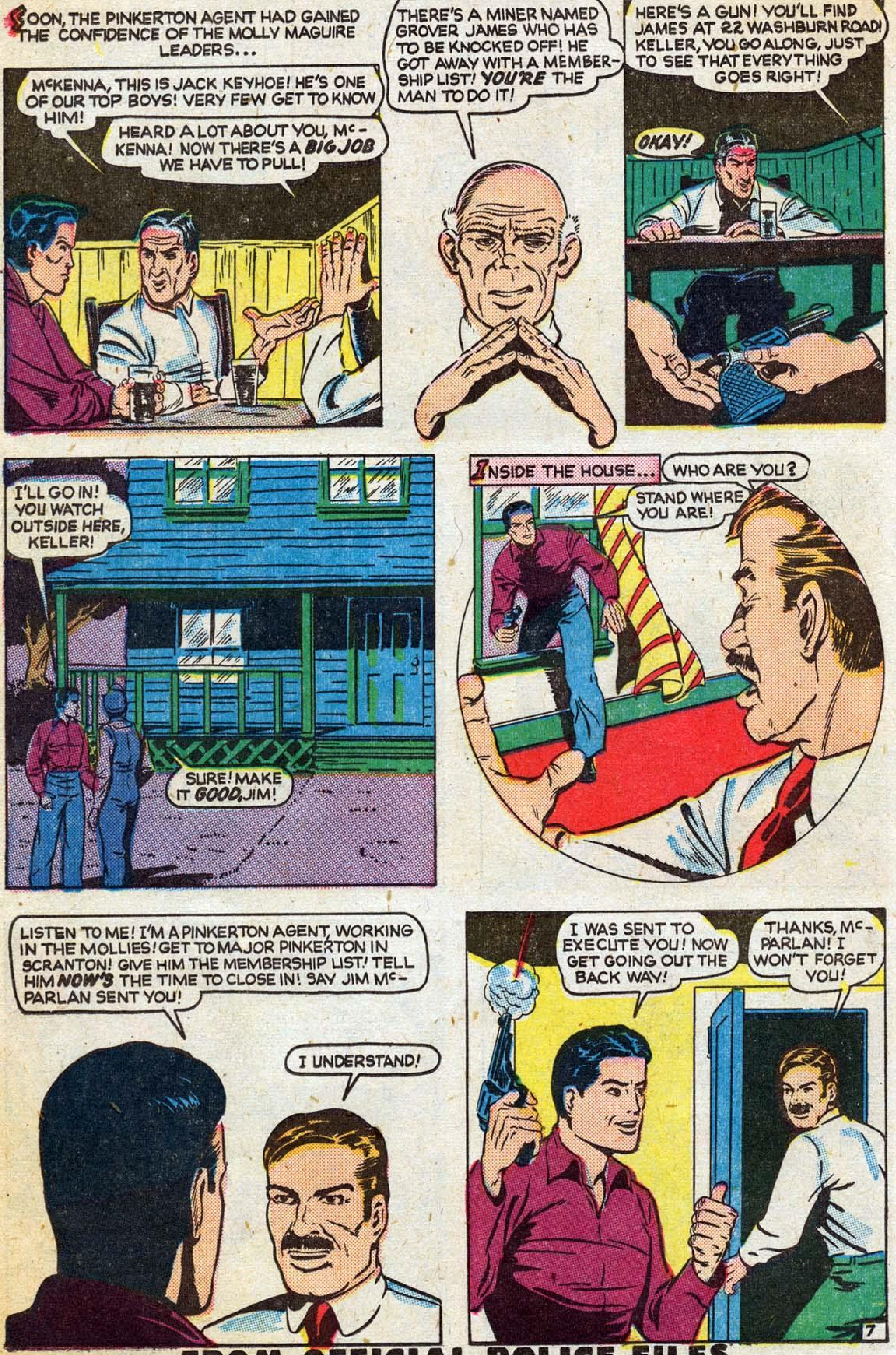

OUTSIDE A WORK SHAFT AT THE GLEN CARBON COAL COMPANY, IN 1873...
SHAFT No. 7
TOOL SHED
DICK, YOU'RE LATE!
MAGGIE, GIRL, DON'T THINK IT WAS MY DOIN'! I WOULDN'T WANT TO MISS A MINUTE OF THE TIME WITH YOU!

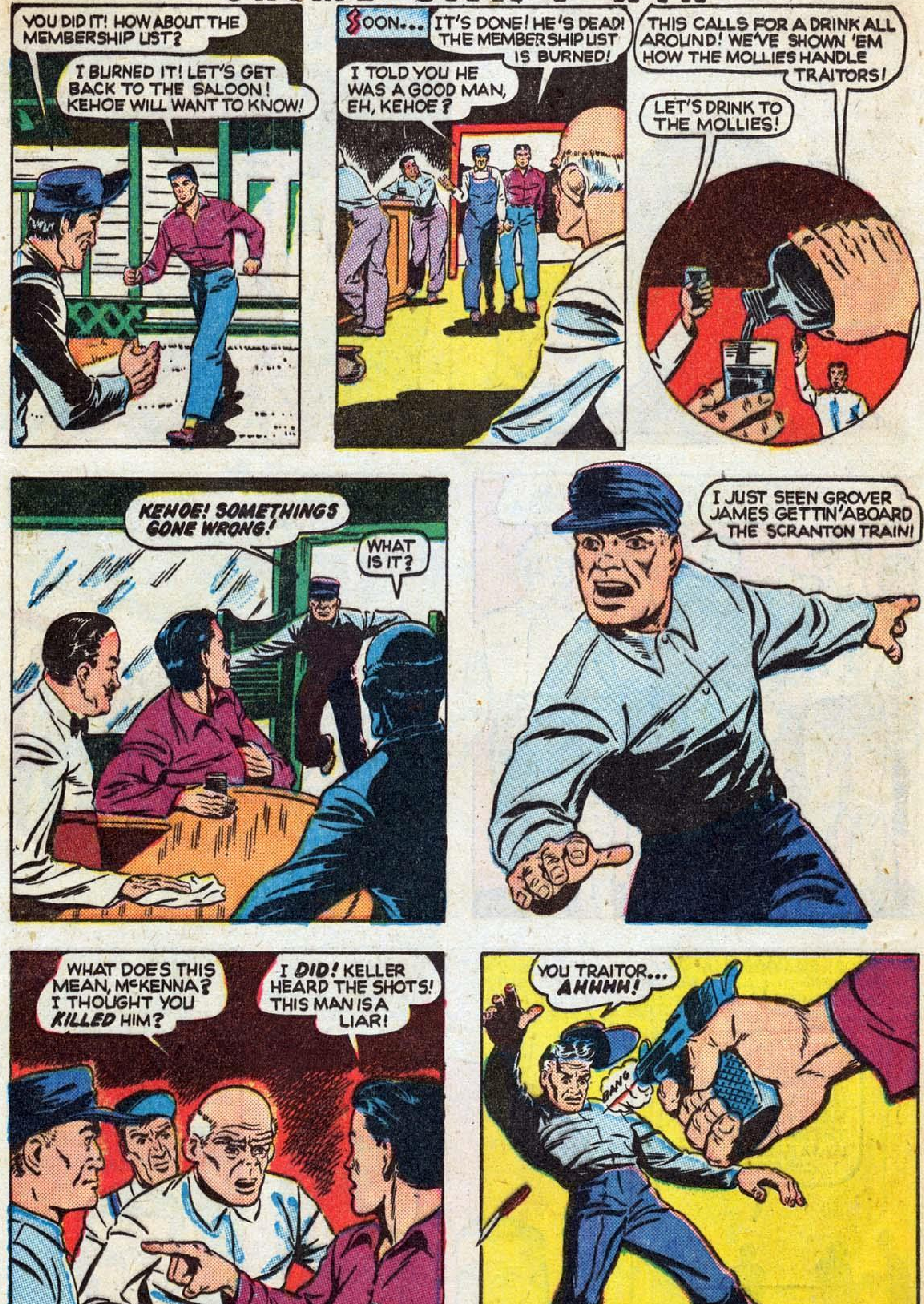

YOU... DICK SHEPARD... I HAVE WARNED YOU BEFORE! KEEP AWAY FROM MY GIRL!
YOUR GIRL? SHE'LL HAVE NO PART OF YOU, AND NEITHER WILL I! NOW GET MOVING WHILE YOU'RE STILL HEALTHY!

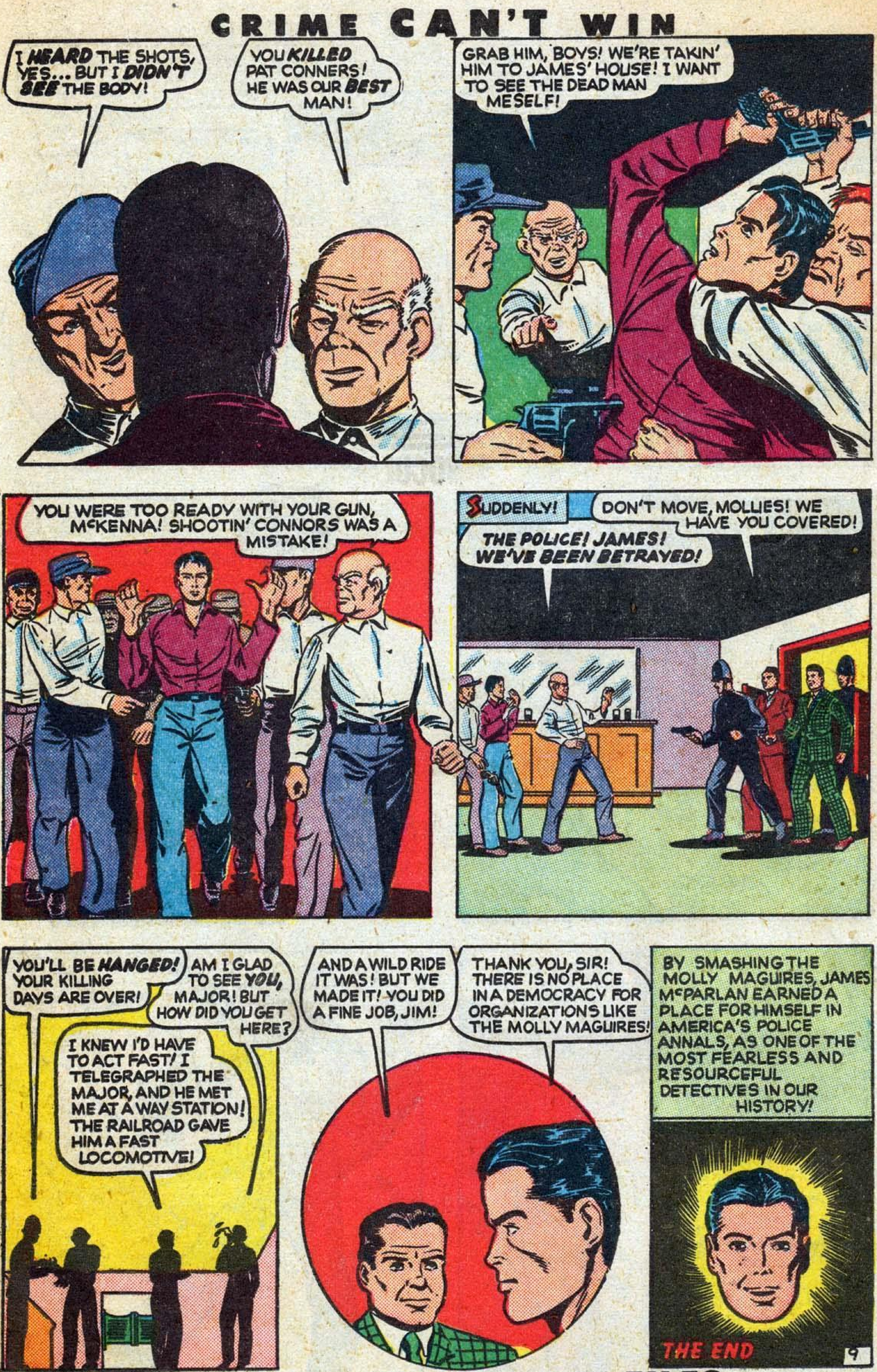

COME ON, MAGGIE, SHOW HIM WHOSE GIRL YOU ARE!
GET YOUR HAND OFF ME!
YOU HEARD HER, KELLER!
SHE SAID TO LET HER GO!
YOU'LL PAY FOR THAT, SHEPARD! YOU'LL HEAR FROM THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!
OH, DICK... THE MOLLIES! THEY'LL KILL YOU!
DICK, HE'S A MEMBER OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES! YOU'LL HAVE TO GO AWAY! THEY'LL STOP AT NOTHING!
RUN AWAY? DICK SHEPARD NEVER RAN AWAY FROM ANYTHING OR ANYONE!
THAT EVENING, AS DICK WENT CALLING ON MAGGIE...
WHAT A BEAUTIFUL EVENING! A PERFECT NIGHT TO GO STROLLING WITH MAGGIE!
SUDDENLY!
BANG
AHHH!
NOW YOU WON'T SCOFF AT THE POWER OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!


SEVERAL NIGHTS LATER...
DON'T WEEP, CHILD! IT WON'T BRING DICK BACK TO LIFE!
THE MOLLIES ARE BEASTS! BUT THERE SEEMS TO BE NOTHING WE CAN DO... THEY RUN THE VALLEY, KILLIN' EVERYTHING IN THEIR WAY!
THEN...
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
WE HEAR YOU DON'T LIKE THE MOLLIES SO...
WE'VE COME TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!
BANG
SOON AFTER, IN OCTOBER, 1873, TWO MEN MET IN AN OFFICE IN SCRANTON! ONE OF THEM WAS MAJOR ALLAN PINKERTON, FOUNDER OF THE FEDERAL SECRET SERVICE! THE OTHER WAS JAMES McPARLAN, A DETECTIVE!
JIMMY, DID YOU EVER HEAR OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRES?
YES, MAJOR... THEY'RE A TERROR GROUP IN THE COAL FIELDS!
THAT'S RIGHT! SO FAR THEY'VE GONE UNPUNISHED! OUR JOB IS TO SMASH THEM, AND **YOU'RE** THE MAN TO DO IT! I WANT YOU TO **JOIN** THE MOLLIES AND DESTROY THEM!
I'LL TRY, SIR!
BE CAREFUL! ONE SLIP, AND YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! I'LL ARRANGE TO MEET WITH YOU FROM TIME TO TIME! WATCH YOUR STEP!


USING THE ALIAS, JAMES McKENNA, THE DETECTIVE CAME TO THE COAL FIELDS, AND WENT TO WORK AS A MINER...
YOU, McKENNA- YOU WERE SHORT ON YOUR COUNT TODAY! I'LL HAVE TO DOCK YOU!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN SHORT? I GAVE AN ACCURATE ACCOUNTIN'! ARE YOU CALLING ME A LIAR?
ENTRANCE SHAFT NO. 5
BE CAREFUL
THAT'S FOR THE MAN WHO CALLS ME A LIAR!
ONE MINUTE, McKENNA... I SAW WHAT YOU DID! YOU WERE RIGHT! IF YOU WANT TO FIX THE FOREMAN, I CAN ARRANGE IT!
SURE... HOW CAN YOU DO IT, KELLER?
THE MOLLIES! WE'RE HAVING A MEETING! DO YOU WANT TO COME?
THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, HUH? SURE! YOU BET! I LIKE WHAT YOU BOYS ARE DOIN'!
THAT EVENING, KELLER BROUGHT THE DETECTIVE TO A MEETING...
BOYS, I WANT YOU TO MEET JIM McKENNA! HE'S A GOOD GUY! TODAY HE PUNCHED A FOREMAN!
GLAD TO HAVE YA WITH US, McKENNA!
LATER, AS THE MEETING PROGRESSED...
WE WANT A VOLUNTEER TO BLOW UP SHAFT NO. 1 AT THE NEW DIGGIN'! TWO OF OUR BOYS WERE FIRED THERE THIS MORNING!
I'LL DO IT!
THE NEXT EVENING...
THERE SHE GOES!
HATE TO DO THIS! BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET IN SOLID WITH THEM!
GOOD WORK, JIM! GREAT!


SOON, THE PINKERTON AGENT HAD GAINED THE CONFIDENCE OF THE MOLLY MAGUIRE LEADERS...
McKENNA, THIS IS JACK KEYHOE! HE'S ONE OF OUR TOP BOYS! VERY FEW GET TO KNOW HIM!
HEARD A LOT ABOUT YOU, Mc-KENNA! NOW THERE'S A BIG JOB WE HAVE TO PULL!
THERE'S A MINER NAMED GROVER JAMES WHO HAS TO BE KNOCKED OFF! HE GOT AWAY WITH A MEMBERSHIP LIST! YOU'RE THE MAN TO DO IT!
HERE'S A GUN! YOU'LL FIND JAMES AT 22 WASHBURN ROAD! KELLER, YOU GO ALONG, JUST TO SEE THAT EVERYTHING GOES RIGHT!
OKAY!
I'LL GO IN! YOU WATCH OUTSIDE HERE, KELLER!
SURE! MAKE IT GOOD, JIM!
INSIDE THE HOUSE...
WHO ARE YOU?
STAND WHERE YOU ARE!
LISTEN TO ME! I'M A PINKERTON AGENT, WORKING IN THE MOLLIES! GET TO MAJOR PINKERTON IN SCRANTON! GIVE HIM THE MEMBERSHIP LIST! TELL HIM NOW'S THE TIME TO CLOSE IN! SAY JIM Mc-PARLAN SENT YOU!
I UNDERSTAND!
I WAS SENT TO EXECUTE YOU! NOW GET GOING OUT THE BACK WAY!
THANKS, Mc-PARLAN! I WON'T FORGET YOU!


YOU DID IT! HOW ABOUT THE MEMBERSHIP LIST?
I BURNED IT! LET'S GET BACK TO THE SALOON! KEHOE WILL WANT TO KNOW!
SOON...
IT'S DONE! HE'S DEAD! THE MEMBERSHIP LIST IS BURNED!
I TOLD YOU HE WAS A GOOD MAN, EH, KEHOE?
THIS CALLS FOR A DRINK ALL AROUND! WE'VE SHOWN 'EM HOW THE MOLLIES HANDLE TRAITORS!
LET'S DRINK TO THE MOLLIES!
KEHOE! SOMETHINGS GONE WRONG!
WHAT IS IT?
I JUST SEEN GROVER JAMES GETTIN' ABOARD THE SCRANTON TRAIN!
WHAT DOES THIS MEAN, McKENNA? I THOUGHT YOU KILLED HIM?
I DID! KELLER HEARD THE SHOTS! THIS MAN IS A LIAR!
8
YOU TRAITOR... AHHHH!
BANG


I HEARD THE SHOTS, YES... BUT I DIDN'T SEE THE BODY!
YOU KILLED PAT CONNERS! HE WAS OUR BEST MAN!
GRAB HIM, BOYS! WE'RE TAKIN' HIM TO JAMES' HOUSE! I WANT TO SEE THE DEAD MAN MESELF!
YOU WERE TOO READY WITH YOUR GUN, McKENNA! SHOOTIN' CONNORS WAS A MISTAKE!
SUDDENLY!
DON'T MOVE, MOLLIES! WE HAVE YOU COVERED!
THE POLICE! JAMES! WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED!
YOU'LL BE HANGED! YOUR KILLING DAYS ARE OVER!
AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU, MAJOR! BUT HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
I KNEW I'D HAVE TO ACT FAST! I TELEGRAPHED THE MAJOR, AND HE MET ME AT A WAY STATION! THE RAILROAD GAVE HIM A FAST LOCOMOTIVE!
AND A WILD RIDE IT WAS! BUT WE MADE IT! YOU DID A FINE JOB, JIM!
THANK YOU, SIR! THERE IS NO PLACE IN A DEMOCRACY FOR ORGANIZATIONS LIKE THE MOLLY MAGUIRES!
BY SMASHING THE MOLLY MAGUIRES, JAMES McPARLAN EARNED A PLACE FOR HIMSELF IN AMERICA'S POLICE ANNALS, AS ONE OF THE MOST FEARLESS AND RESOURCEFUL DETECTIVES IN OUR HISTORY!
THE END

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Easy to Earn!

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Send NO money! Just mail us your name and address clearly printed and we'll trust you with 20 packets of our NEXT double edge razor blades to sell at 15c a pack of five blades. When sold, mail our $3.00 to us and we send you a real DICK TRACY camera post paid.

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SAVE ALL COINS IN THE NEW Gay and Exciting SELF LIGHTING Juke Box

ACTUAL SIZE 6"x 3½"

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When every time you drop a coin in this romantic Juke Box it lights up and flashes on "It's fun to save." This beautifully designed plastic and metal BANK is fun for all.

order yours today

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Send no money. Pay postman $1.98 plus few cents postage (and C.O.D. fee) or send $1.98 and we pay all postage.

NON-MUSICAL—Looks like a Juke Box

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SURPRISE GIFT if full payment accompanies order.

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Spot airplanes, watch football games with these sturdy plastic binoculars that have strong lenses and come complete with carrying cord. Send us your name and address for 20 packets of our double edge razor blades to sell at 15c a pack of five blades. When sold return the $3.00 and we mail you the binoculars post-paid.

S. NATHAN 240 INDUSTRIAL TRUST BLDG. WILMINGTON, 7 DELAWARE

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Write to:

HOPKINSON CORPORATION
Dept. 501 1101 N. Paulina St., Chicago 22, Ill.

HEAVEN IS CALLING ME

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A Sensation, IT lights up in your hand, no wires attached. Formerly used only by professional Magicians. Mystify, Amuse, Confuse all your friends. Lights up in Mouth, Ear or Hand. Causes endless Fun. Price with big Thrilling Magic Catalog.

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ELECTRIC LIGHT JAZZ BOW TIE!

Astonish, amaze your friends. Be the life of the party. Have lots of fun. Easily put on. Flashes on and off by simply pressing battery button hidden in your pocket. Complete with attractive bow tie, cord, two bulbs and battery. Mail your order today. $1.95

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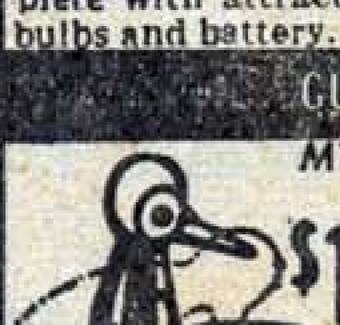

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BERNARD FINE CO., INC.
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UNDERCOVER MAN

"GOTCHA!"

Police Sergeant Dan Fogerty whirled and let fly his handiest weapon, a copy of "Traffic Regulations," off his high desk in Midvale's Police Headquarters.

"Missed!" the young voice shrieked again and Bobby Walker, candid camera fiend extraordinary, ducked out the front door. He had gotten another picture of the burly Police Sergeant napping at his post.

"Look out there, young fella," a voice said as Bobby felt his shoulders clamped in a vise-like grip. Bobby recognized Detective Hanley and a momentary fear swept through him. Hanley saw this in Bobby's face and smiled.

"No, I won't let him get his paws on you, kid," he said, "but I do advise you to lay off the Sarge. If he catches up with you he'll put a dent in both you and your camera! Now beat it!" Detective Hanley swung a playful hand at Bobby's head but failed to contact due to the fact that Bobby was already well on his way down the street, camera case bobbing behind him.

. . . Bobby and his camera were the scourge of Midvale. Nobody was safe from the popping eye of the tiny camera, particularly old Sergeant Fogerty. It started innocently enough, but now it had developed into a game. It seemed the Sergeant didn't *like* to have his picture taken, which was reason enough for Shutterbug Bobby to want to take it as often as he could. It lent zest to the chase. And a chase it was. Every time.

Bobby learned of the Sergeant's lens fright at a church picnic. The Sergeant had donned a tent-sized white apron in order to help dish out the ice cream. It was a funny sight, this rough and ready copper playing "kitchen police," a sight which the trained camera-eye of our young friend immediately recognized.

"Hold that pose!" Bobby cheerfully announced as he raised his trusty camera and aimed it at the Sergeant. The reaction was instantaneous! PLOP! A ball of chocolate ice cream landed smack on the lens!

When Bobby recovered he saw the Sergeant-filled apron hurtling across the plank board table—coming directly for him. Bobby turned and ran, it seemed the sensible thing to do, and the chase was on!

More fleet than the aging police officer, Bobby had ample time to swing up into a tree before Fogerty could reach him. From this vantage point he snapped numerous pictures of "The Law Enraged" before one of the many missiles thrown finally dislodged him and forced him to the ground. Landing on his feet, unharmed, he was able to duck a not-too-neat flying tackle by the Sergeant. Then, to add insult to injury, Bobby used his last frame of film to capture for posterity the incongruous picture of Fogerty stretched full length on the ground.

That was the beginning. Only the beginning, however . . .

Being a Desk Sergeant, Fogerty's waking hours were spent, for the most part, within the gloomy confines of Central Precinct. Week days, in the Fall and Winter, were given over to normal routine procedure. From nine to three-thirty. At three-thirty the lull was usually broken, however. That's when school got out, Bobby Walker in particular. From three-thirty until six Fogerty tensed up. Eyes shifted at the slightest sound or movement of shadow. Once in a while Bobby took him by surprise, like this afternoon. Fogerty had taken advantage of a free desk at three-fifteen to grab a quick nap so as to be more alert during the siege. He hadn't reckoned, however, with Bobby's new short-cut from school.

. . . As Detective Hanley reached the top of the precinct steps, Fogerty came puffing and red-faced through the doorway. "Where is he? I'll—I'll—"

"Easy, Sarge!" Detective Hanley laughed. "This can't be the rugged old copper I once knew! Not the guy who could face gangsters and cut-throats without flinching!"

"Gangsters and cut-throats is *one* thing," the enraged officer bellowed, "spalpeens with cameras who sneak up on a man like Indians is *another!*"

"The kid's just trying to get your goat," Hanley said. "He likes you, figures he can learn plenty from you. He'll be a great detective some day."

"Too bad he isn't a great detective *now!*" a new voice boomed. Sarge and Hanley turned to see Chief Stanton bustling toward them. The chunky, dignified, grey-haired Chief cracked a newspaper open under their noses and barked, "We could use one around here! Look at this!" The headlines fairly screamed:

PHANTOM TIRE RING MAKES
BOOBS OF POLICE DEPT.

The story went on to say how a citizens' committee had been to see the Mayor and that the Mayor had promised a shake-up in the department unless—but why go on? It was painful . . . and obvious . . .

Fogerty spoke first, after clearing his throat, "W-what do you expect me to do, Chief? I'm only a Desk Sergeant—"

"Was a Desk Sergeant!" Chief Stanton corrected. "And if you don't make good as a patrolman, you'll—we'll *all* find ourselves pounding beats in the sticks!"

This was no time for arguing with the Chief, but Hanley decided to take a chance. "It's a tough setup, boss, every time we bring a suspect in we have to free him for lack of evidence!"

Chief Stanton folded the paper and leveled his eyes on them. "That's your job. Evidence. Dig some up or resign before you're forced to. Publicly. That goes for the whole force!" With that he turned, stormed into his office, and slammed the door.

Detective Hanley sighed as he started to leaf through a set of photographs of possible tire thief suspects. Then it happened. A revolver shot, not too far away. Hanley and Fogerty were on their feet and down the front steps in a second.

"Crowd collecting on the dock up ahead!" Fogerty panted as he tried to keep up with the longer legged Hanley. Hanley pushed his way through, and when Fogerty got there, Hanley was listening as another officer, Murphy, explained:

"I see this guy," Murphy said, indicating his prisoner, "chasin' a kid. Looks like he wants to murder 'im!"

"That's me!" Bobby Walker grinned from behind a packing box. At the sight of Fogerty, however, he ducked back again.

"It's an open and shut case!" Fogerty snapped. "He took the poor man's photograph when he wasn't lookin' and the man lit out after 'im!"

"As true as you're standin' there, Sarge!" Murphy agreed. "Cause when he caught up with the kid he whipped off the kid's camera and threw it far out into the river! I fired a warning shot but it was too late!" At this Fogerty laughed till the tears came to his eyes.

Hanley, however, didn't think it was so funny. He said, "Know who this mug is?—Crow Bar Browley! The sneakiest tire thief in the East! If we had one *shred* of evidence we could jail him tomorrow!"

Bobby popped out again, yelling, "I *got* it! Honest!" All eyes turned on him. "He's a tire thief, all right! I got a swell picture of him starting to take the wheels off a car in the Acme Parking Lot!"

"Fine!" Hanley sneered. "The *one* piece of evidence we need and it's lying at the bottom of the river. Even if we did dive for it the film would be ruined!"

Bobby looked puzzled at Detective Hanley's statement, then, a big grin spread across his freckled face. He said, "Oh!—you thought the camera was *in* the case this guy threw away! No, sir! I got it right here!" And as everyone watched, Bobby reached inside his shirt and produced his tiny camera, safe and sound!

Detective Hanley grabbed the camera and studied it. Satisfied, he put an arm around Bobby and said, "Smart boy! Where'd you ever get the idea to hide the camera?"

"You can thank Sergeant Fogerty for *that*!" Bobby grinned. "I was always afraid he'd grab it and smash it so I developed *this* technique!"

"Thank Fogerty for what?" Chief Stanton boomed as he broke through the crowd.

"Evidence!" Hanley smiled as he tossed the camera to the chief. "Bobby Walker, here, took a picture of the chief thief in action!"

"Where does *Fogerty* fit in?" the Chief asked skeptically.

"Uh," Bobby looked up at Fogerty, smiled, and said, "we sort of work together. Right, Sarge?"

"Captain!" Chief Stanton corrected. "Now let's get this stuff to the newspapers before another crime wave breaks out!"

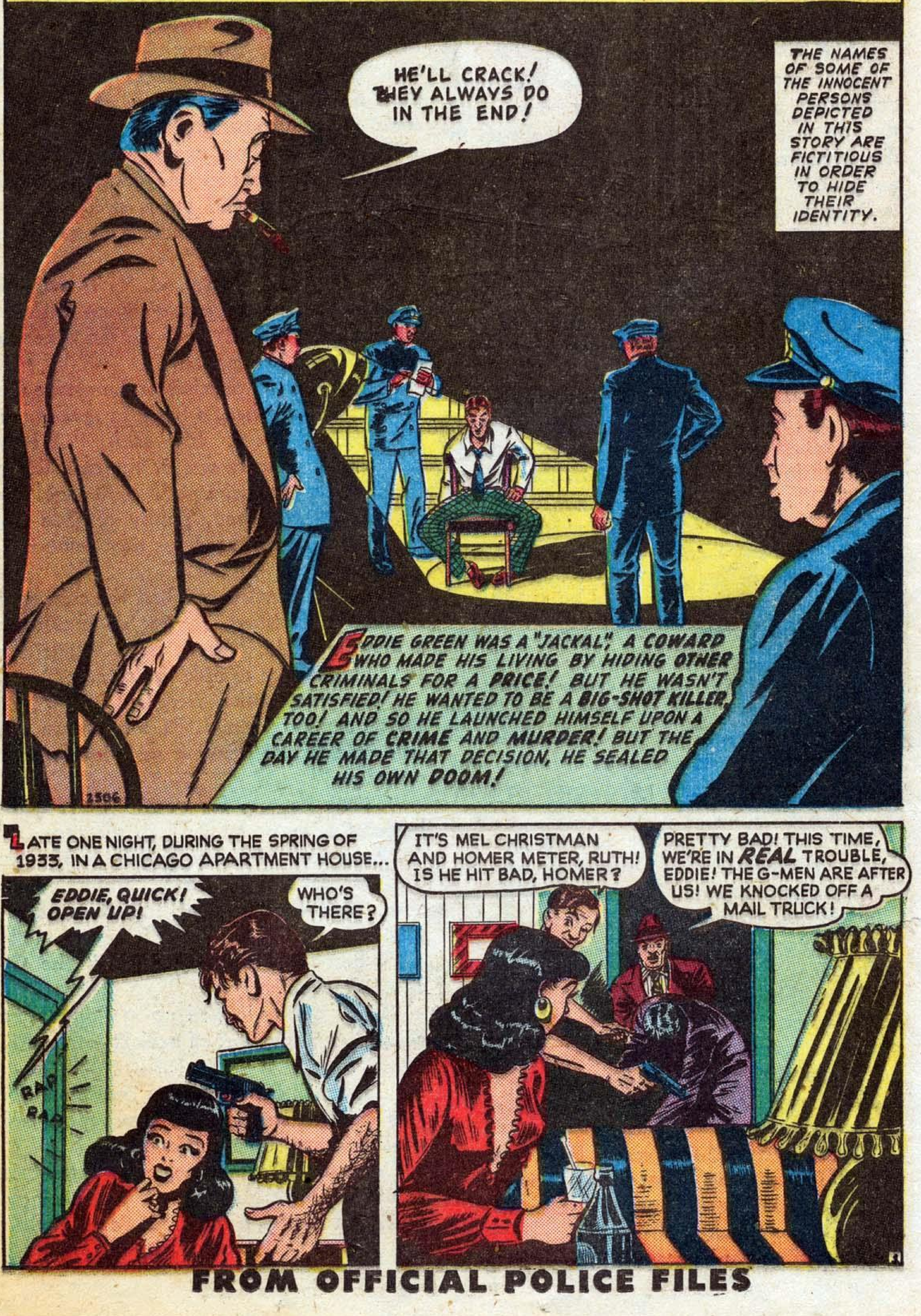
"Yes, sir!" Captain Fogerty saluted briskly as he accepted the camera. Then, turning and smiling at Bobby, he said, "Let's go, *partner!*"

THE END

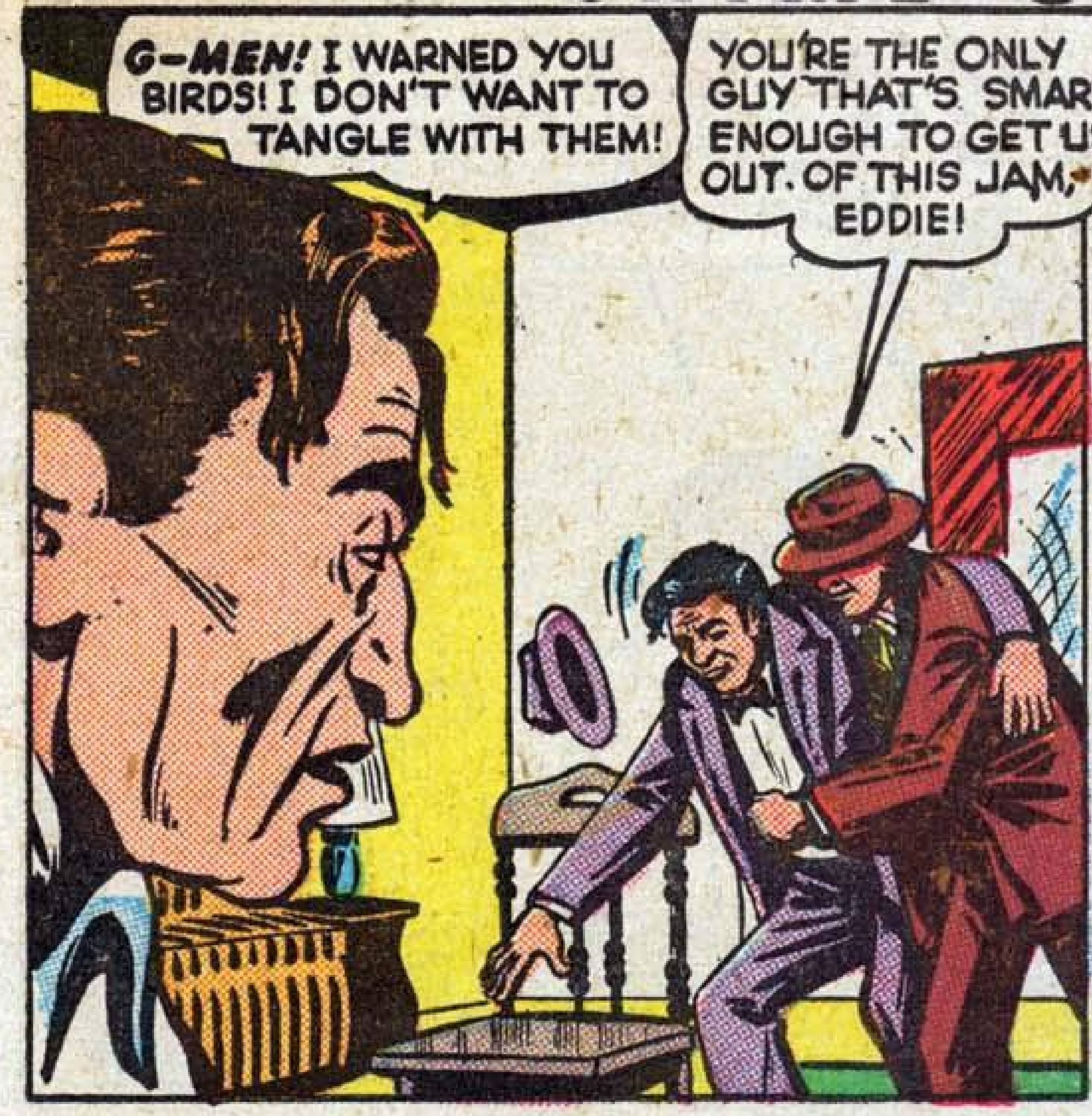
SL—1357

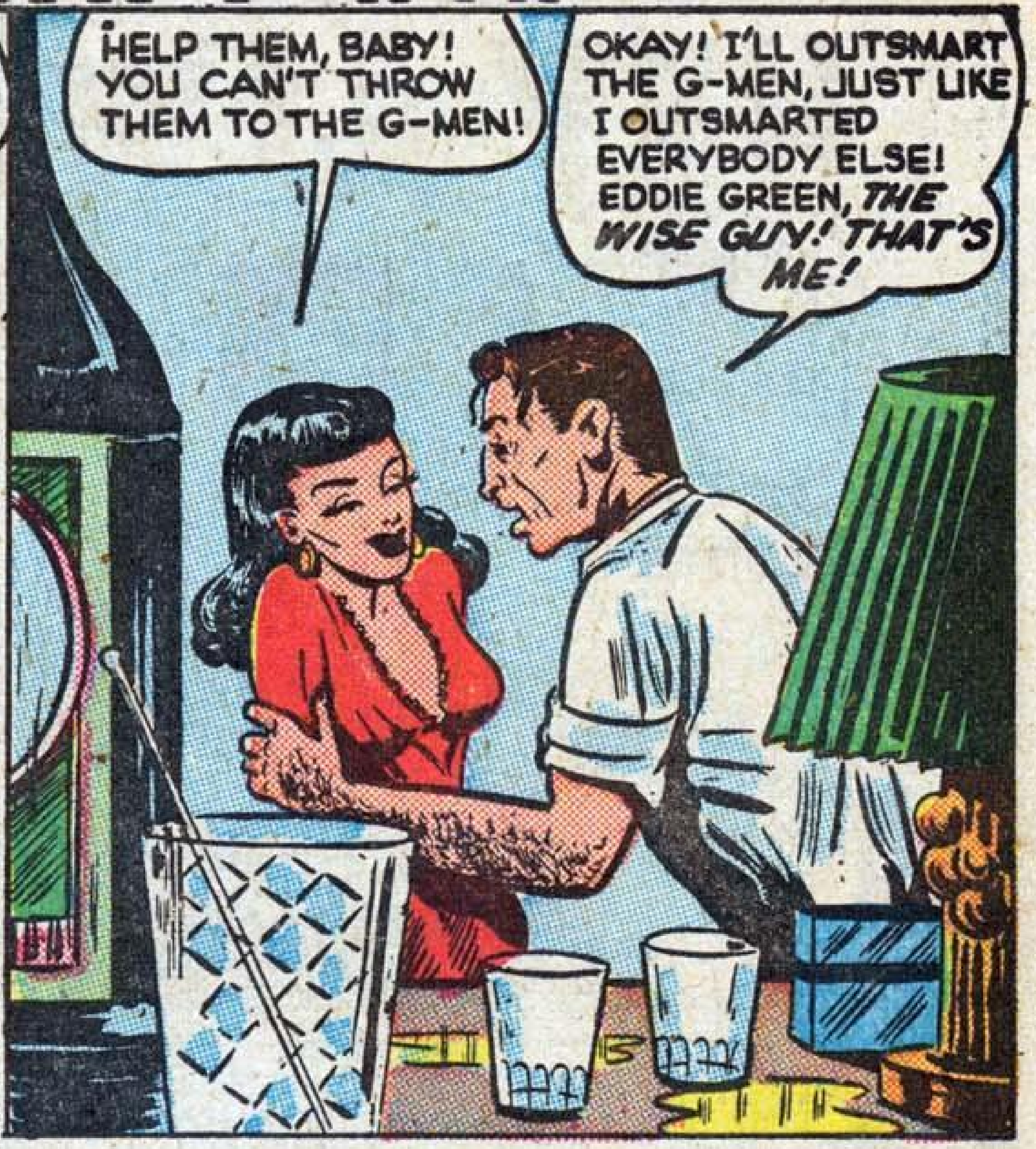
CRIME CAN'T WIN

"THEY ALWAYS TALK!"

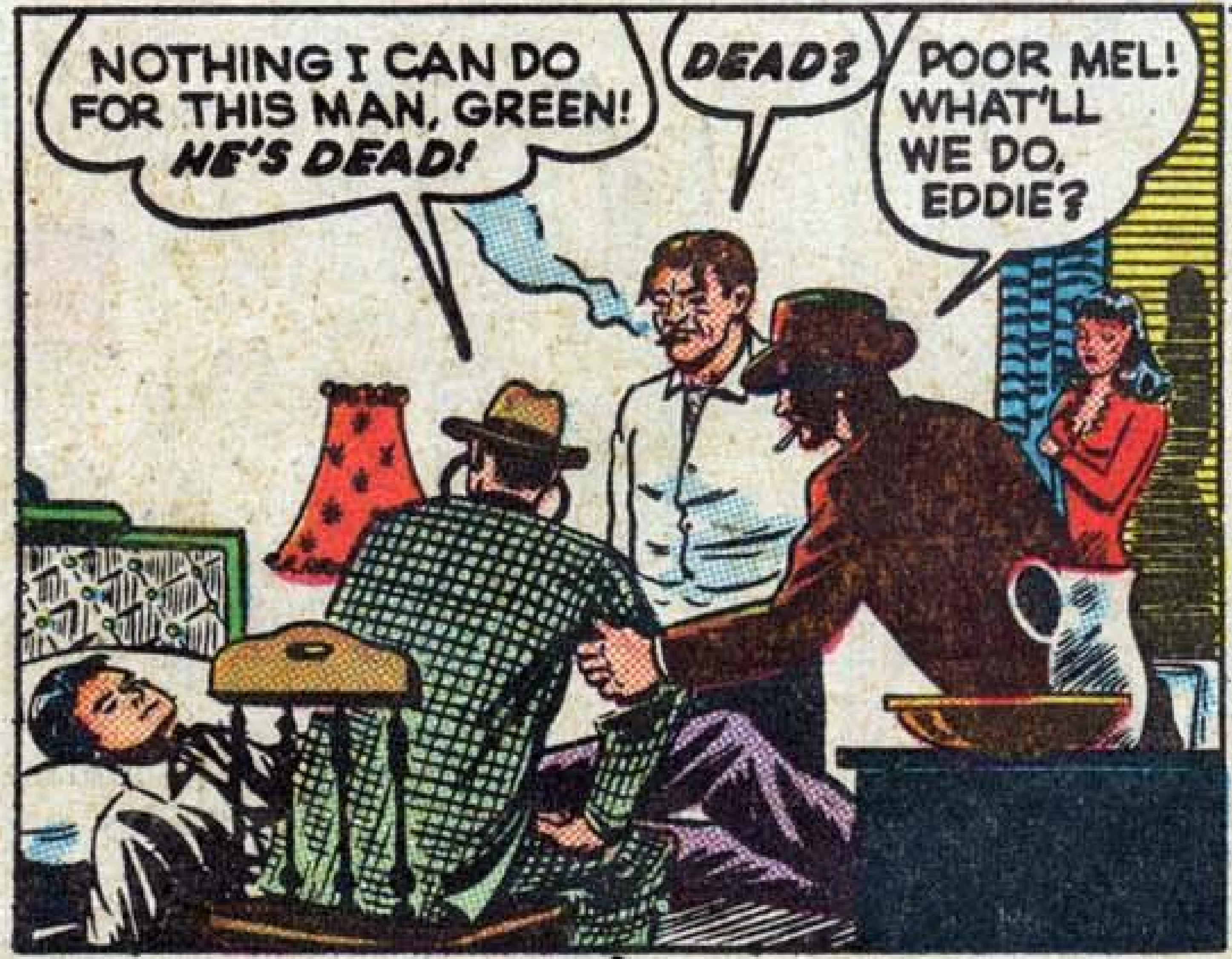

HE'LL CRACK! THEY ALWAYS DO IN THE END!
THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
EDDIE GREEN WAS A "JACKAL," A COWARD WHO MADE HIS LIVING BY HIDING OTHER CRIMINALS FOR A PRICE! BUT HE WASN'T SATISFIED! HE WANTED TO BE A BIG-SHOT KILLER, TOO! AND SO HE LAUNCHED HIMSELF UPON A CAREER OF CRIME AND MURDER! BUT THE DAY HE MADE THAT DECISION, HE SEALED HIS OWN DOOM!
2306
LATE ONE NIGHT, DURING THE SPRING OF 1933, IN A CHICAGO APARTMENT HOUSE...
EDDIE, QUICK! OPEN UP!
WHO'S THERE?
RAP RAP
IT'S MEL CHRISTMAN AND HOMER METER, RUTH! IS HE HIT BAD, HOMER?
PRETTY BAD! THIS TIME, WE'RE IN REAL TROUBLE, EDDIE! THE G-MEN ARE AFTER US! WE KNOCKED OFF A MAIL TRUCK!

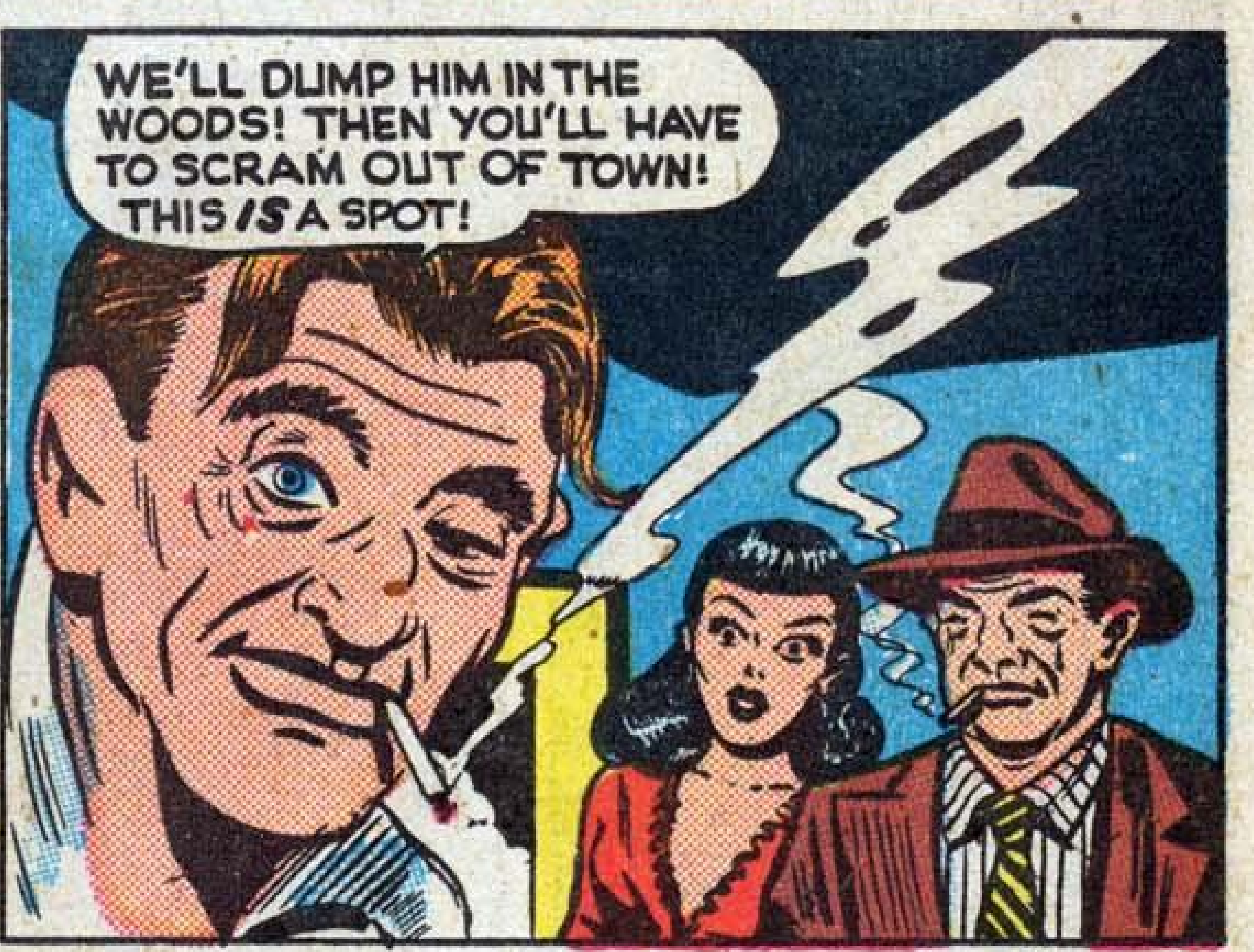
FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES


G-MEN! I WARNED YOU BIRDS! I DON'T WANT TO TANGLE WITH THEM!
YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY THAT'S SMART ENOUGH TO GET US OUT OF THIS JAM, EDDIE!

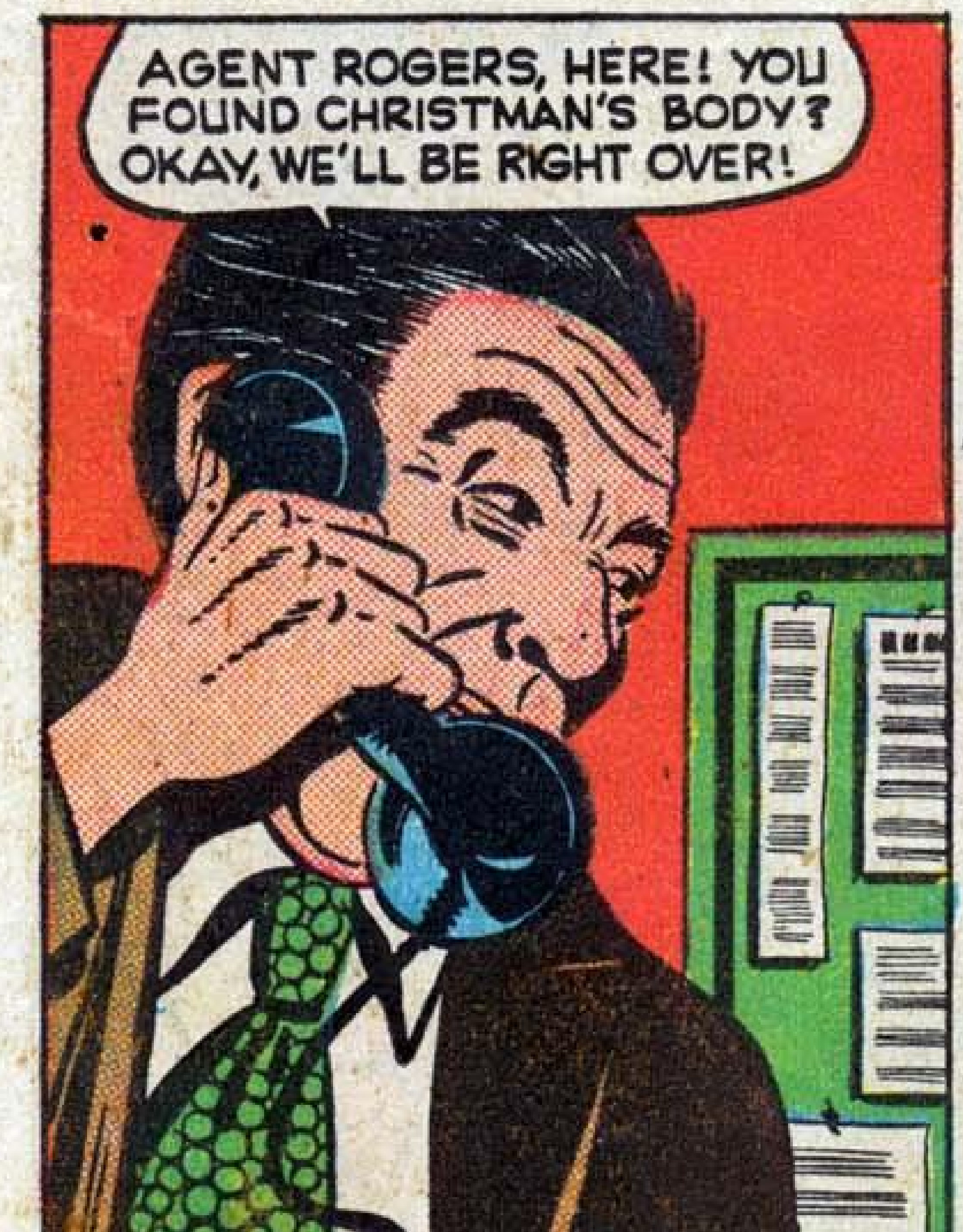

HELP THEM, BABY! YOU CAN'T THROW THEM TO THE G-MEN!
OKAY! I'LL OUTSMART THE G-MEN, JUST LIKE I OUTSMARTED EVERYBODY ELSE! EDDIE GREEN, *THE WISE GUY! THAT'S ME!*

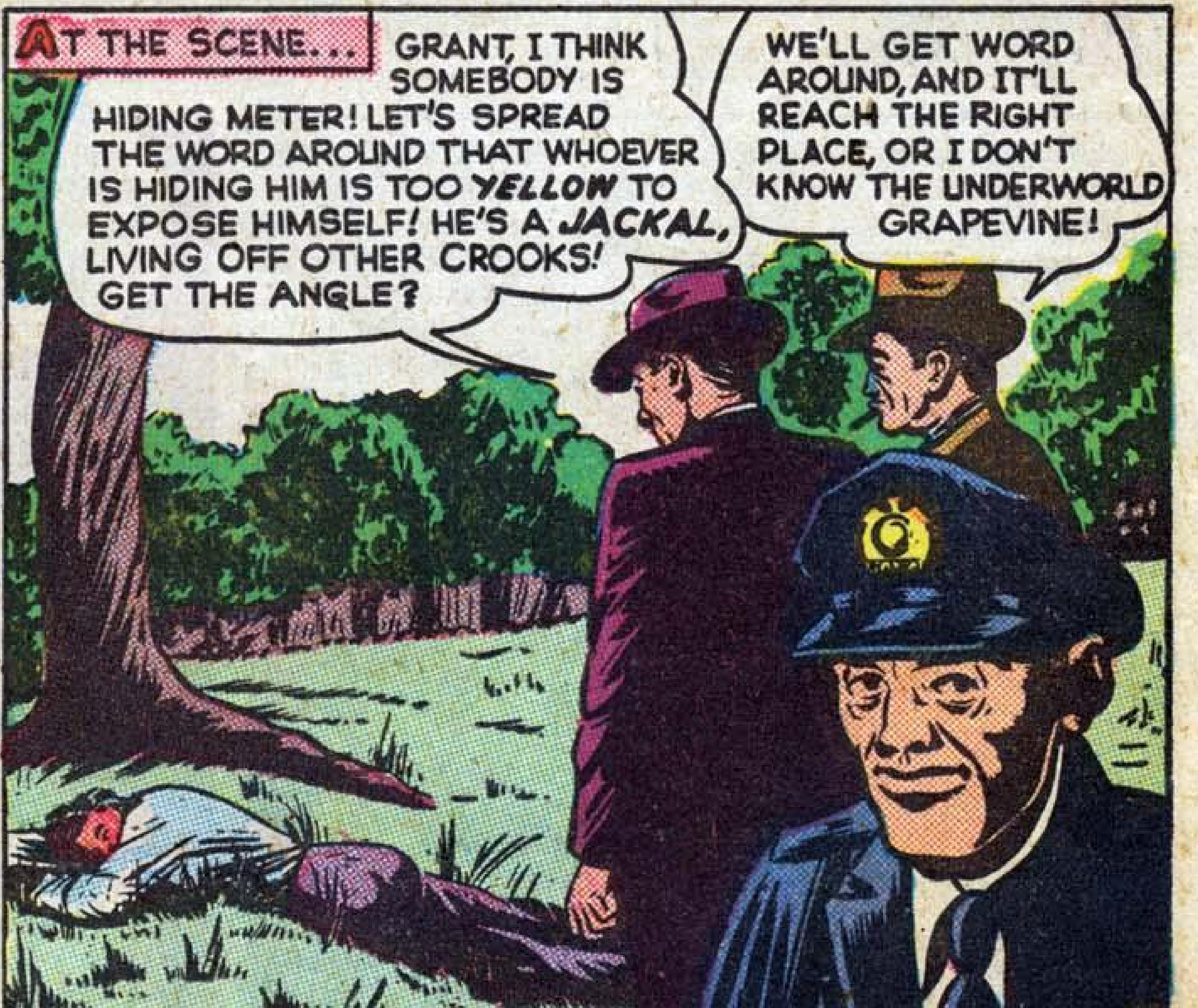
EDDIE SECURED AN UNDERWORLD DOCTOR FOR THE WOUNDED GANGSTER...

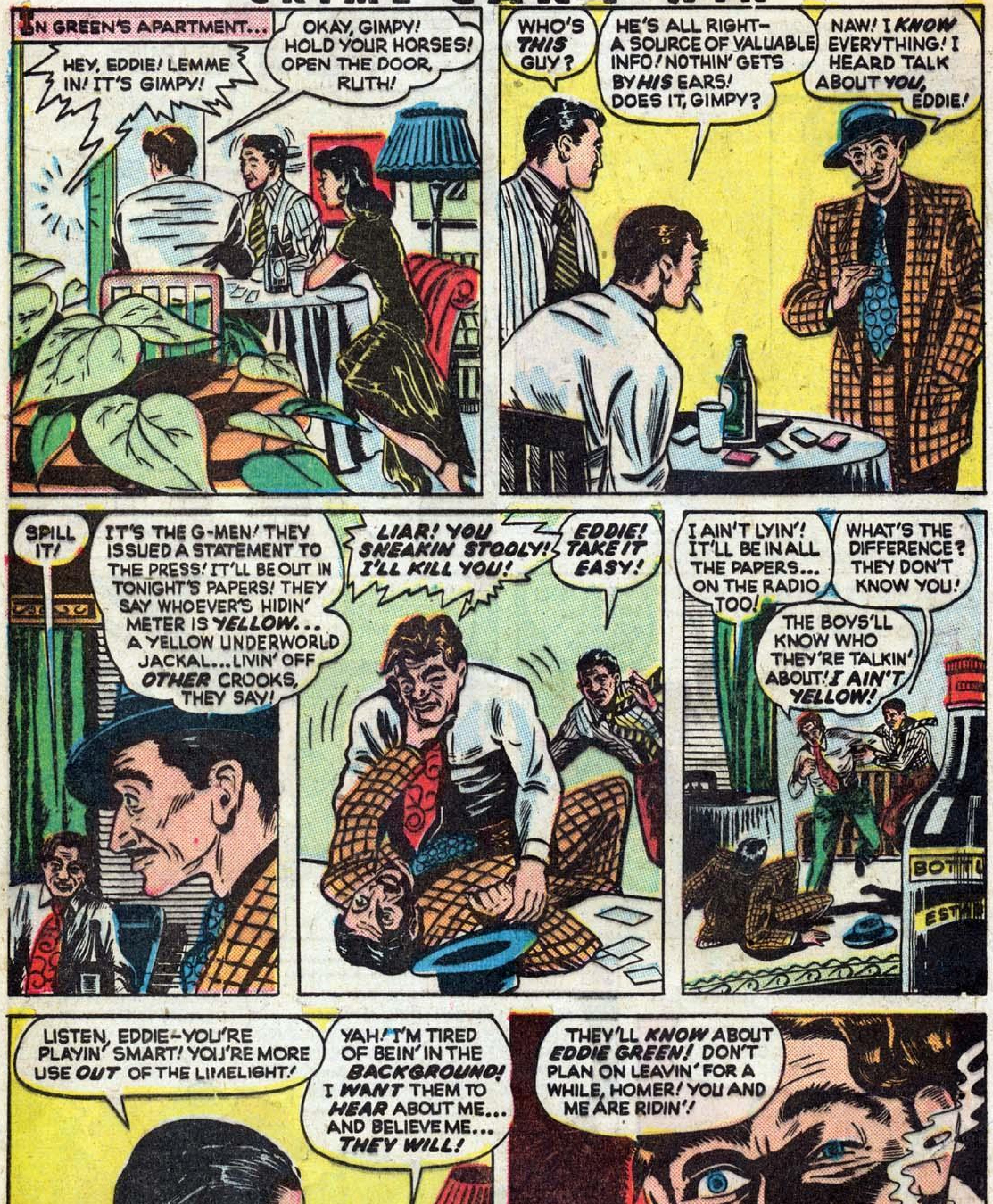

NOTHING I CAN DO FOR THIS MAN, GREEN! ***HE'S DEAD!***
DEAD?
POOR MEL! WHAT'LL WE DO, EDDIE?

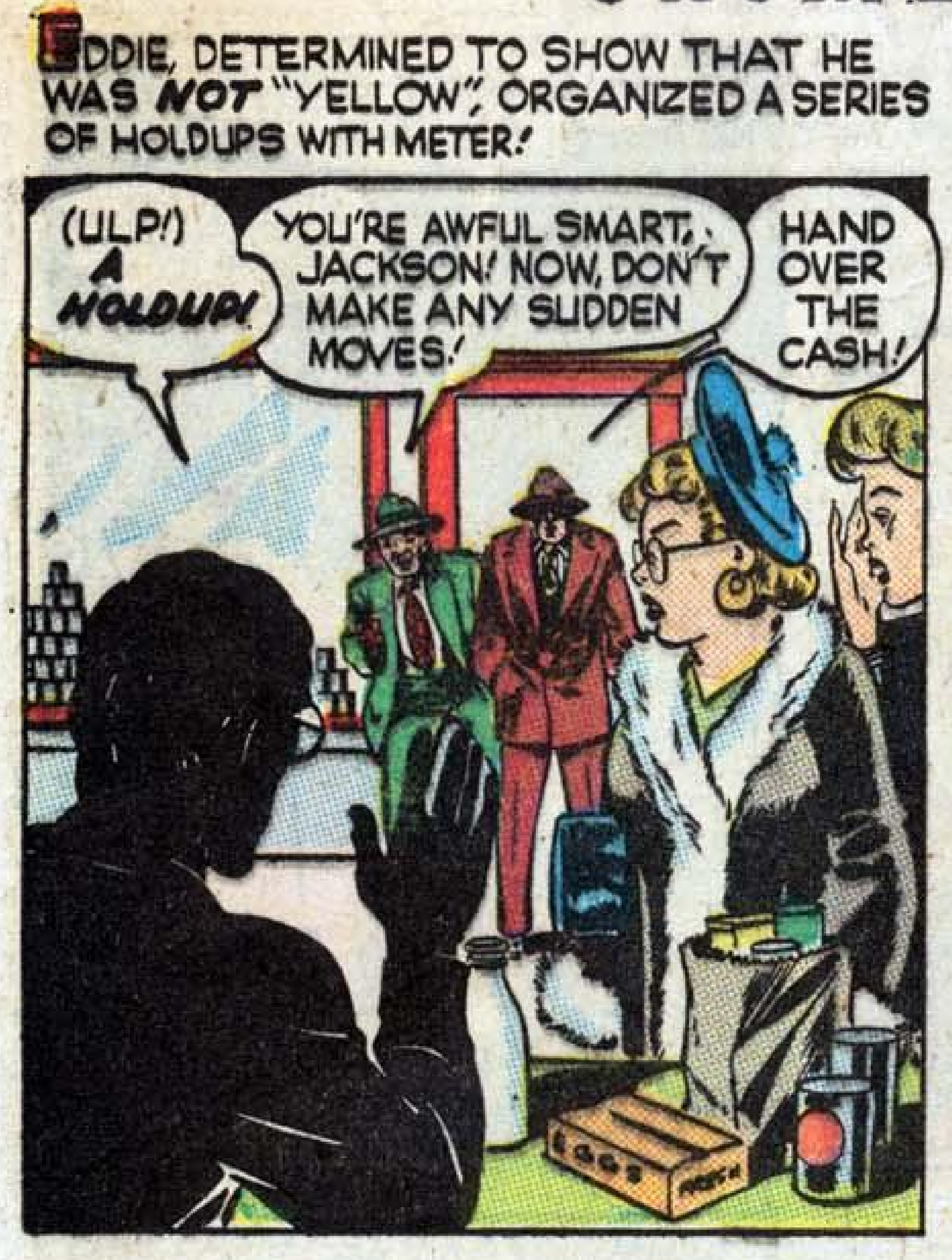

WE'LL DUMP HIM IN THE WOODS! THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO SCRAM OUT OF TOWN! THIS *IS* A SPOT!

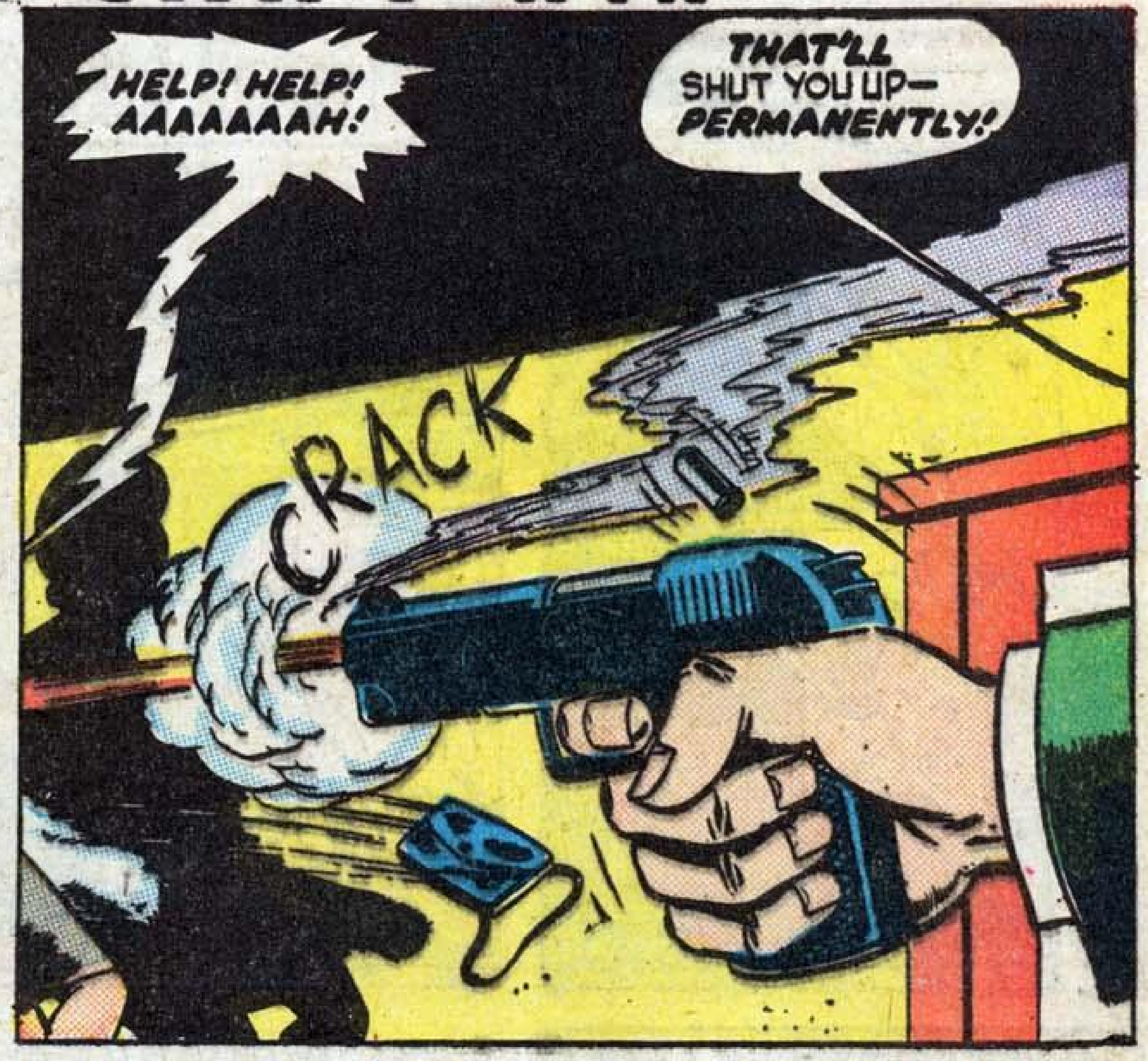
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE CHICAGO OFFICE OF THE F.B.I...

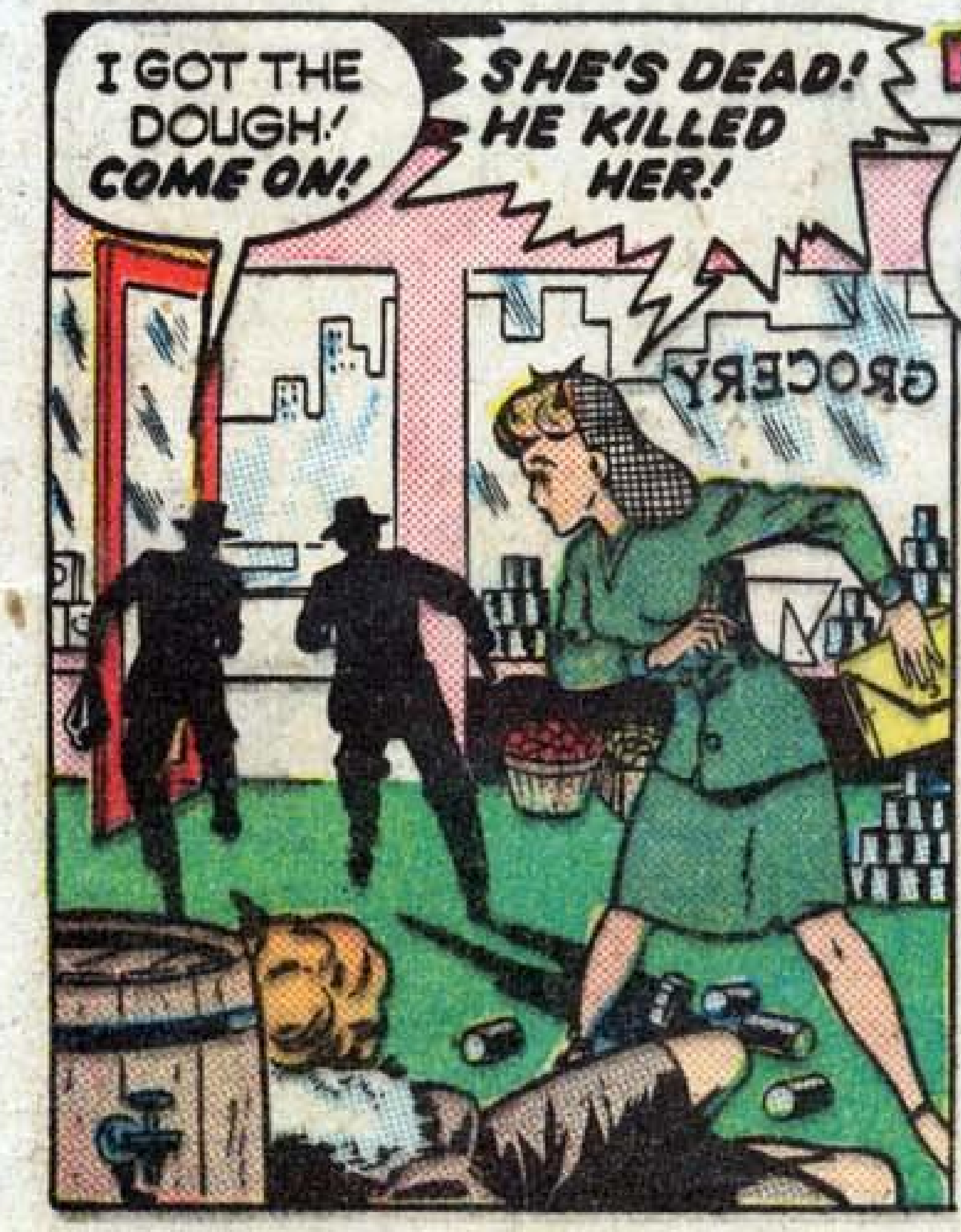

AGENT ROGERS, HERE! YOU FOUND CHRISTMAN'S BODY? OKAY, WE'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

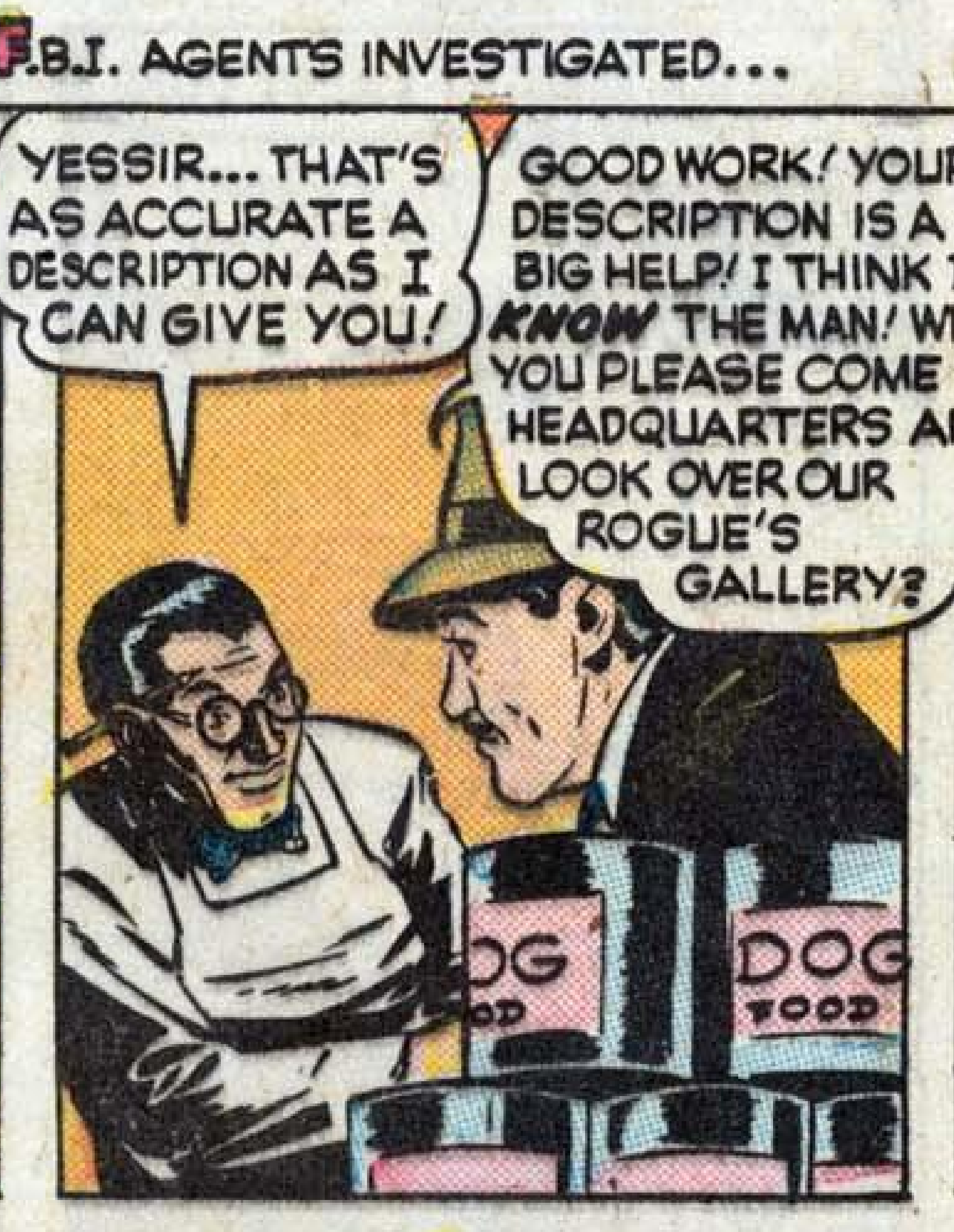

AT THE SCENE...
GRANT, I THINK SOMEBODY IS HIDING METER! LET'S SPREAD THE WORD AROUND THAT WHOEVER IS HIDING HIM IS TOO ***YELLOW*** TO EXPOSE HIMSELF! HE'S A ***JACKAL***, LIVING OFF OTHER CROOKS! GET THE ANGLE?
WE'LL GET WORD AROUND, AND IT'LL REACH THE RIGHT PLACE, OR I DON'T KNOW THE UNDERWORLD GRAPEVINE!

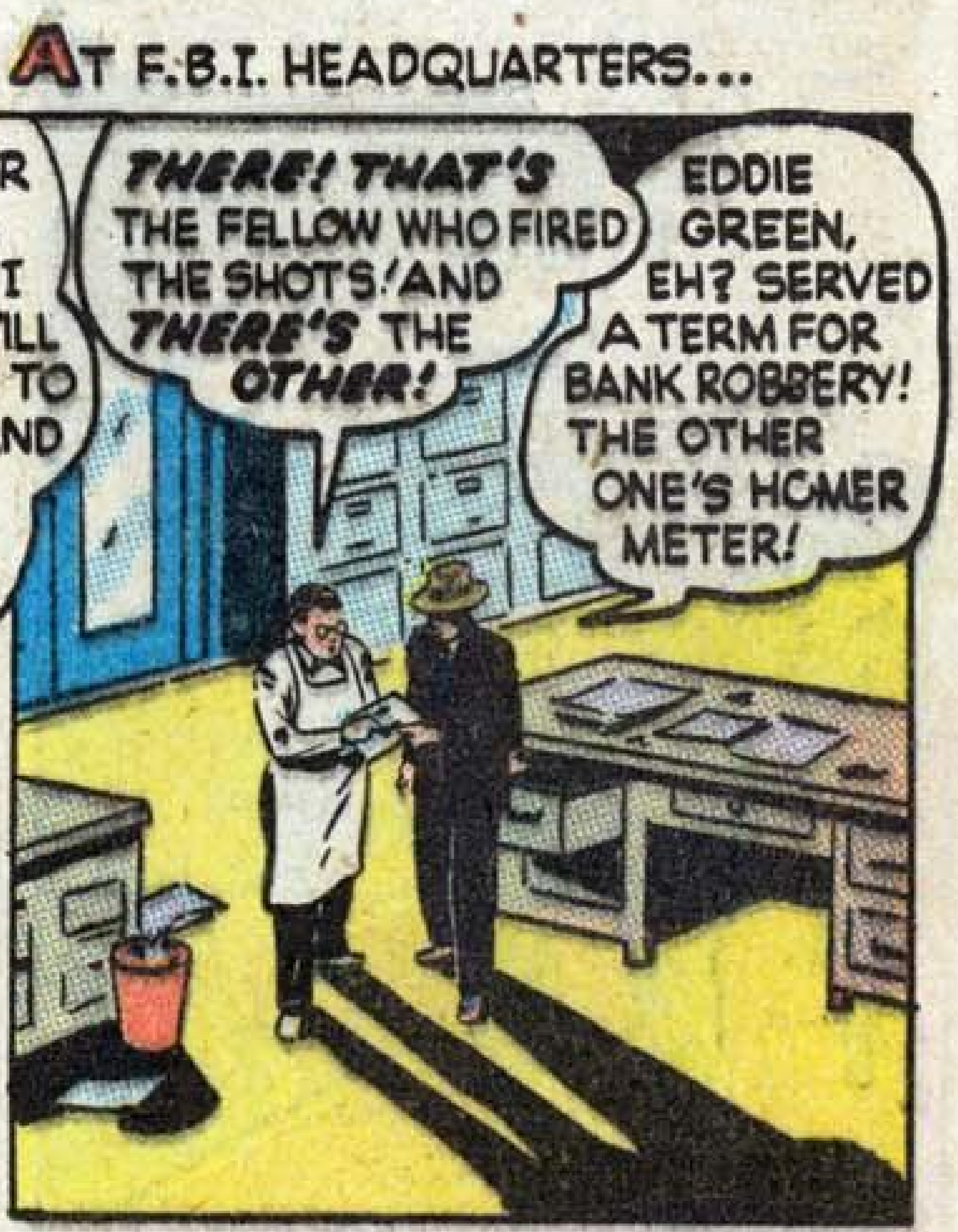

IN GREEN'S APARTMENT...
HEY, EDDIE! LEMME IN! IT'S GIMPY!
OKAY, GIMPY! HOLD YOUR HORSES! OPEN THE DOOR, RUTH!
WHO'S *THIS* GUY?
HE'S ALL RIGHT– A SOURCE OF VALUABLE INFO! NOTHIN' GETS BY *HIS* EARS! DOES IT, GIMPY?
NAW! I *KNOW* EVERYTHING! I HEARD TALK ABOUT *YOU*, EDDIE!
SPILL IT!
IT'S THE G-MEN! THEY ISSUED A STATEMENT TO THE PRESS! IT'LL BE OUT IN TONIGHT'S PAPERS! THEY SAY WHOEVER'S HIDIN' METER IS *YELLOW*... A YELLOW UNDERWORLD JACKAL... LIVIN' OFF *OTHER* CROOKS, THEY SAY!
LIAR! YOU SNEAKIN STOOLY! I'LL KILL YOU!
EDDIE! TAKE IT EASY!
I AIN'T LYIN'! IT'LL BE IN ALL THE PAPERS... ON THE RADIO TOO!
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? THEY DON'T KNOW YOU!
THE BOYS'LL KNOW WHO THEY'RE TALKIN' ABOUT! *I AIN'T YELLOW!*
LISTEN, EDDIE–YOU'RE PLAYIN' SMART! YOU'RE MORE USE *OUT* OF THE LIMELIGHT!
YAH! I'M TIRED OF BEIN' IN THE *BACKGROUND!* I *WANT* THEM TO *HEAR* ABOUT ME... AND BELIEVE ME... *THEY WILL!*
THEY'LL *KNOW* ABOUT *EDDIE GREEN!* DON'T PLAN ON LEAVIN' FOR A WHILE, HOMER! YOU AND ME ARE RIDIN'!
3

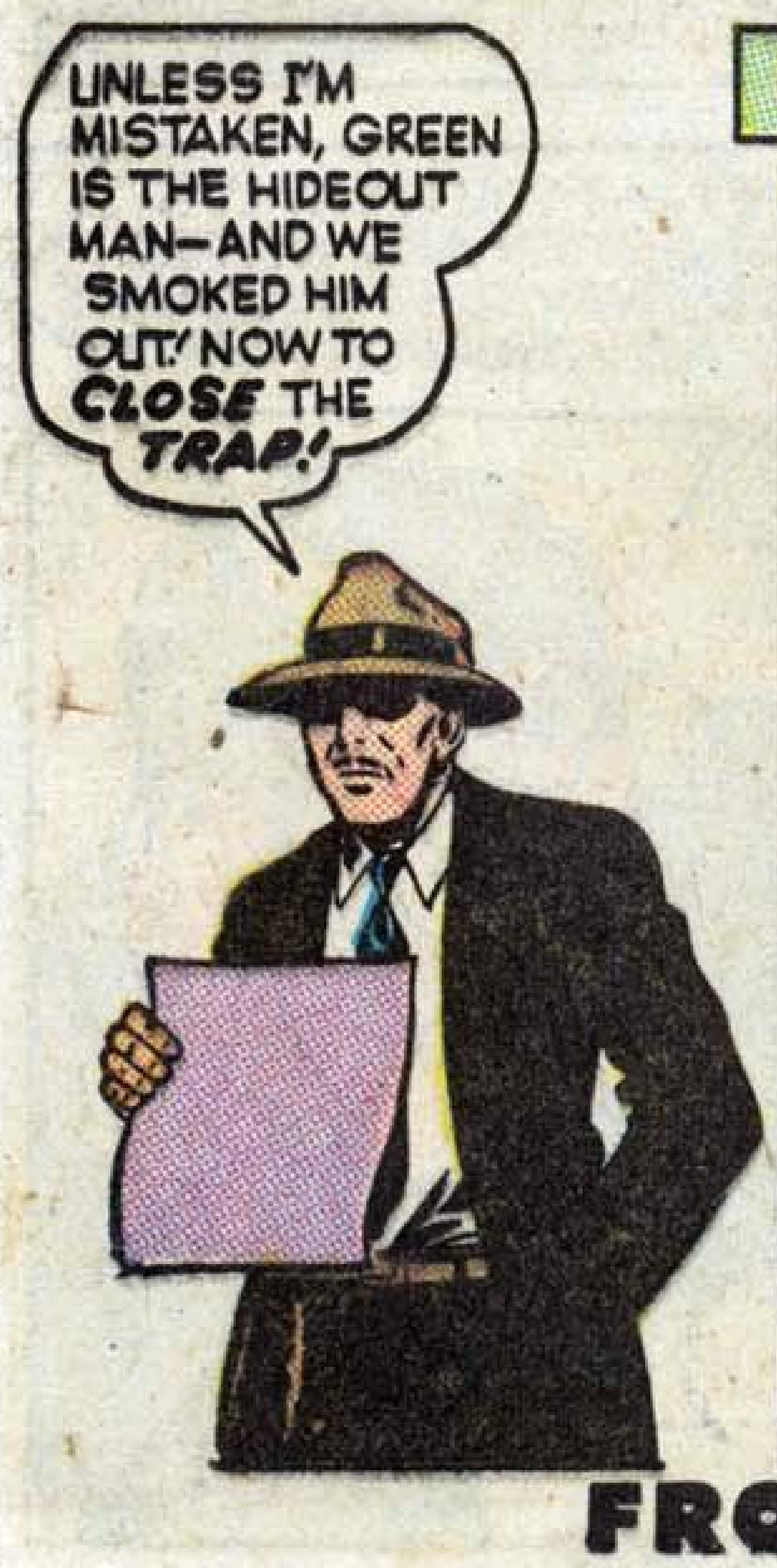

EDDIE, DETERMINED TO SHOW THAT HE WAS NOT "YELLOW", ORGANIZED A SERIES OF HOLDUPS WITH METER!
(ULP!) A HOLDUP!
YOU'RE AWFUL SMART, JACKSON! NOW, DON'T MAKE ANY SUDDEN MOVES!
HAND OVER THE CASH!

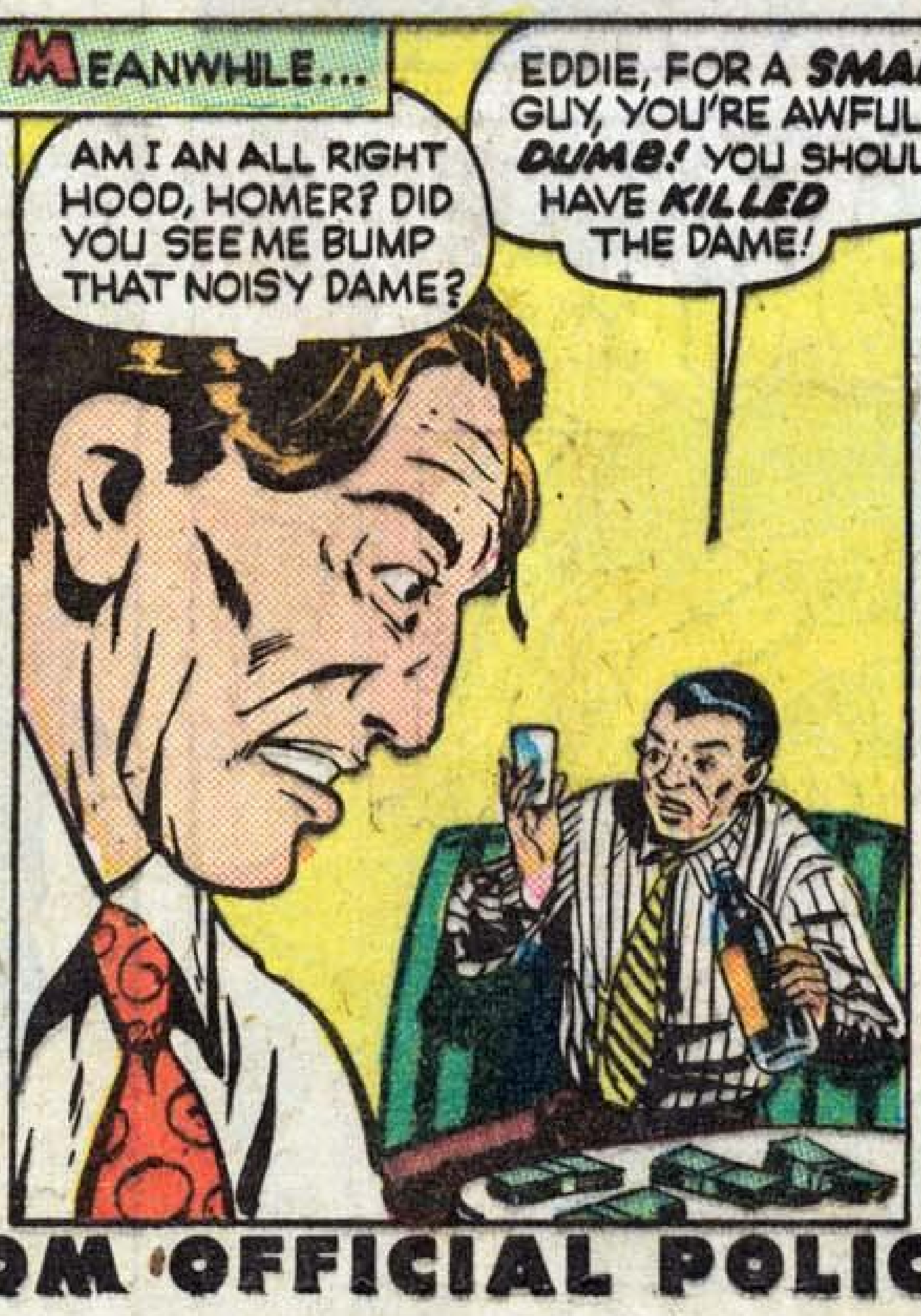

HELP! HELP! AAAAAAAH!
THAT'LL SHUT YOU UP— PERMANENTLY!
CRACK

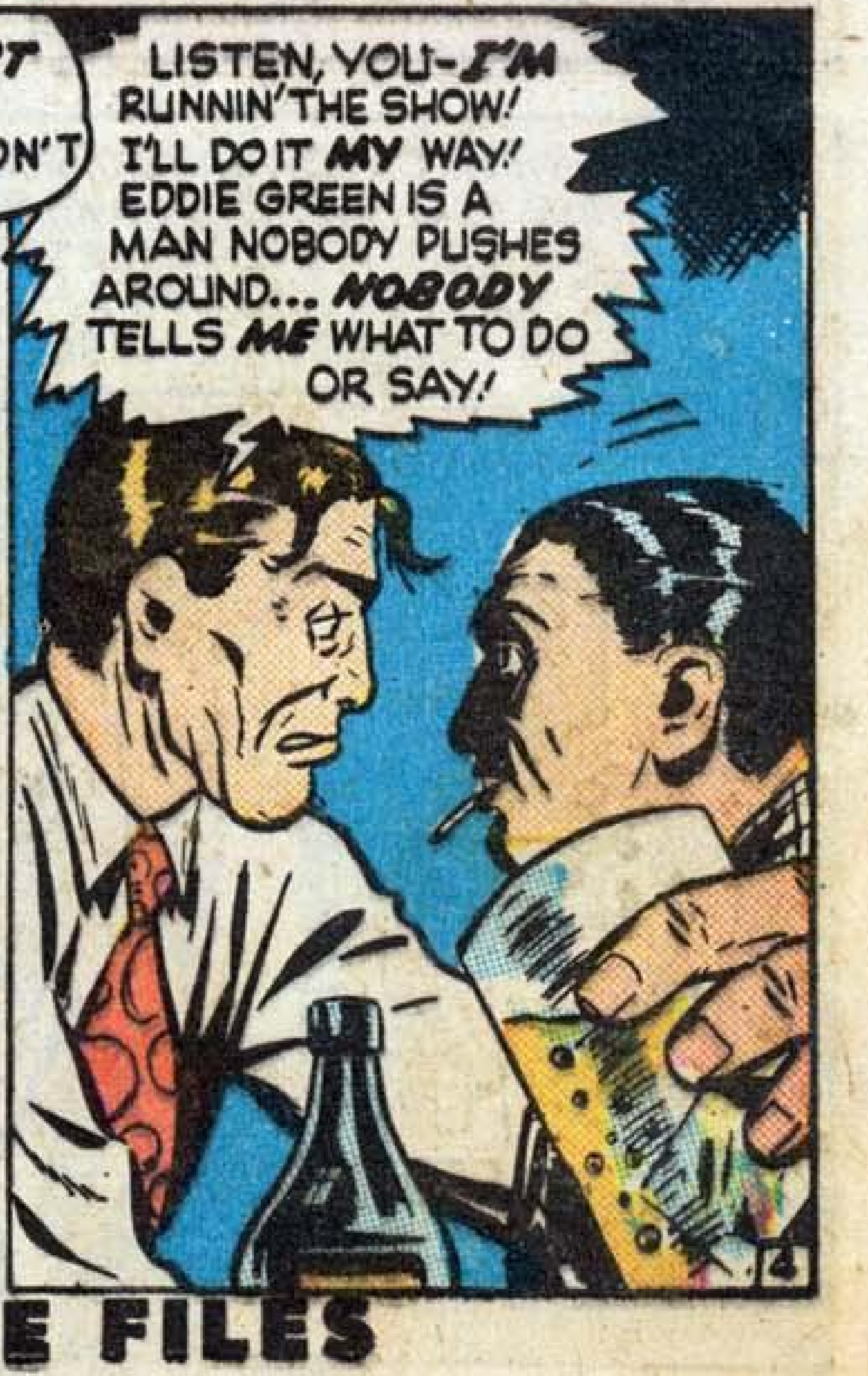

I GOT THE DOUGH! COME ON!
SHE'S DEAD! HE KILLED HER!
GROCERY

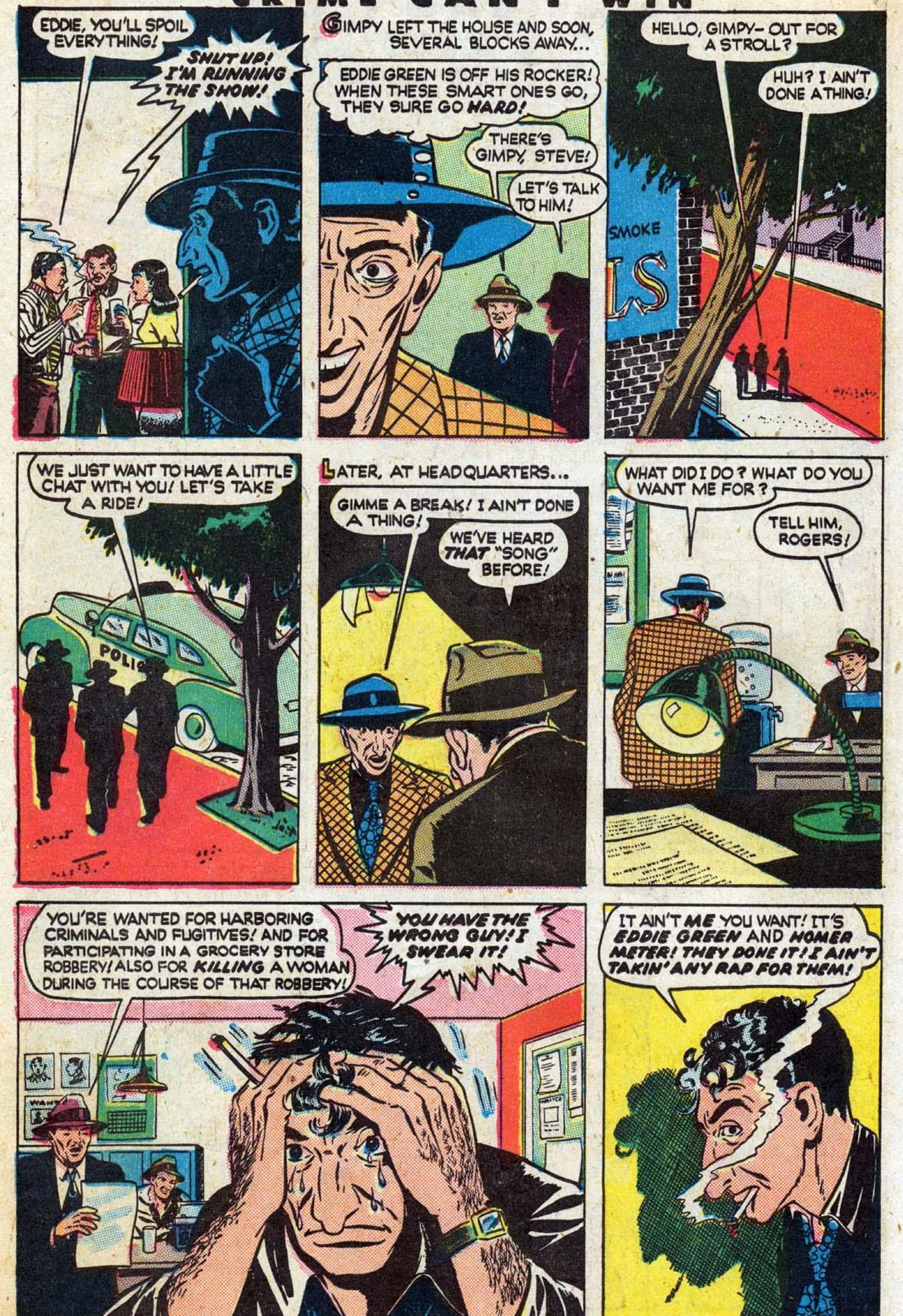

F.B.I. AGENTS INVESTIGATED...
YESSIR... THAT'S AS ACCURATE A DESCRIPTION AS I CAN GIVE YOU!
GOOD WORK! YOUR DESCRIPTION IS A BIG HELP! I THINK I KNOW THE MAN! WILL YOU PLEASE COME TO HEADQUARTERS AND LOOK OVER OUR ROGUE'S GALLERY?
DOG FOOD
DOG FOOD

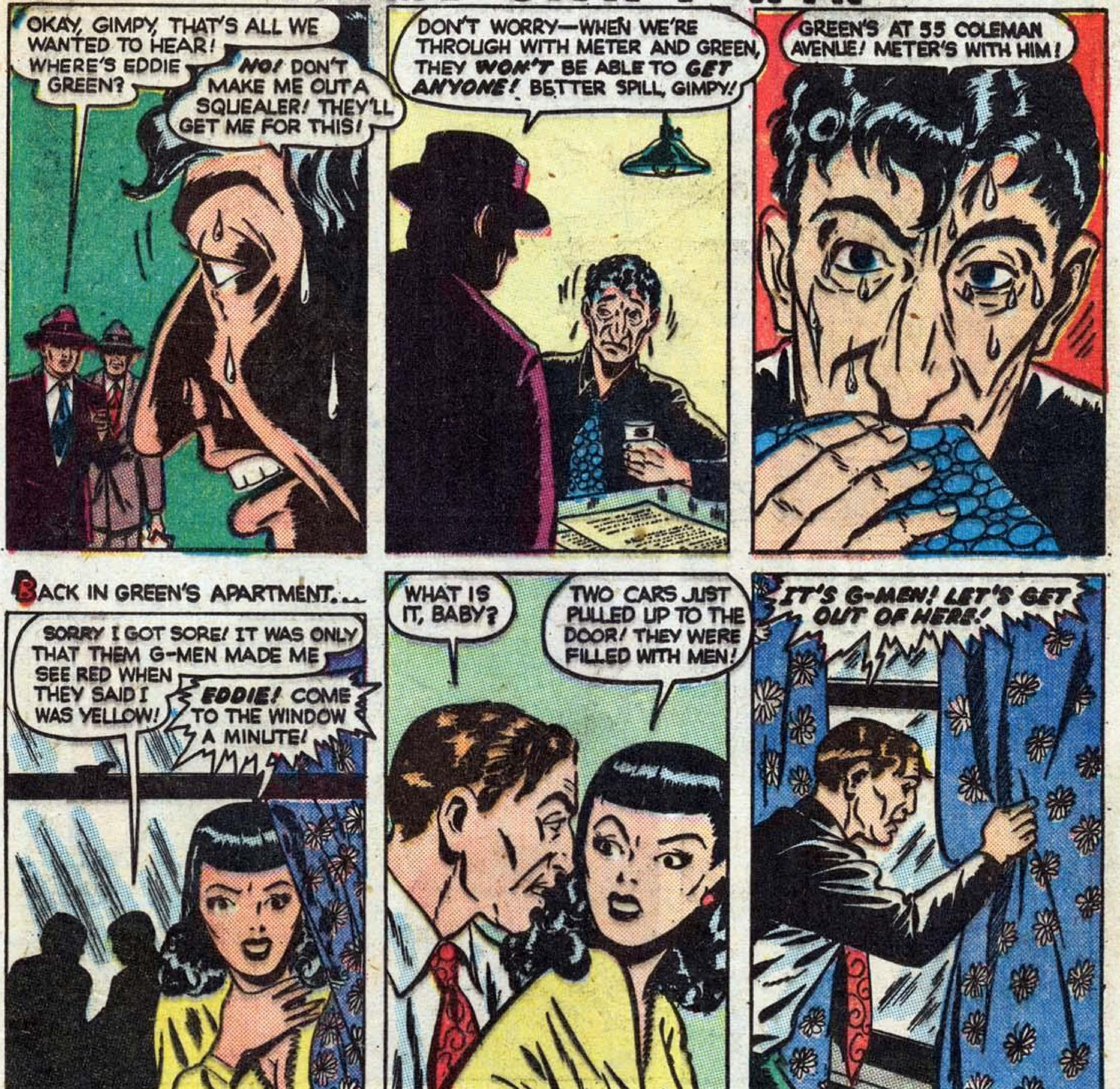

AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
THERE! THAT'S THE FELLOW WHO FIRED THE SHOTS! AND THERE'S THE OTHER!
EDDIE GREEN, EH? SERVED A TERM FOR BANK ROBBERY! THE OTHER ONE'S HOMER METER!

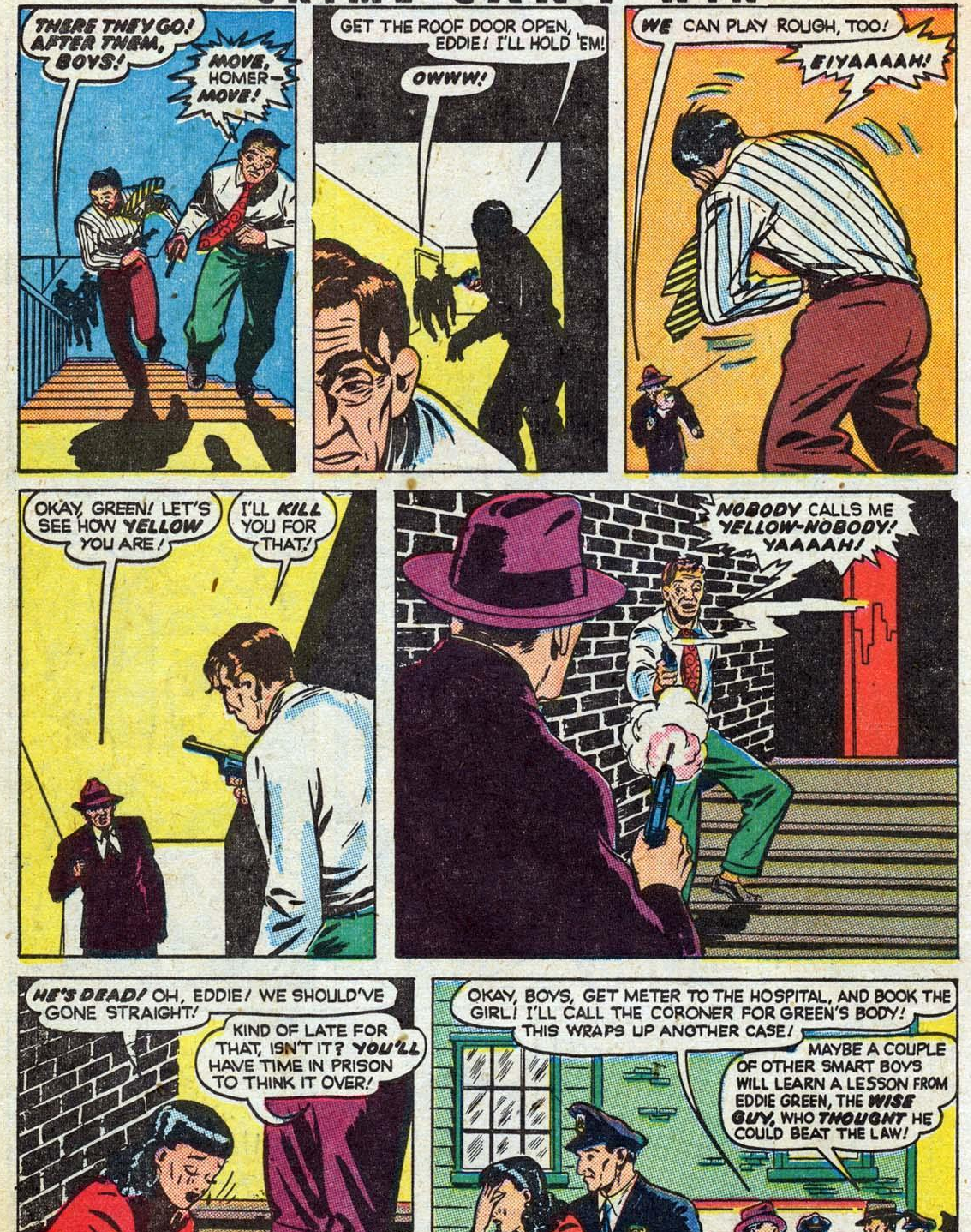

UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN, GREEN IS THE HIDEOUT MAN—AND WE SMOKED HIM OUT! NOW TO CLOSE THE TRAP!


MEANWHILE...
AM I AN ALL RIGHT HOOD, HOMER? DID YOU SEE ME BUMP THAT NOISY DAME?
EDDIE, FOR A SMART GUY, YOU'RE AWFUL DUMB! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE KILLED THE DAME!


LISTEN, YOU- I'M RUNNIN' THE SHOW! I'LL DO IT MY WAY! EDDIE GREEN IS A MAN NOBODY PUSHES AROUND... NOBODY TELLS ME WHAT TO DO OR SAY!


EDDIE, YOU'LL SPOIL EVERYTHING!
SHUT UP! I'M RUNNING THE SHOW!
GIMPY LEFT THE HOUSE AND SOON, SEVERAL BLOCKS AWAY...
EDDIE GREEN IS OFF HIS ROCKER! WHEN THESE SMART ONES GO, THEY SURE GO HARD!
THERE'S GIMPY, STEVE!
LET'S TALK TO HIM!
SMOKE
HELLO, GIMPY– OUT FOR A STROLL?
HUH? I AIN'T DONE A THING!
WE JUST WANT TO HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU! LET'S TAKE A RIDE!
POLICE
LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS...
GIMME A BREAK! I AIN'T DONE A THING!
WE'VE HEARD THAT "SONG" BEFORE!
WHAT DID I DO? WHAT DO YOU WANT ME FOR?
TELL HIM, ROGERS!
YOU'RE WANTED FOR HARBORING CRIMINALS AND FUGITIVES! AND FOR PARTICIPATING IN A GROCERY STORE ROBBERY! ALSO FOR KILLING A WOMAN DURING THE COURSE OF THAT ROBBERY!
YOU HAVE THE WRONG GUY! I SWEAR IT!
IT AIN'T ME YOU WANT! IT'S EDDIE GREEN AND HOMER METER! THEY DONE IT! I AIN'T TAKIN' ANY RAP FOR THEM!


OKAY, GIMPY, THAT'S ALL WE WANTED TO HEAR! WHERE'S EDDIE GREEN?
NO! DON'T MAKE ME OUT A SQUEALER! THEY'LL GET ME FOR THIS!
DON'T WORRY—WHEN WE'RE THROUGH WITH METER AND GREEN, THEY **WON'T** BE ABLE TO **GET ANYONE!** BETTER SPILL, GIMPY!
GREEN'S AT 55 COLEMAN AVENUE! METER'S WITH HIM!
BACK IN GREEN'S APARTMENT...
SORRY I GOT SORE! IT WAS ONLY THAT THEM G-MEN MADE ME SEE RED WHEN THEY SAID I WAS YELLOW!
EDDIE! COME TO THE WINDOW A MINUTE!
WHAT IS IT, BABY?
TWO CARS JUST PULLED UP TO THE DOOR! THEY WERE FILLED WITH MEN!
IT'S G-MEN! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
WE CAN BEAT THEM TO THE ROOF!
EDDIE, PLEASE! I'M AFRAID... DON'T FIGHT THEM!
LET GO OF ME!
OUT OF MY WAY!
SLAP!


THERE THEY GO! AFTER THEM, BOYS!
MOVE, HOMER—MOVE!
GET THE ROOF DOOR OPEN, EDDIE! I'LL HOLD 'EM!
OWWW!
WE CAN PLAY ROUGH, TOO!
EIYAAAAH!
OKAY, GREEN! LET'S SEE HOW YELLOW YOU ARE!
I'LL KILL YOU FOR THAT!
NOBODY CALLS ME YELLOW-NOBODY! YAAAAH!
HE'S DEAD! OH, EDDIE! WE SHOULD'VE GONE STRAIGHT!
KIND OF LATE FOR THAT, ISN'T IT? YOU'LL HAVE TIME IN PRISON TO THINK IT OVER!
7
OKAY, BOYS, GET METER TO THE HOSPITAL, AND BOOK THE GIRL! I'LL CALL THE CORONER FOR GREEN'S BODY! THIS WRAPS UP ANOTHER CASE!
MAYBE A COUPLE OF OTHER SMART BOYS WILL LEARN A LESSON FROM EDDIE GREEN, THE WISE GUY, WHO THOUGHT HE COULD BEAT THE LAW!
POLICE
THE END

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BB's. Regular Package. 3 packages for........................25c
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STAMP NEWS

By KENT B. STILES

When political independence is achieved by a people, postal paper invariably is issued which reflects such transition. So it is now with Burma, which was a British possession in Asia and which was part of India prior to April of 1937.

Burma's attainment of freedom from Great Britain on Jan. 6, 1948, is accompanied by a definitive series of postal stamps which reflect the circumstances that Burma is now a sovereign nation in its own right.

The Burmese postal administration has selected as the central design of Burma's new stamps a portrait of a man who sacrificed his life in behalf of the people he led – U Aung San, an Army General who was Burma's Premier.

After Britain promised Burma independence, following the defeat of the Japanese who had invaded Burma during World War Two, the Burmese set up what was known as an "Interim Government" to prepare for the day (this Jan. 6) of freedom. U Aung San was chairman of the Executive Council which exercised political control during the interim period, and his title was Prime Minister.

On July 19, 1947, gunmen representing U Aung San's enemies forced their way into the legislative chamber while the executive body was in session at Rangoon, Burma's capital city. The gunmen sprayed the room with bullets, and U Aung San and five other interim leaders were assassinated. So it was logical that the Burmese should, with reverence, place U Aung San's likeness on the first definitive stamps.

FREE 20 FINLAND!
ALL DIFFERENT
To Approval Buyers
N. C. ROSENBERG
Box 1303 Chicago, Ill.

FREE ! - - ROOSEVELT TRIANGLE ! !
This beautiful Monaco triangle honors President Roosevelt. They're free to approval applicants!
GRAMATAN STAMP CO., Dept. T
Box 1002 Church Street Annex New York 8, N.Y.

FREE ALBUM
Positively Greatest
FREE OFFER
Latest Scott's International $5.00 stamp album—covering entire world, contains 36,000 illustrated descriptive spaces; Scott's 1948 Standard $7.00 catalogues "Philately's Encyclopedia" —absolutely FREE to applicants for foreign approvals becoming customers.
PLYMOUTH SPECIALTY CO.
Dept. A64 • Bell, California
WRITE TODAY

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Every collector should have at least a few stamps nearly 100 years old. Although hard to get, we offer a wonderful selection of ten old 19th Century foreign stamps and also the blue re-issue of the 100 year old first U. S. Stamp, the famous 5c Franklin. All for only 10c. Kindly state whether approvals shall consist of U. S. or foreign stamps or both.
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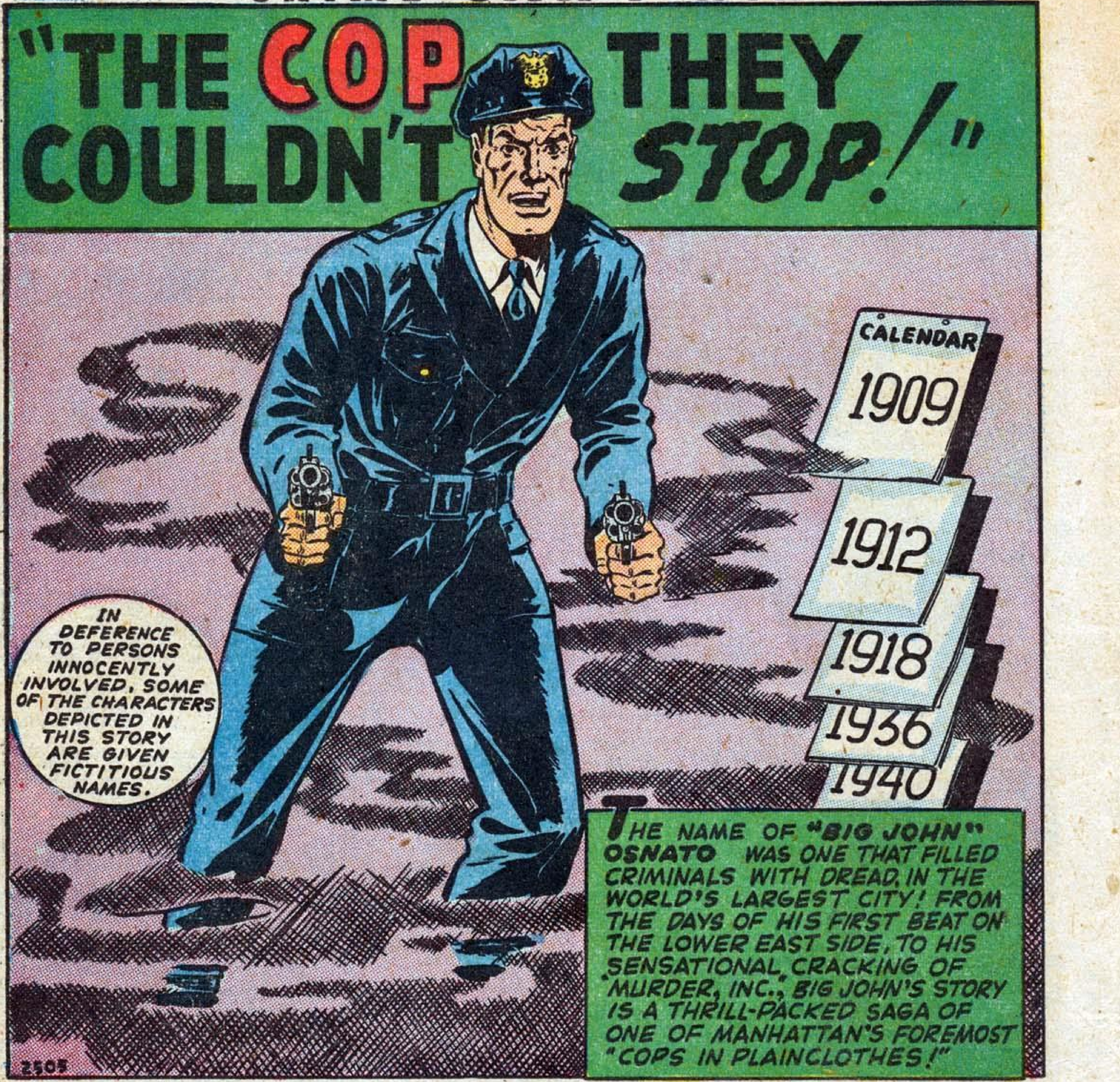
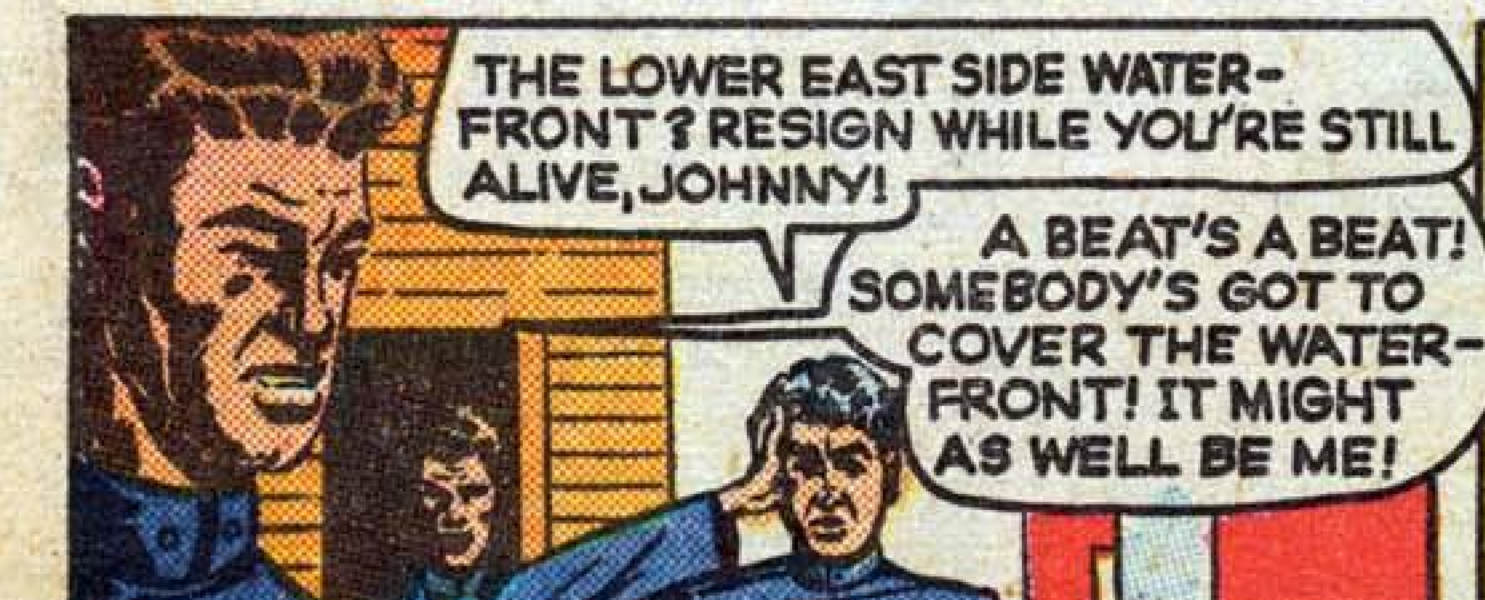
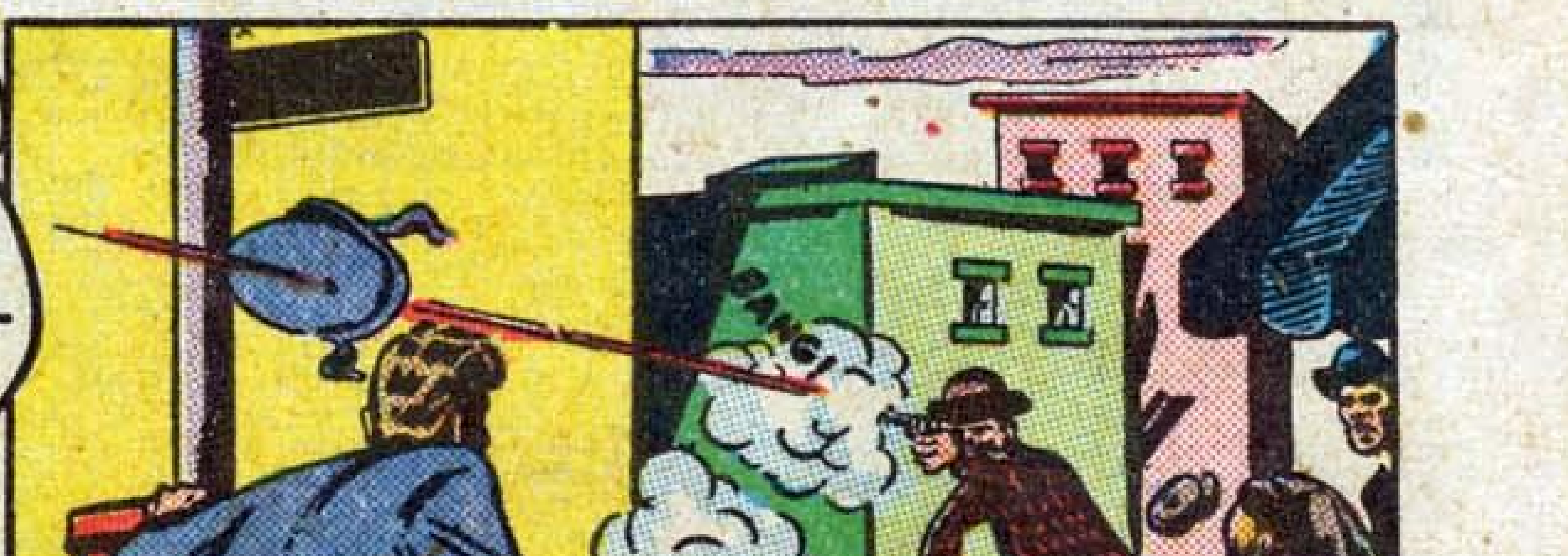
MYSTIC STAMP COMPANY, Dept. 3, CAMDEN, NEW YORK

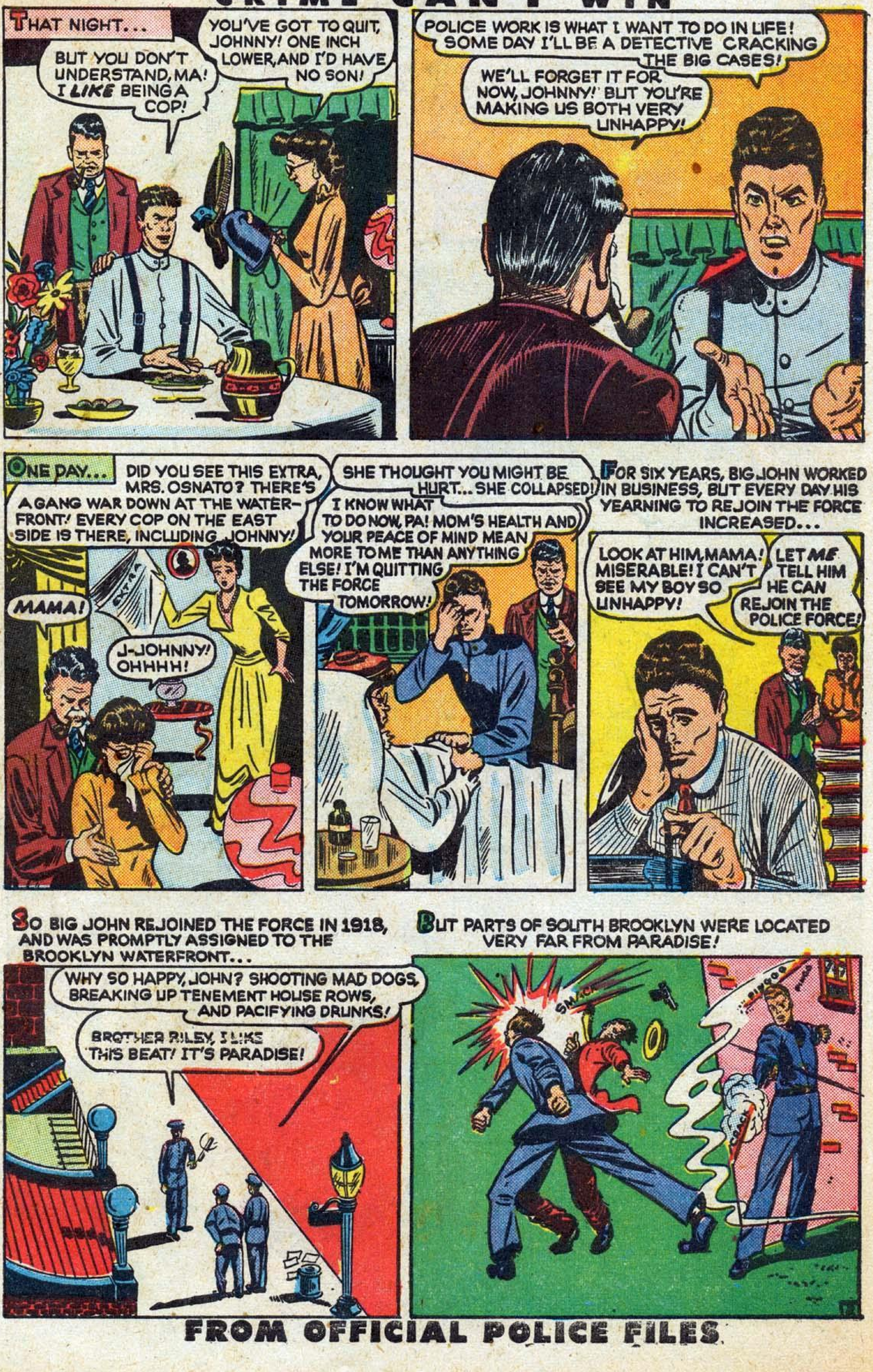

"THE COP THEY COULDN'T STOP!"
IN DEFERENCE TO PERSONS INNOCENTLY INVOLVED, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE GIVEN FICTITIOUS NAMES.
CALENDAR
1909
1912
1918
1936
1940
THE NAME OF "BIG JOHN" OSNATO WAS ONE THAT FILLED CRIMINALS WITH DREAD IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST CITY! FROM THE DAYS OF HIS FIRST BEAT ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE, TO HIS SENSATIONAL CRACKING OF "MURDER, INC.," BIG JOHN'S STORY IS A THRILL-PACKED SAGA OF ONE OF MANHATTAN'S FOREMOST "COPS IN PLAINCLOTHES!"
2505

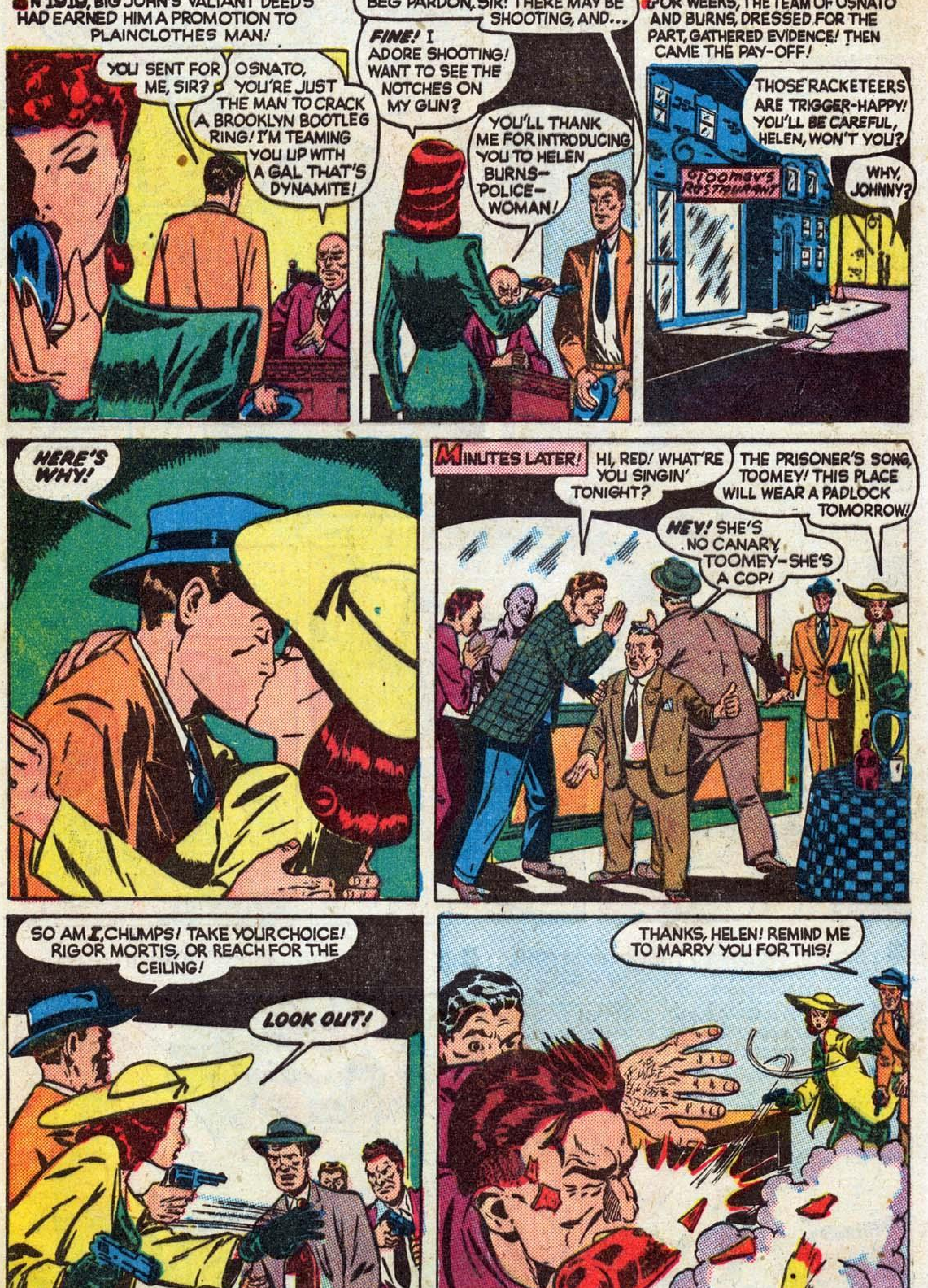
1909, A ROOKIE COP RECEIVED HIS FIRST ASSIGNMENT...

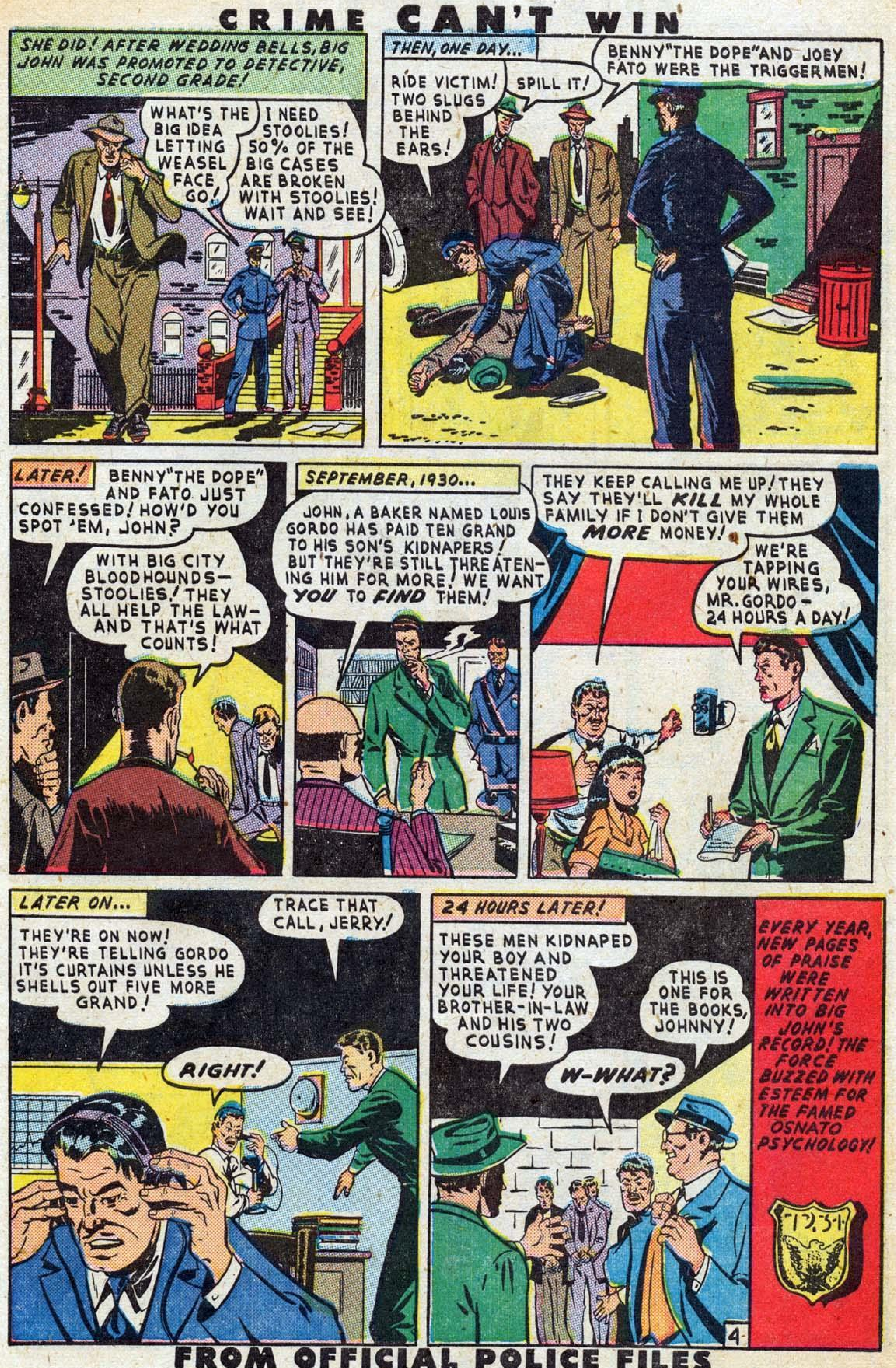

THE LOWER EAST SIDE WATER-FRONT? RESIGN WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, JOHNNY!
A BEAT'S A BEAT! SOMEBODY'S GOT TO COVER THE WATER-FRONT! IT MIGHT AS WELL BE ME!

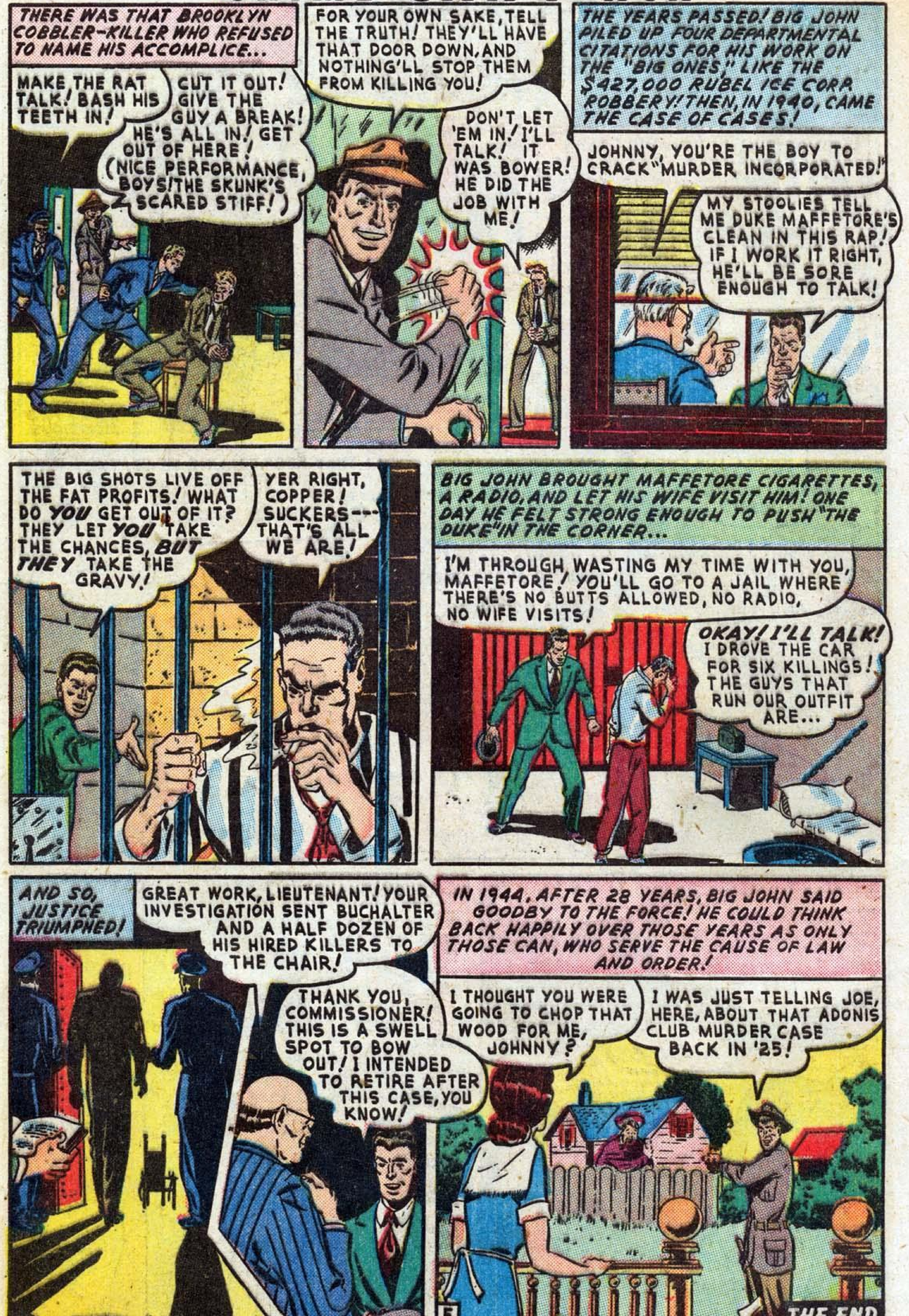
1909-1912 WERE NEVER-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN YEARS... FOR PLENTY OF REASONS!




THAT NIGHT...
BUT YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, MA! I *LIKE* BEING A COP!
YOU'VE GOT TO QUIT, JOHNNY! ONE INCH LOWER, AND I'D HAVE NO SON!
POLICE WORK IS WHAT I WANT TO DO IN LIFE! SOME DAY I'LL BE A DETECTIVE CRACKING THE BIG CASES!
WE'LL FORGET IT FOR NOW, JOHNNY! BUT YOU'RE MAKING US BOTH VERY UNHAPPY!
ONE DAY...
DID YOU SEE THIS EXTRA, MRS. OSNATO? THERE'S A GANG WAR DOWN AT THE WATERFRONT! EVERY COP ON THE EAST SIDE IS THERE, INCLUDING JOHNNY!
EXTRA
MAMA!
J-JOHNNY! OHHHH!
SHE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE HURT... SHE COLLAPSED!
I KNOW WHAT TO DO NOW, PA! MOM'S HEALTH AND YOUR PEACE OF MIND MEAN MORE TO ME THAN ANYTHING ELSE! I'M QUITTING THE FORCE TOMORROW!
FOR SIX YEARS, BIG JOHN WORKED IN BUSINESS, BUT EVERY DAY HIS YEARNING TO REJOIN THE FORCE INCREASED...
LOOK AT HIM, MAMA! MISERABLE! I CAN'T SEE MY BOY SO UNHAPPY!
LET *ME* TELL HIM HE CAN REJOIN THE POLICE FORCE!
SO BIG JOHN REJOINED THE FORCE IN 1918, AND WAS PROMPTLY ASSIGNED TO THE BROOKLYN WATERFRONT...
WHY SO HAPPY, JOHN? SHOOTING MAD DOGS, BREAKING UP TENEMENT HOUSE ROWS, AND PACIFYING DRUNKS!
BROTHER RILEY, I LIKE THIS BEAT! IT'S PARADISE!
BUT PARTS OF SOUTH BROOKLYN WERE LOCATED VERY FAR FROM PARADISE!
SMACK
PINGG

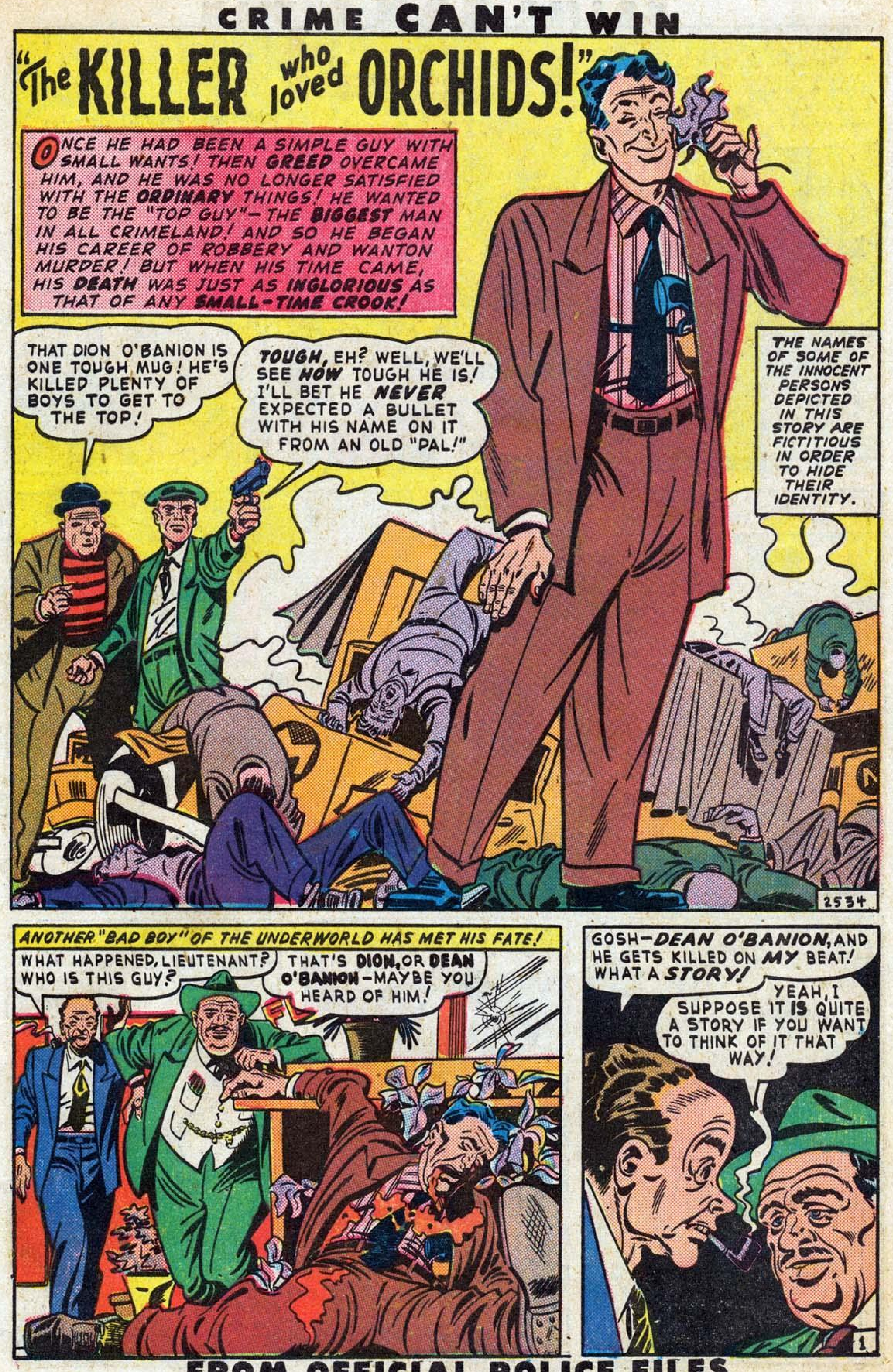

IN 1919, BIG JOHN'S VALIANT DEEDS HAD EARNED HIM A PROMOTION TO PLAINCLOTHES MAN!
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIR?
OSNATO, YOU'RE JUST THE MAN TO CRACK A BROOKLYN BOOTLEG RING! I'M TEAMING YOU UP WITH A GAL THAT'S DYNAMITE!
BEG PARDON, SIR! THERE MAY BE SHOOTING, AND...
FINE! I ADORE SHOOTING! WANT TO SEE THE NOTCHES ON MY GUN?
YOU'LL THANK ME FOR INTRODUCING YOU TO HELEN BURNS-POLICE-WOMAN!
FOR WEEKS, THE TEAM OF OSNATO AND BURNS, DRESSED FOR THE PART, GATHERED EVIDENCE! THEN CAME THE PAY-OFF!
THOSE RACKETEERS ARE TRIGGER-HAPPY! YOU'LL BE CAREFUL, HELEN, WON'T YOU?
TOOMEY'S RESTAURANT
WHY, JOHNNY?
HERE'S WHY!
MINUTES LATER!
HI, RED! WHAT'RE YOU SINGIN' TONIGHT?
THE PRISONER'S SONG, TOOMEY! THIS PLACE WILL WEAR A PADLOCK TOMORROW!
HEY! SHE'S NO CANARY, TOOMEY-SHE'S A COP!
SO AM I, CHUMPS! TAKE YOUR CHOICE! RIGOR MORTIS, OR REACH FOR THE CEILING!
LOOK OUT!
THANKS, HELEN! REMIND ME TO MARRY YOU FOR THIS!


SHE DID! AFTER WEDDING BELLS, BIG JOHN WAS PROMOTED TO DETECTIVE, SECOND GRADE!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA LETTING WEASEL FACE GO!
I NEED STOOLIES! 50% OF THE BIG CASES ARE BROKEN WITH STOOLIES! WAIT AND SEE!
THEN, ONE DAY...
RIDE VICTIM! TWO SLUGS BEHIND THE EARS!
SPILL IT!
BENNY "THE DOPE" AND JOEY FATO WERE THE TRIGGERMEN!
LATER!
BENNY "THE DOPE" AND FATO JUST CONFESSED! HOW'D YOU SPOT 'EM, JOHN?
WITH BIG CITY BLOODHOUNDS—STOOLIES! THEY ALL HELP THE LAW—AND THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!
SEPTEMBER, 1930...
JOHN, A BAKER NAMED LOUIS GORDO HAS PAID TEN GRAND TO HIS SON'S KIDNAPERS! BUT THEY'RE STILL THREATENING HIM FOR MORE! WE WANT YOU TO FIND THEM!
THEY KEEP CALLING ME UP! THEY SAY THEY'LL KILL MY WHOLE FAMILY IF I DON'T GIVE THEM MORE MONEY!
WE'RE TAPPING YOUR WIRES, MR. GORDO—24 HOURS A DAY!
LATER ON...
THEY'RE ON NOW! THEY'RE TELLING GORDO IT'S CURTAINS UNLESS HE SHELLS OUT FIVE MORE GRAND!
TRACE THAT CALL, JERRY!
RIGHT!
24 HOURS LATER!
THESE MEN KIDNAPED YOUR BOY AND THREATENED YOUR LIFE! YOUR BROTHER-IN-LAW AND HIS TWO COUSINS!
W-WHAT?
THIS IS ONE FOR THE BOOKS, JOHNNY!
EVERY YEAR, NEW PAGES OF PRAISE WERE WRITTEN INTO BIG JOHN'S RECORD! THE FORCE BUZZED WITH ESTEEM FOR THE FAMED OSNATO PSYCHOLOGY!
7231

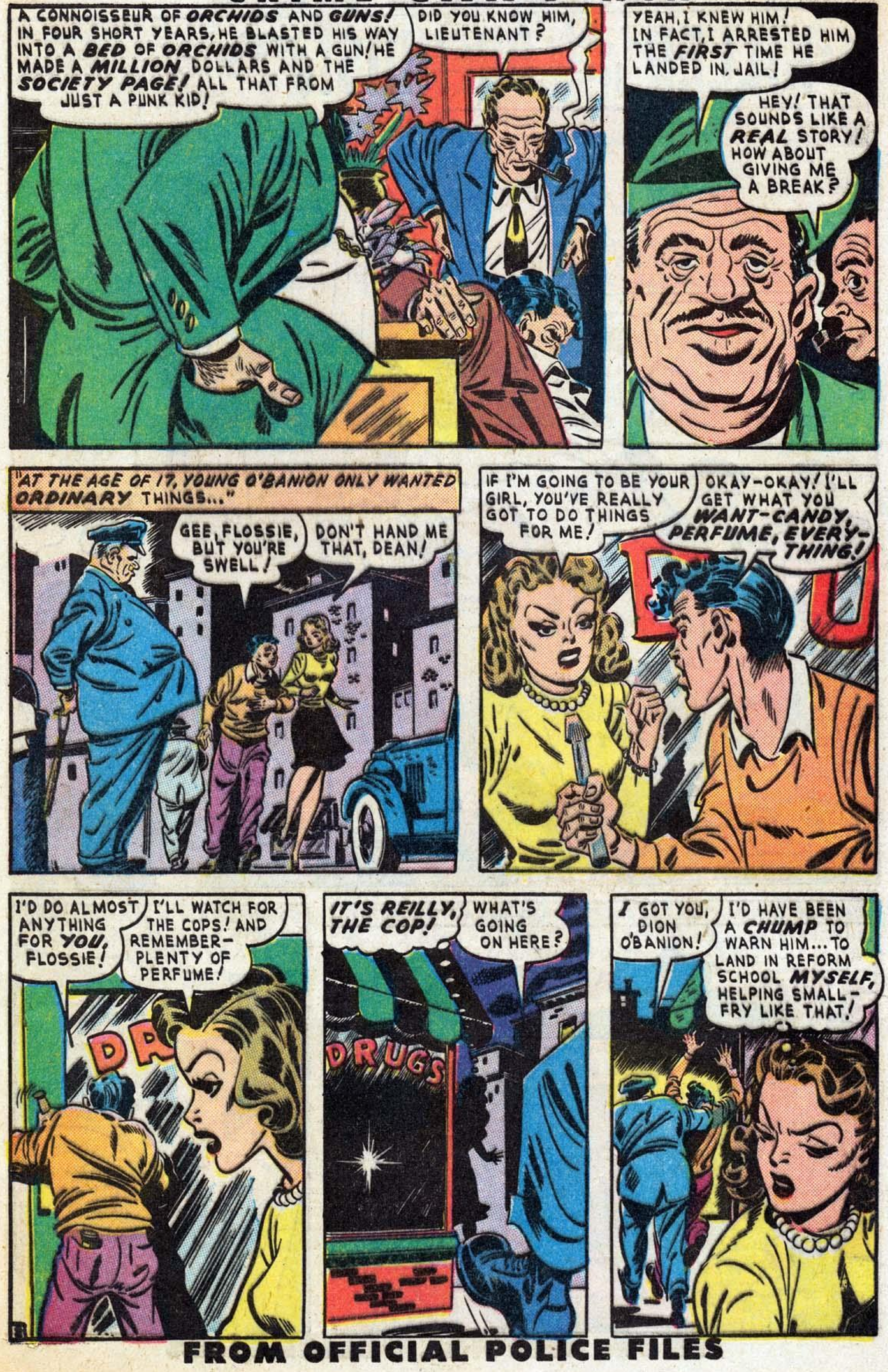

THERE WAS THAT BROOKLYN COBBLER-KILLER WHO REFUSED TO NAME HIS ACCOMPLICE...
MAKE THE RAT TALK! BASH HIS TEETH IN!
CUT IT OUT! GIVE THE GUY A BREAK! HE'S ALL IN! GET OUT OF HERE! (NICE PERFORMANCE, BOYS! THE SKUNK'S SCARED STIFF!)
FOR YOUR OWN SAKE, TELL THE TRUTH! THEY'LL HAVE THAT DOOR DOWN, AND NOTHING'LL STOP THEM FROM KILLING YOU!
DON'T LET 'EM IN! I'LL TALK! IT WAS BOWER! HE DID THE JOB WITH ME!
THE YEARS PASSED! BIG JOHN PILED UP FOUR DEPARTMENTAL CITATIONS FOR HIS WORK ON THE "BIG ONES," LIKE THE $427,000 RUBEL ICE CORP. ROBBERY! THEN, IN 1940, CAME THE CASE OF CASES!
JOHNNY, YOU'RE THE BOY TO CRACK "MURDER INCORPORATED!"
MY STOOLIES TELL ME DUKE MAFFETORE'S CLEAN IN THIS RAP! IF I WORK IT RIGHT, HE'LL BE SORE ENOUGH TO TALK!
THE BIG SHOTS LIVE OFF THE FAT PROFITS! WHAT DO *YOU* GET OUT OF IT? THEY LET *YOU* TAKE THE CHANCES, *BUT THEY* TAKE THE GRAVY!
YER RIGHT, COPPER! SUCKERS--- THAT'S ALL WE ARE!
BIG JOHN BROUGHT MAFFETORE CIGARETTES, A RADIO, AND LET HIS WIFE VISIT HIM! ONE DAY HE FELT STRONG ENOUGH TO PUSH "THE DUKE" IN THE CORNER...
I'M THROUGH WASTING MY TIME WITH YOU, MAFFETORE! YOU'LL GO TO A JAIL WHERE THERE'S NO BUTTS ALLOWED, NO RADIO, NO WIFE VISITS!
OKAY! I'LL TALK! I DROVE THE CAR FOR SIX KILLINGS! THE GUYS THAT RUN OUR OUTFIT ARE...
AND SO, JUSTICE TRIUMPHED!
GREAT WORK, LIEUTENANT! YOUR INVESTIGATION SENT BUCHALTER AND A HALF DOZEN OF HIS HIRED KILLERS TO THE CHAIR!
THANK YOU, COMMISSIONER! THIS IS A SWELL SPOT TO BOW OUT! I INTENDED TO RETIRE AFTER THIS CASE, YOU KNOW!
IN 1944, AFTER 28 YEARS, BIG JOHN SAID GOODBY TO THE FORCE! HE COULD THINK BACK HAPPILY OVER THOSE YEARS AS ONLY THOSE CAN, WHO SERVE THE CAUSE OF LAW AND ORDER!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO CHOP THAT WOOD FOR ME, JOHNNY?
I WAS JUST TELLING JOE, HERE, ABOUT THAT ADONIS CLUB MURDER CASE BACK IN '25!
5
THE END

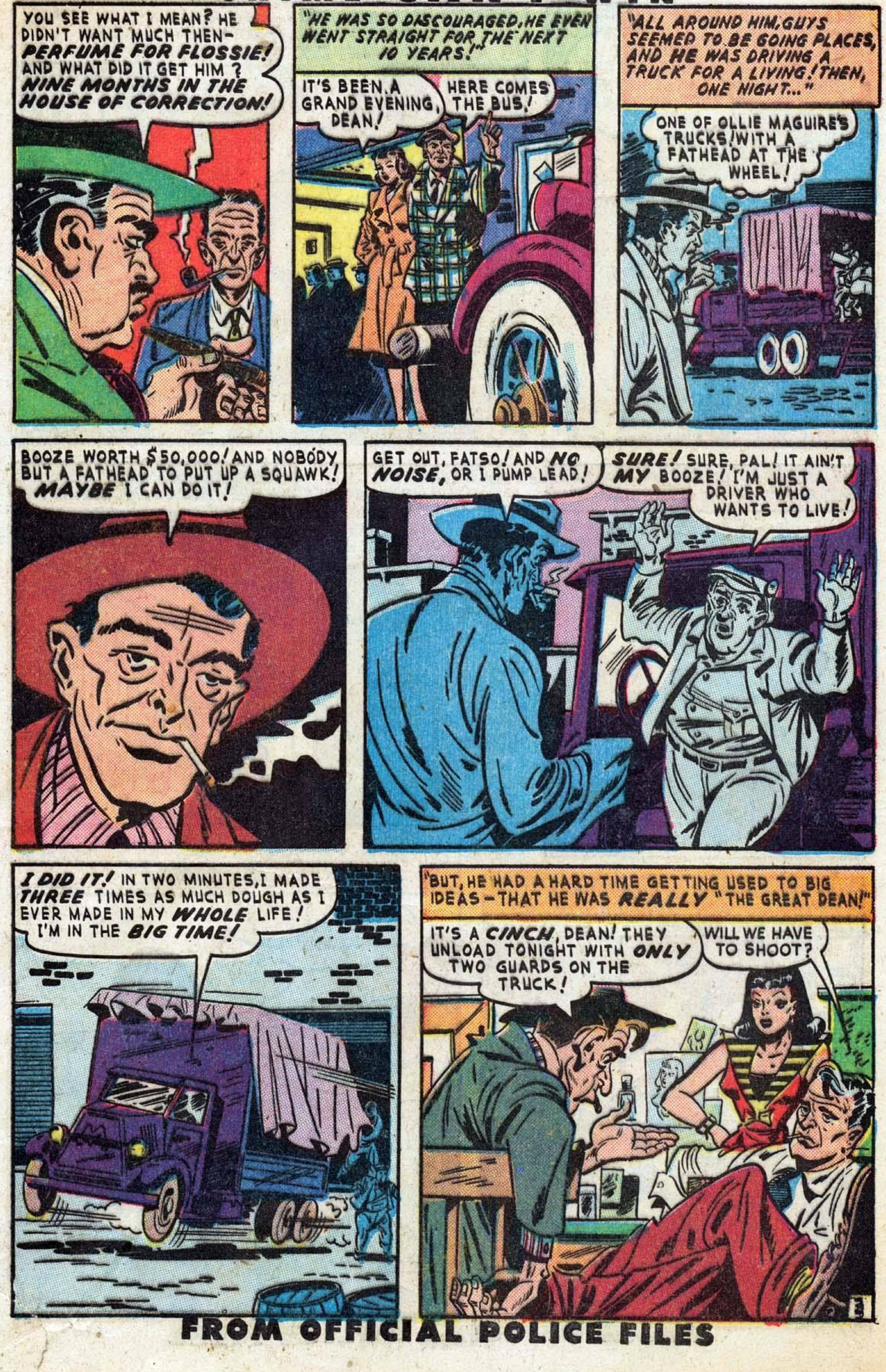
CRIME CAN'T WIN

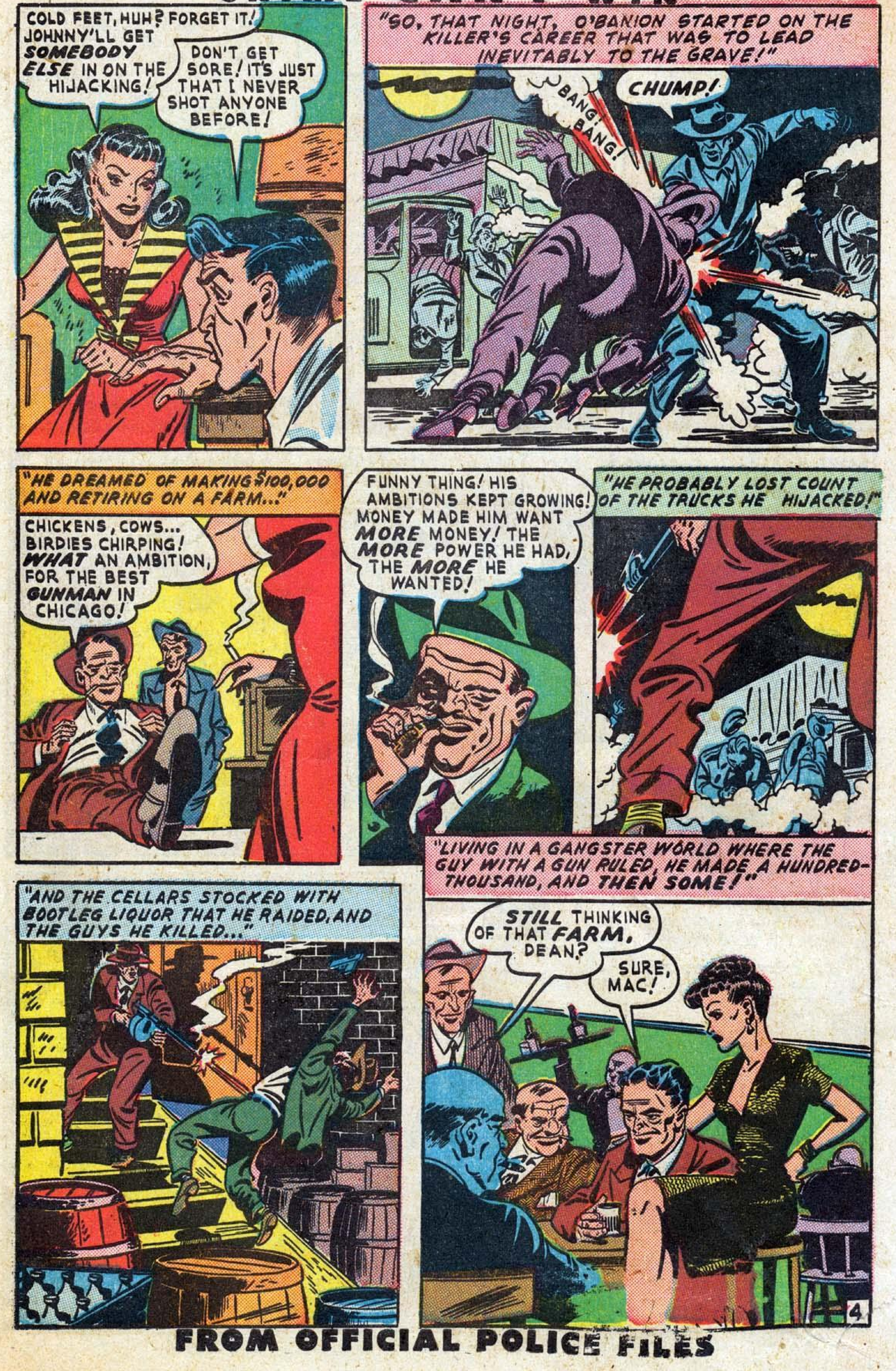
"The KILLER who loved ORCHIDS!"

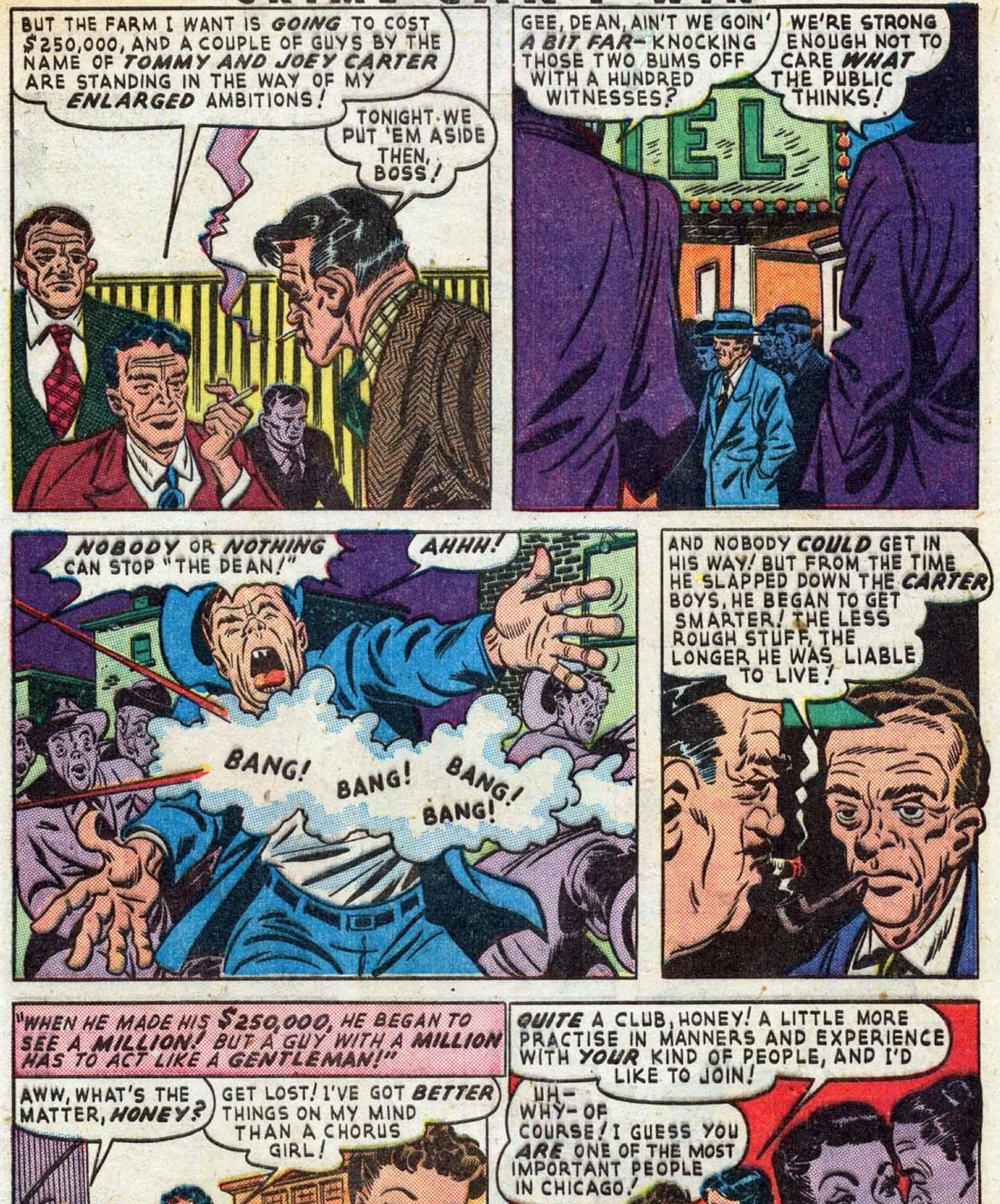

ONCE HE HAD BEEN A SIMPLE GUY WITH SMALL WANTS! THEN **GREED** OVERCAME HIM, AND HE WAS NO LONGER SATISFIED WITH THE **ORDINARY** THINGS! HE WANTED TO BE THE "TOP GUY"—THE **BIGGEST** MAN IN ALL CRIMELAND! AND SO HE BEGAN HIS CAREER OF ROBBERY AND WANTON MURDER! BUT WHEN HIS TIME CAME, HIS **DEATH** WAS JUST AS **INGLORIOUS** AS THAT OF ANY **SMALL-TIME CROOK!**
THAT DION O'BANION IS ONE TOUGH MUG! HE'S KILLED PLENTY OF BOYS TO GET TO THE TOP!
TOUGH, EH? WELL, WE'LL SEE ***HOW*** TOUGH HE IS! I'LL BET HE ***NEVER*** EXPECTED A BULLET WITH HIS NAME ON IT FROM AN OLD "PAL!"
THE NAMES OF SOME OF THE INNOCENT PERSONS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE FICTITIOUS IN ORDER TO HIDE THEIR IDENTITY.
2534
ANOTHER "BAD BOY" OF THE UNDERWORLD HAS MET HIS FATE!
WHAT HAPPENED, LIEUTENANT? WHO IS THIS GUY?
THAT'S **DION,** OR **DEAN O'BANION**—MAYBE YOU HEARD OF HIM!
GOSH—***DEAN O'BANION,*** AND HE GETS KILLED ON ***MY*** BEAT! WHAT A ***STORY!***
YEAH, I SUPPOSE IT **IS** QUITE A STORY IF YOU WANT TO THINK OF IT THAT WAY!
1

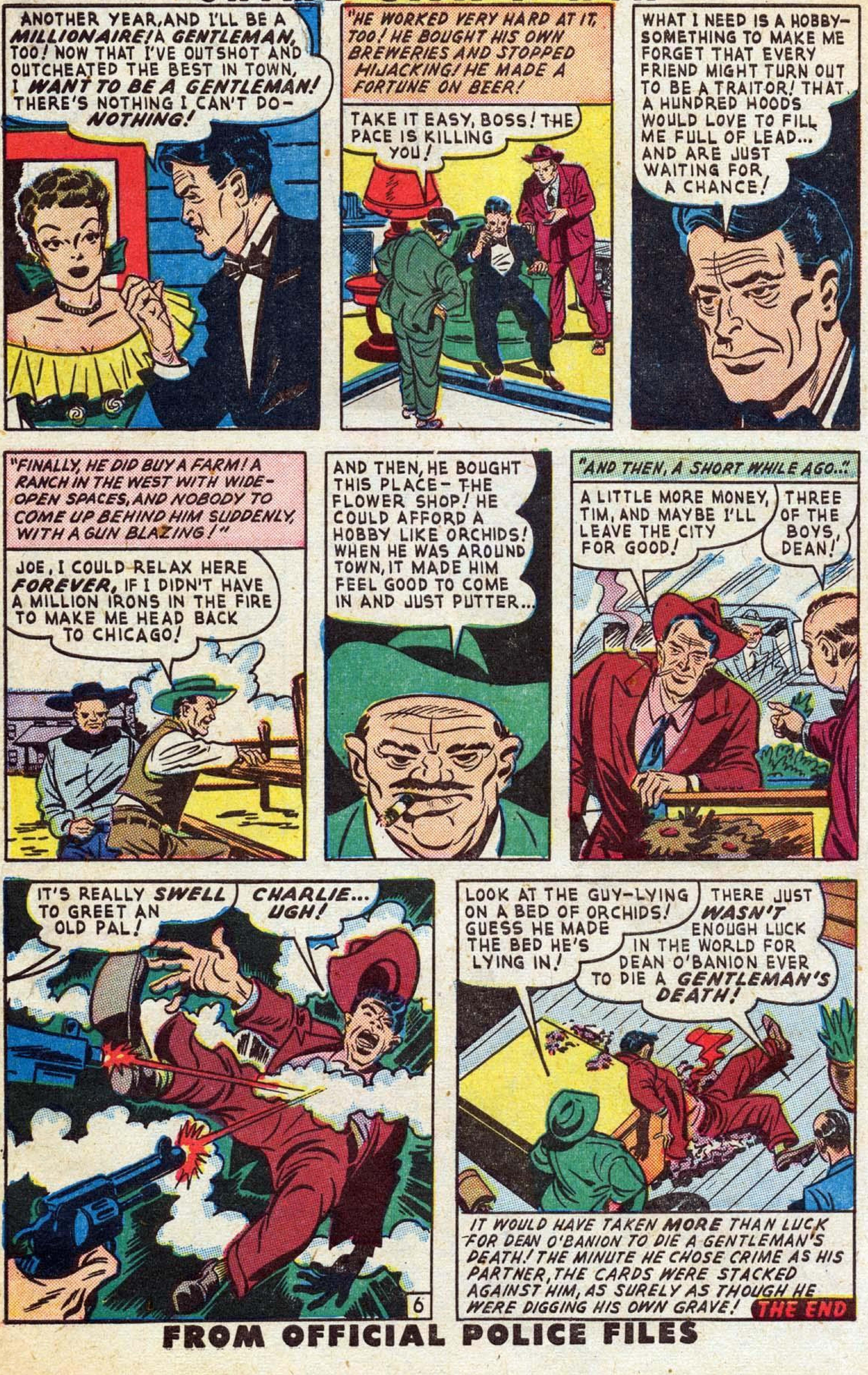
FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES


A CONNOISSEUR OF **ORCHIDS** AND **GUNS!** IN FOUR SHORT YEARS, HE BLASTED HIS WAY INTO A **BED OF ORCHIDS** WITH A GUN! HE MADE A **MILLION** DOLLARS AND THE **SOCIETY PAGE!** ALL THAT FROM JUST A PUNK KID!
DID YOU KNOW HIM, LIEUTENANT?
YEAH, I KNEW HIM! IN FACT, I ARRESTED HIM THE **FIRST** TIME HE LANDED IN JAIL!
HEY! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A **REAL** STORY! HOW ABOUT GIVING ME A BREAK?
"AT THE AGE OF 17, YOUNG O'BANION ONLY WANTED **ORDINARY** THINGS..."
GEE, FLOSSIE, BUT YOU'RE SWELL!
DON'T HAND ME THAT, DEAN!
IF I'M GOING TO BE YOUR GIRL, YOU'VE REALLY GOT TO DO THINGS FOR ME!
OKAY-OKAY! I'LL GET WHAT YOU **WANT-CANDY, PERFUME, EVERYTHING!**
I'D DO ALMOST ANYTHING FOR **YOU**, FLOSSIE!
I'LL WATCH FOR THE COPS! AND REMEMBER-PLENTY OF PERFUME!
DR
DRUGS
IT'S REILLY, THE COP!
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
I GOT YOU, DION O'BANION!
I'D HAVE BEEN A **CHUMP** TO WARN HIM... TO LAND IN REFORM SCHOOL **MYSELF**, HELPING SMALL-FRY LIKE THAT!


YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN? HE DIDN'T WANT MUCH THEN– **PERFUME FOR FLOSSIE!** AND WHAT DID IT GET HIM ? **NINE MONTHS IN THE HOUSE OF CORRECTION!**
"HE WAS SO DISCOURAGED, HE EVEN WENT STRAIGHT FOR THE NEXT 10 YEARS!"
IT'S BEEN A GRAND EVENING, DEAN!
HERE COMES THE BUS!
"ALL AROUND HIM, GUYS SEEMED TO BE GOING PLACES, AND HE WAS DRIVING A TRUCK FOR A LIVING! THEN, ONE NIGHT..."
ONE OF OLLIE MAGUIRE'S TRUCKS! WITH A FATHEAD AT THE WHEEL!
BOOZE WORTH $50,000! AND NOBODY BUT A FATHEAD TO PUT UP A SQUAWK! **MAYBE** I CAN DO IT!
GET OUT, FATSO! AND **NO NOISE**, OR I PUMP LEAD!
SURE! SURE, PAL! IT AIN'T **MY** BOOZE! I'M JUST A DRIVER WHO WANTS TO LIVE!
I DID IT! IN TWO MINUTES, I MADE **THREE** TIMES AS MUCH DOUGH AS I EVER MADE IN MY **WHOLE** LIFE! I'M IN THE **BIG TIME!**
"BUT, HE HAD A HARD TIME GETTING USED TO BIG IDEAS – THAT HE WAS **REALLY** "THE GREAT DEAN!"
IT'S A **CINCH**, DEAN! THEY UNLOAD TONIGHT WITH **ONLY** TWO GUARDS ON THE TRUCK!
WILL WE HAVE TO SHOOT?
3


COLD FEET, HUH? FORGET IT! JOHNNY'LL GET **SOMEBODY ELSE** IN ON THE HIJACKING!
DON'T GET SORE! IT'S JUST THAT I NEVER SHOT ANYONE BEFORE!
"SO, THAT NIGHT, O'BANION STARTED ON THE KILLER'S CAREER THAT WAS TO LEAD INEVITABLY TO THE GRAVE!"
BANG! BANG!
CHUMP!
"HE DREAMED OF MAKING $100,000 AND RETIRING ON A FARM..."
CHICKENS, COWS... BIRDIES CHIRPING! **WHAT** AN AMBITION, FOR THE BEST **GUNMAN** IN CHICAGO!
FUNNY THING! HIS AMBITIONS KEPT GROWING! MONEY MADE HIM WANT **MORE** MONEY! THE **MORE** POWER HE HAD, THE **MORE** HE WANTED!
"HE PROBABLY LOST COUNT OF THE TRUCKS HE HIJACKED!"
"AND THE CELLARS STOCKED WITH BOOTLEG LIQUOR THAT HE RAIDED, AND THE GUYS HE KILLED..."
"LIVING IN A GANGSTER WORLD WHERE THE GUY WITH A GUN RULED, HE MADE A HUNDRED-THOUSAND, AND **THEN SOME**!"
STILL THINKING OF THAT **FARM**, DEAN?
SURE, MAC!
4


BUT THE FARM I WANT IS *GOING* TO COST $250,000, AND A COUPLE OF GUYS BY THE NAME OF *TOMMY AND JOEY CARTER* ARE STANDING IN THE WAY OF MY *ENLARGED* AMBITIONS!
TONIGHT WE PUT 'EM ASIDE THEN, BOSS!
GEE, DEAN, AIN'T WE GOIN' *A BIT FAR*– KNOCKING THOSE TWO BUMS OFF WITH A HUNDRED WITNESSES?
WE'RE STRONG ENOUGH NOT TO CARE *WHAT* THE PUBLIC THINKS!
EL
NOBODY OR *NOTHING* CAN STOP "THE DEAN!"
AHHH!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
AND NOBODY *COULD* GET IN HIS WAY! BUT FROM THE TIME HE SLAPPED DOWN THE *CARTER* BOYS, HE BEGAN TO GET SMARTER! THE LESS ROUGH STUFF, THE LONGER HE WAS LIABLE TO LIVE!
"WHEN HE MADE HIS $250,000, HE BEGAN TO SEE A *MILLION!* BUT A GUY WITH A *MILLION* HAS TO ACT LIKE A *GENTLEMAN!*"
AWW, WHAT'S THE MATTER, *HONEY?*
GET LOST! I'VE GOT *BETTER* THINGS ON MY MIND THAN A CHORUS GIRL!
QUITE A CLUB, HONEY! A LITTLE MORE PRACTISE IN MANNERS AND EXPERIENCE WITH *YOUR* KIND OF PEOPLE, AND I'D LIKE TO JOIN!
UH– WHY– OF COURSE! I GUESS YOU *ARE* ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PEOPLE IN CHICAGO!


ANOTHER YEAR, AND I'LL BE A **MILLIONAIRE**! A **GENTLEMAN**, TOO! NOW THAT I'VE OUTSHOT AND OUTCHEATED THE BEST IN TOWN, I **WANT TO BE A GENTLEMAN**! THERE'S NOTHING I CAN'T DO— **NOTHING**!
"HE WORKED VERY HARD AT IT, TOO! HE BOUGHT HIS OWN BREWERIES AND STOPPED HIJACKING! HE MADE A FORTUNE ON BEER!
TAKE IT EASY, BOSS! THE PACE IS KILLING YOU!
WHAT I NEED IS A HOBBY— SOMETHING TO MAKE ME FORGET THAT EVERY FRIEND MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE A TRAITOR! THAT A HUNDRED HOODS WOULD LOVE TO FILL ME FULL OF LEAD... AND ARE JUST WAITING FOR A CHANCE!
"FINALLY, HE DID BUY A FARM! A RANCH IN THE WEST WITH WIDE-OPEN SPACES, AND NOBODY TO COME UP BEHIND HIM SUDDENLY, WITH A GUN BLAZING!"
JOE, I COULD RELAX HERE **FOREVER**, IF I DIDN'T HAVE A MILLION IRONS IN THE FIRE TO MAKE ME HEAD BACK TO CHICAGO!
AND THEN, HE BOUGHT THIS PLACE— THE FLOWER SHOP! HE COULD AFFORD A HOBBY LIKE ORCHIDS! WHEN HE WAS AROUND TOWN, IT MADE HIM FEEL GOOD TO COME IN AND JUST PUTTER...
"AND THEN, A SHORT WHILE AGO..."
A LITTLE MORE MONEY, TIM, AND MAYBE I'LL LEAVE THE CITY FOR GOOD!
THREE OF THE BOYS, DEAN!
IT'S REALLY **SWELL** TO GREET AN OLD PAL!
CHARLIE... UGH!
6
LOOK AT THE GUY—LYING ON A BED OF ORCHIDS! GUESS HE MADE THE BED HE'S LYING IN!
THERE JUST **WASN'T** ENOUGH LUCK IN THE WORLD FOR DEAN O'BANION EVER TO DIE A **GENTLEMAN'S DEATH**!
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THE END

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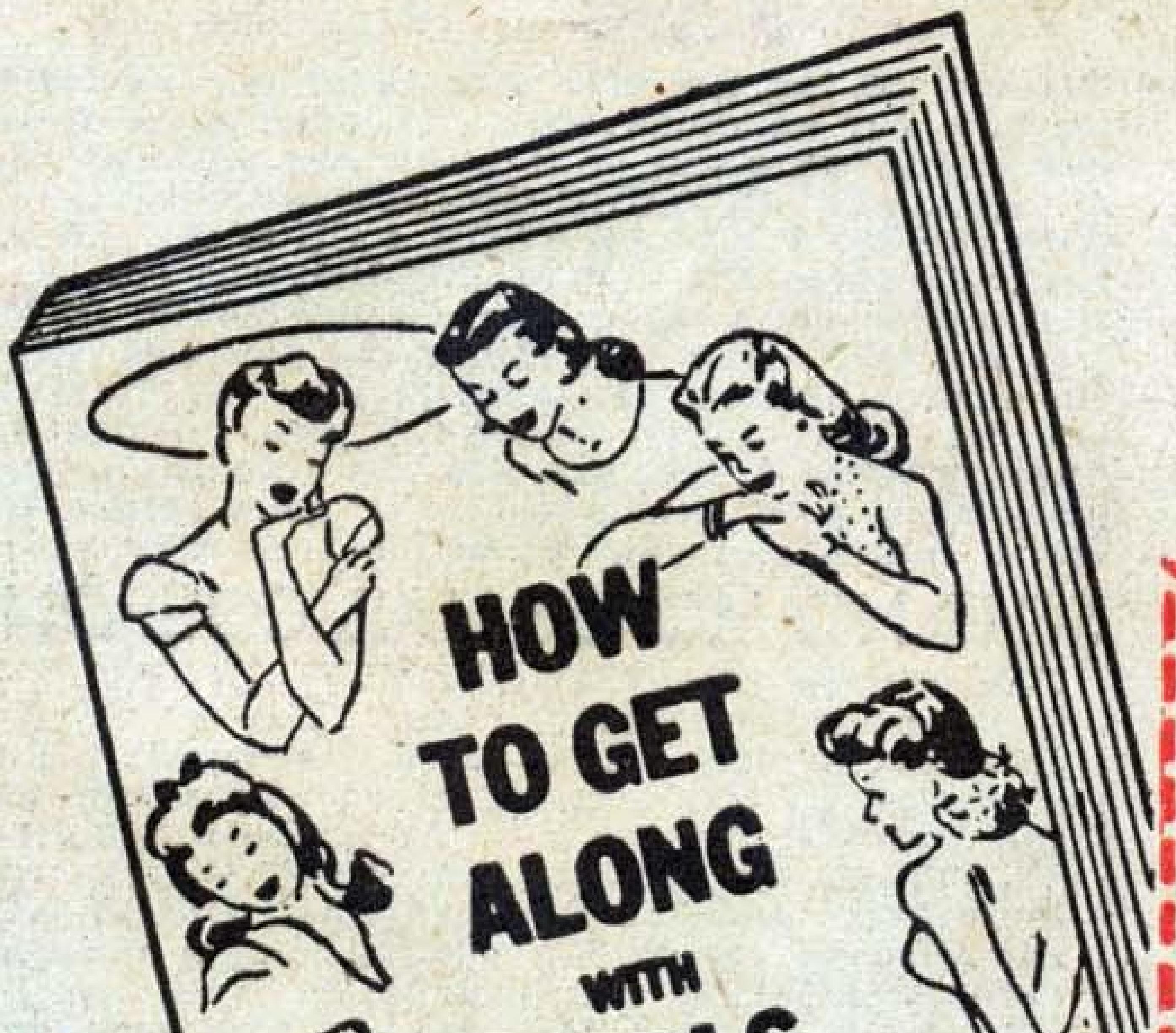
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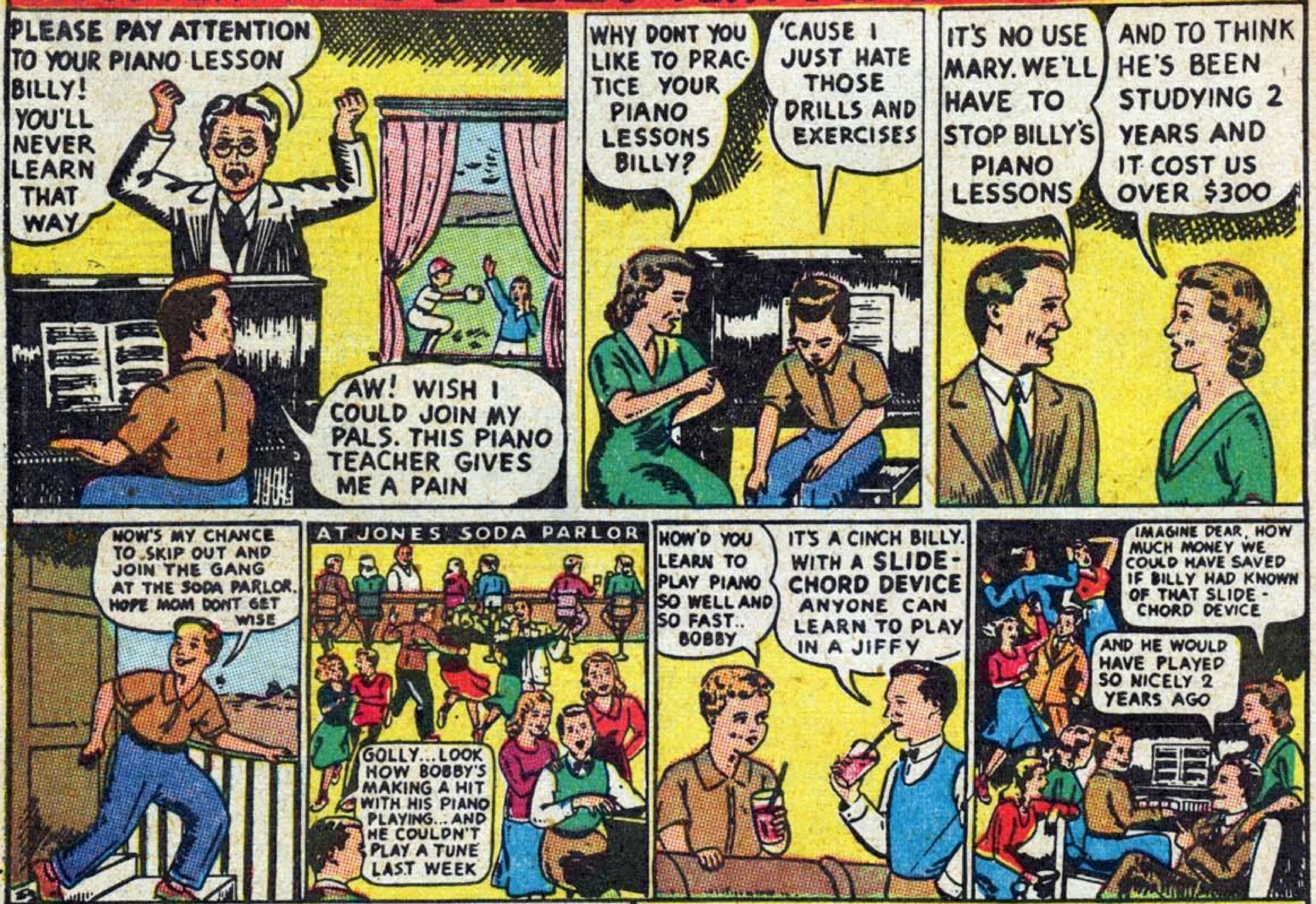
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WHY DONT YOU LIKE TO PRACTICE YOUR PIANO LESSONS BILLY?
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IT'S NO USE MARY. WE'LL HAVE TO STOP BILLY'S PIANO LESSONS
AND TO THINK HE'S BEEN STUDYING 2 YEARS AND IT COST US OVER $300
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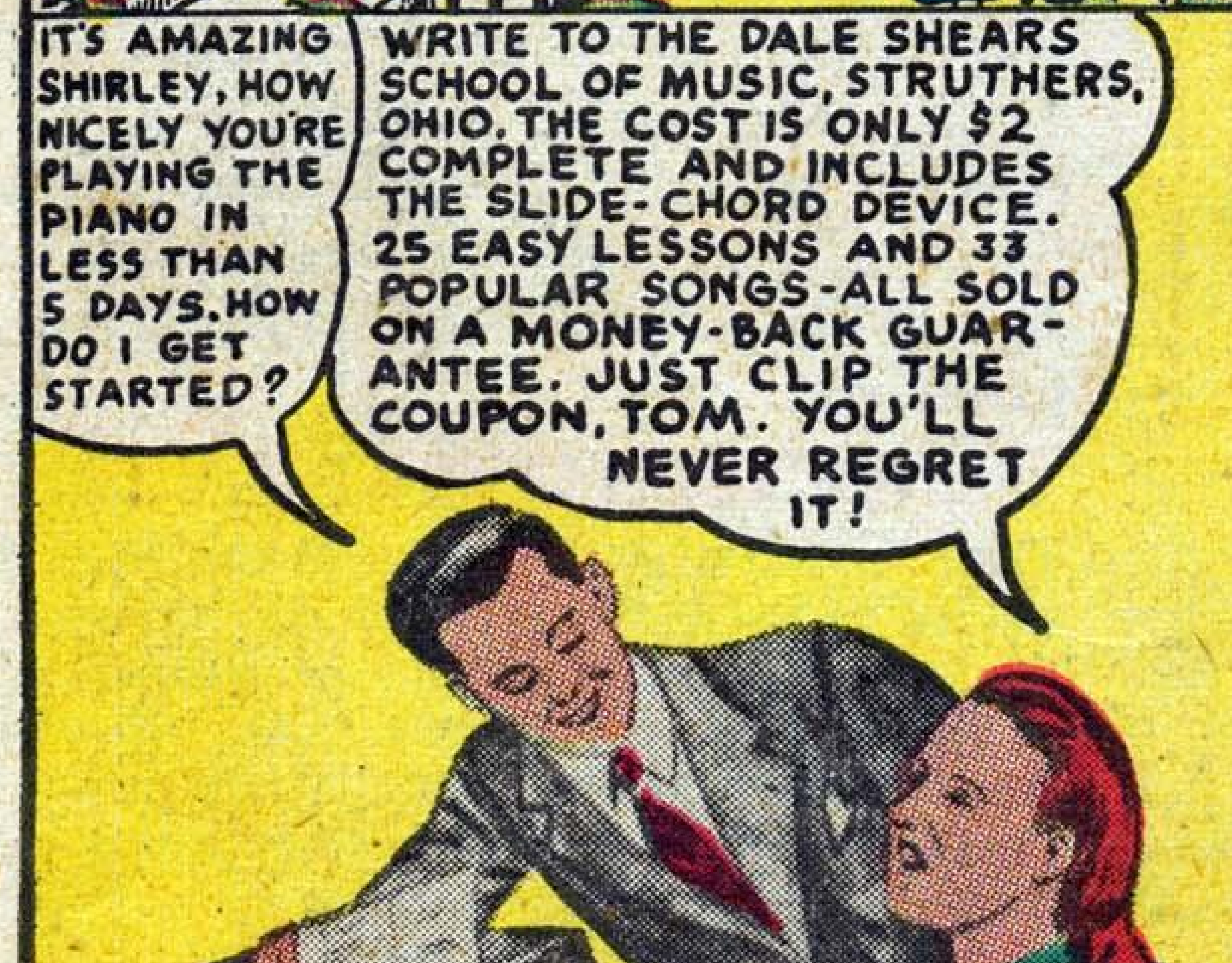
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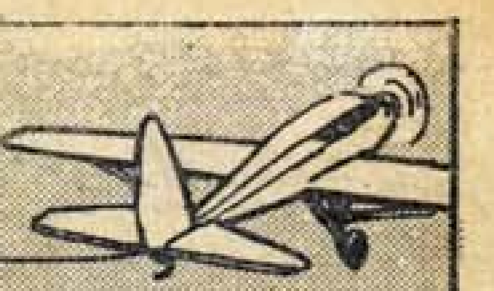

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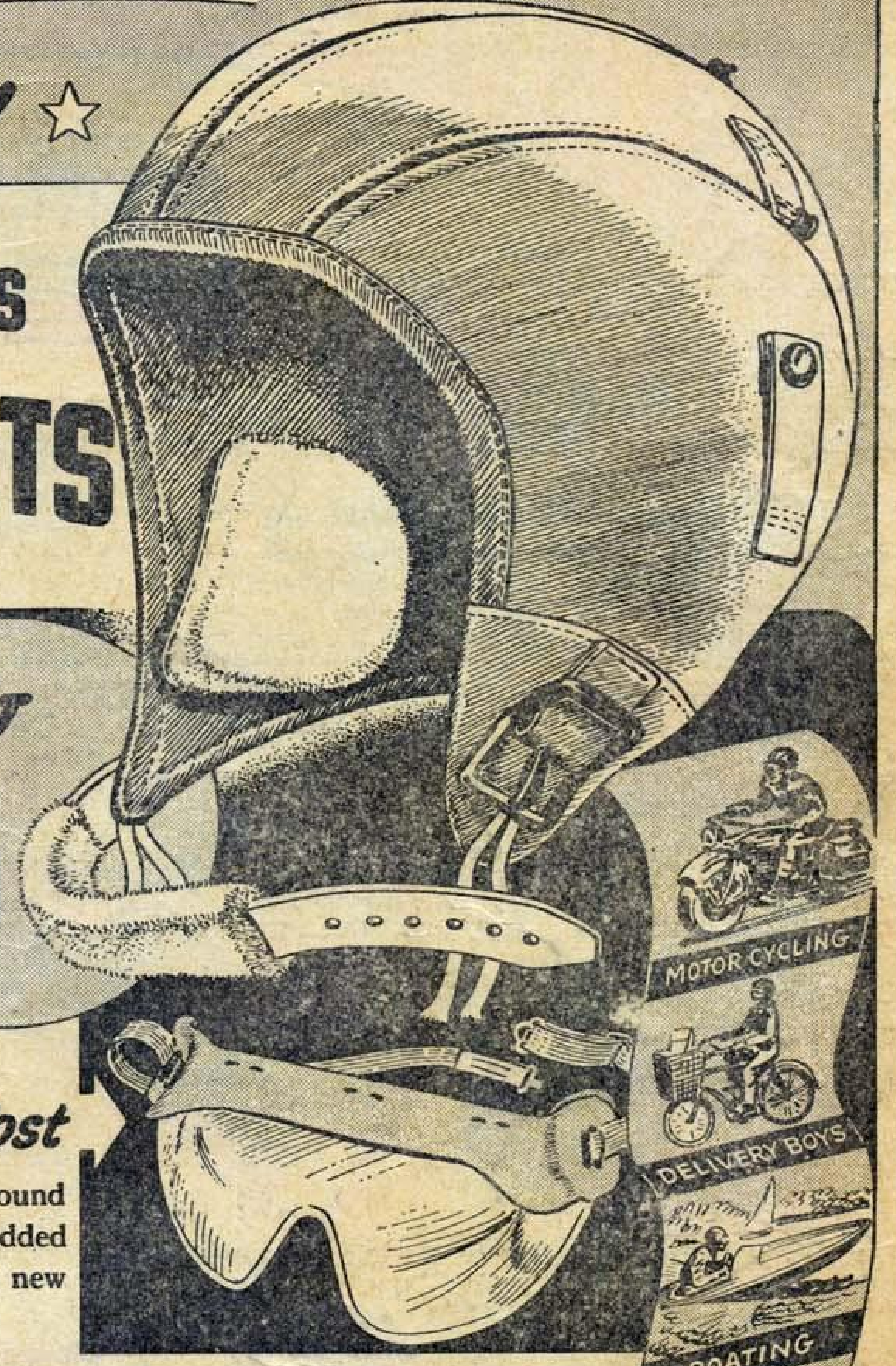

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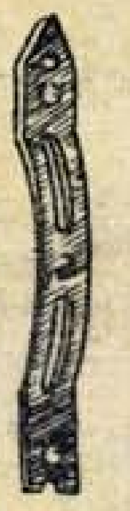

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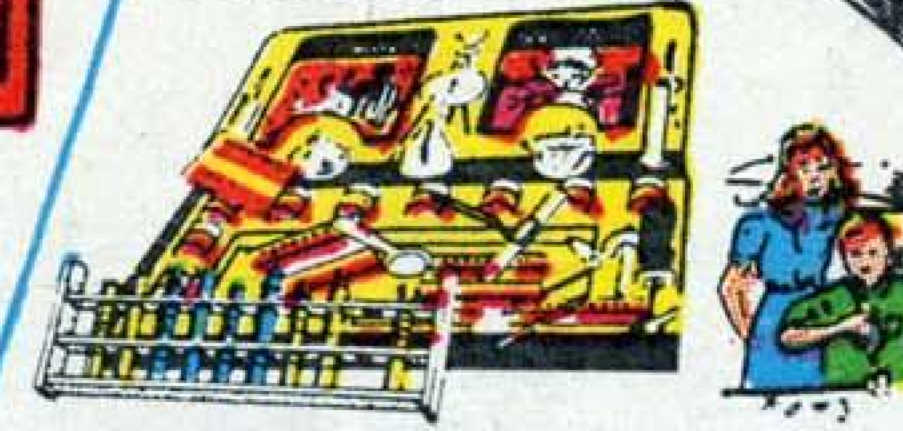

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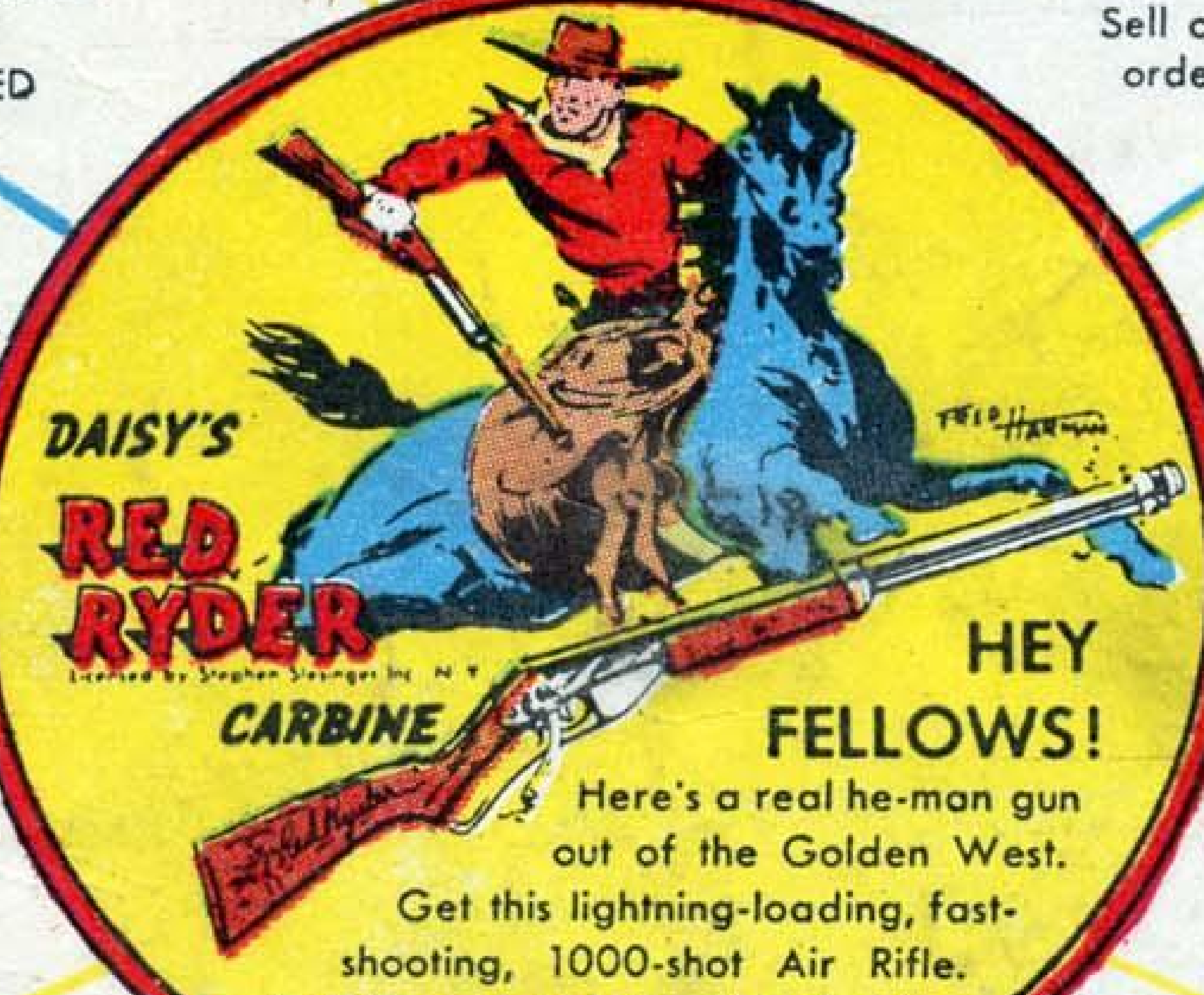

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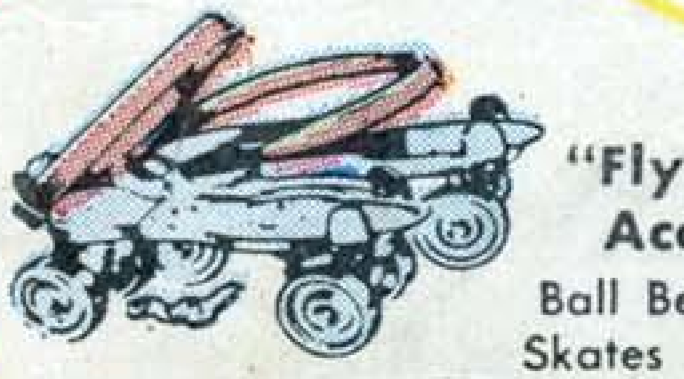

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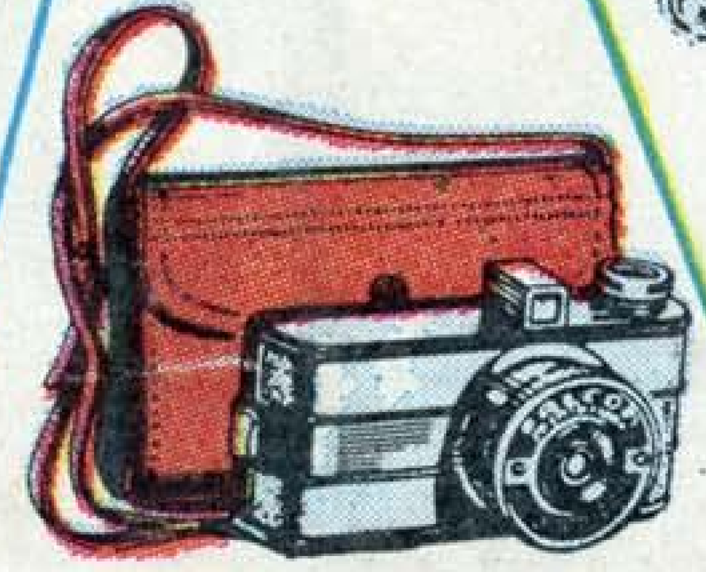

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